JANUARY 1973

ONE DOLLAR

Saturday Review of THE ARTS

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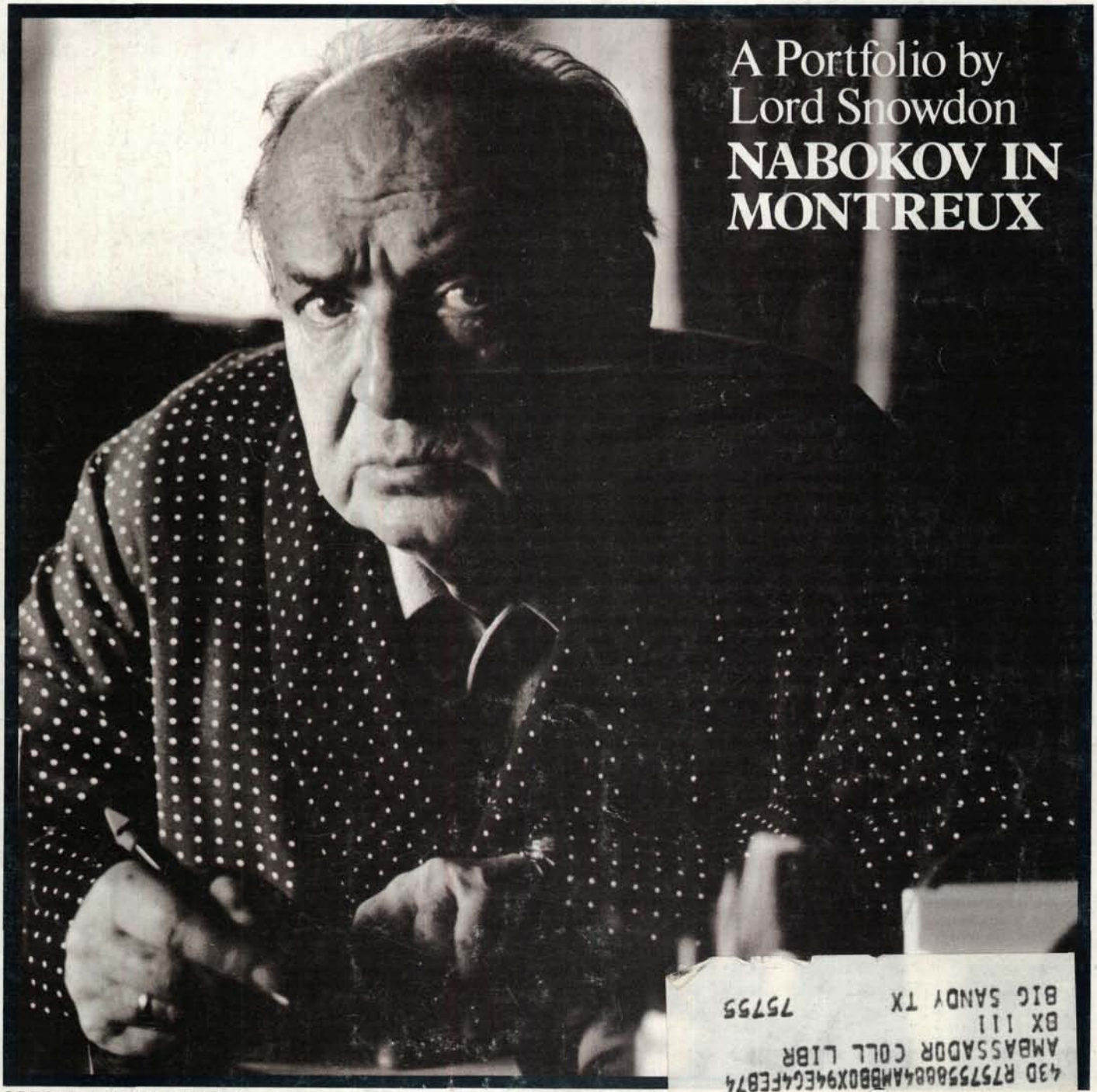
"Inspiration"–An Essay on Genius by Vladimir Nabokov



A Portfolio by Lord Snowdon
NABOKOV IN MONTREUX

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SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE

ON SALE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6

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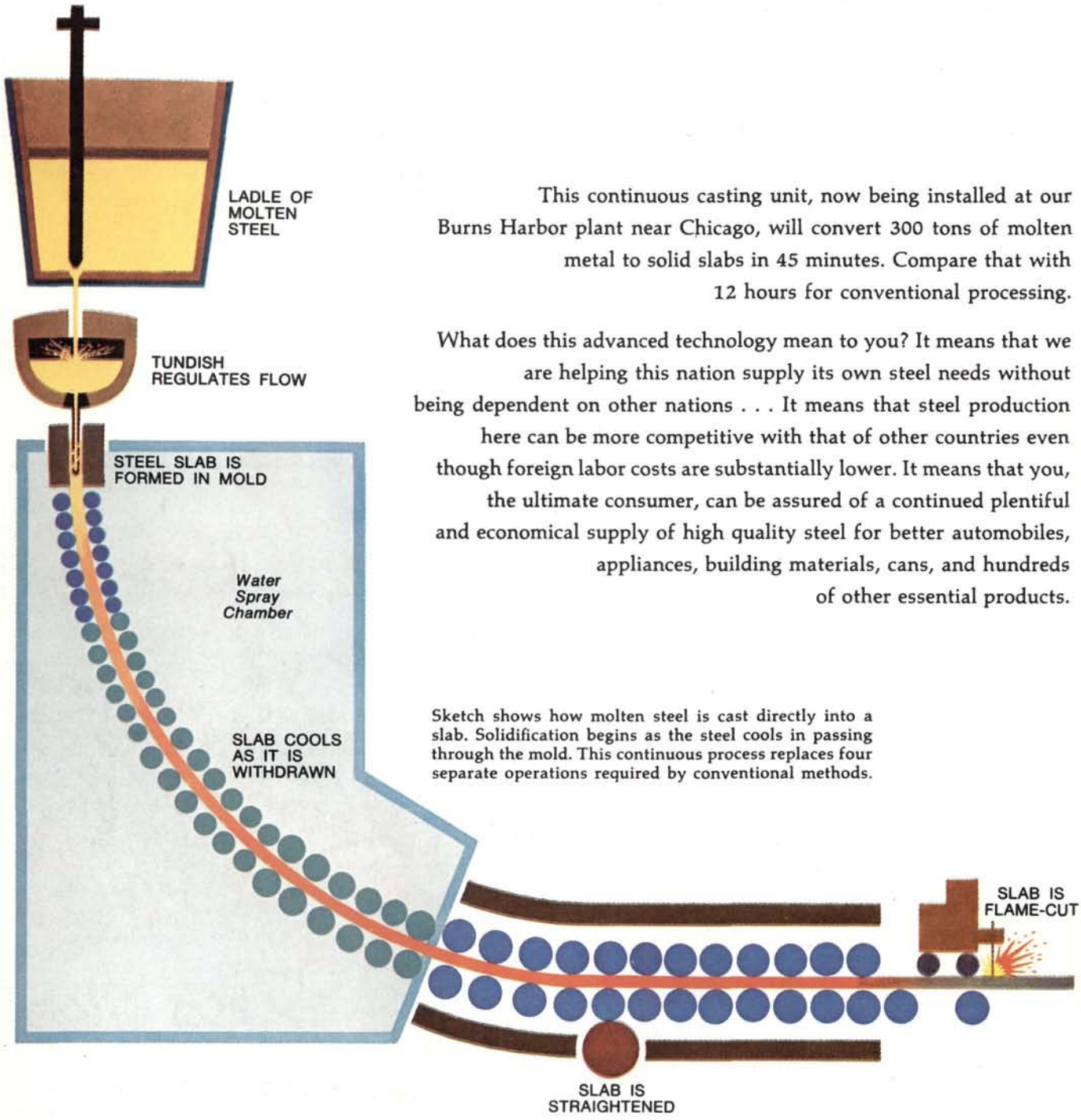
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Saturday Review of the Arts

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The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 150,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

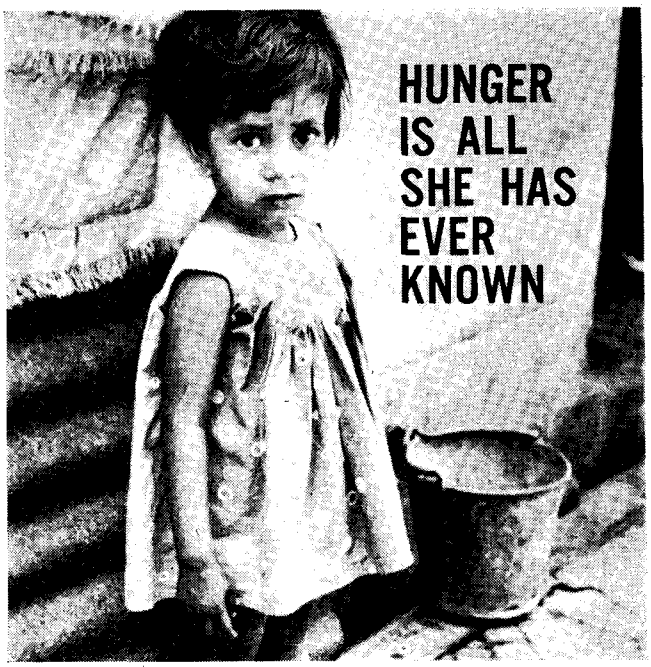
Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

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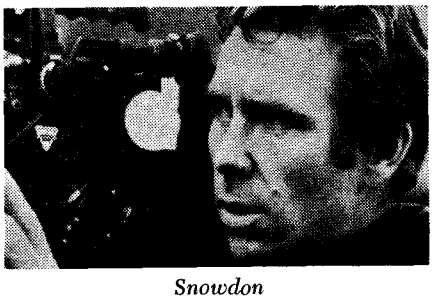
INSIDE *SR*

A new Nabokov novel is a festive event, so we're starting the year by offering you a three-dimensional look at the man who, at seventy-three, has just published (to McGraw-Hill's delight) *Transparent Things*. Even more of a novelty, as literary events go, is a magazine article by Nabokov; he almost never writes them. But back when we were assigning several American authors to describe the effect of Nabokov's fiction on their own, we went after that elusive extra element—a Nabokovian view of his fellow writers here—and sent a long cable to his home in the Montreux-Palace Hotel.

Silence. Nobody here was surprised. Senior editor Edmund White got on the phone to try a little persuasion. The call from San Francisco to Switzerland went through in seconds, and the sound of that full, slightly accented voice on the line momentarily tied Ed's tongue. "Speak!" Nabokov boomed.

White

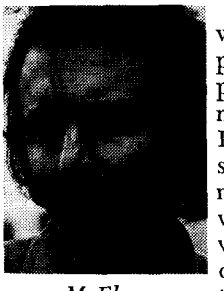
It turned out that he had accepted our offer in a cable that had obviously been lost and was even now working on his essay, "When's my deadline? How many words?" he asked, the journalist in full plumage. He beat the deadline with an article that made us wonder: Is this the work of the caustic, arrogant Nabokov, the man who has dismissed Balzac, Dostoevsky, Stendhal, and Mann as "mediocrities"? The piece that begins on page 30 is generous, not only in its comments on a number of American writers, but in its account of the inspiration behind Nabokov's *Ada*.



Snowdon

For another aspect of the man, Lord Snowdon flew to Montreux and brought back a photographic essay that illuminates the intensely private individual who practices a thoroughly public art. On their first morning together, Snowdon says, "We wandered out to the stationers . . . a paper stand . . . a wine shop . . . a jetty where he quite often catches a ferry to Lausanne . . . back to a small café . . . then to the hotel, where he appeared in his window" (for Snowdon's camera). After lunch, they drove to the mountains, where Snowdon made one of the most striking photographs I have ever seen, and continued working until the light faded. "He very kindly had not had his daily rest," says the photographer of his subject. The remainder of their visit rounded out one fine artist's view of another.

And what of the critics? There is no dearth of lit'ry types willing to gnaw on one small bone or another in the Great Man's work, but as a member of a generation that was first astonished by *Lolita* and then watched it bend the shape of much American fiction, I wanted, this time, to hear from practicing novelists about Nabokov's influence on their own work. For a writer to accept such an assignment takes some largeness of spirit because it means that one must admit that one is not (as many of us yearn to be) wholly original.

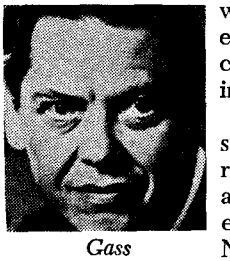


McElroy

Joseph McElroy was especially pleased by the prospect. "For many years now I've had a little speech in my head never written down which explains what Nabokov has done to me, meant to me, given to me," he said. "I'd like to say something for the record about my Nabokov, particularly as now the influence is altering which was inevitable. He is one of my heroes, and I thank you for giv- me this chance."

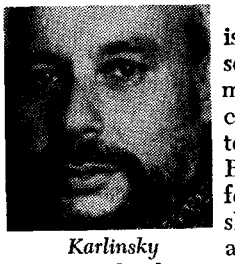
Joyce Carol Oates had written a radiant essay, "New Heaven and Earth," for our November issue, and we turned to her again—not because she is familiar, but because she is one of America's most prolific and most eloquent authors. She's also a little mysterious. You know she's up there in Windsor, Ontario, teaching college and producing words at a prodigious pace, but you deal with her only in writing or through her loyal agent, Blanche Gregory; it would seem unkind, somehow, to shatter her concentration with a telephone call. So thoroughly is she a creature of the written word that a great warmth comes off the pages of her letters—and it is no surprise to feel that same warmth as she sums up her reactions to a fellow artist whose work she does not entirely like but cannot help admiring.

Oates



Gass

William Gass strikes many of his readers as every bit as caustic a wit and exacting a critic as Nabokov himself, but he was cheerfully casual on the phone from St. Louis (he teaches philosophy at Washington University there.) He sounds like a teenager, to his credit—not that there is anything gee-whiz about what he says, but his voice is fresh, clear, and youthful.



Karlinsky

Simon Karlinsky is one of the reasons we're glad *SR* moved to San Francisco. He's nearby, teaching Russian at Berkeley, and is a fountain of scholarship, friendliness, and enthusiasm, as you can plainly see in the explication that concludes our Nabokov package. At the moment he is helping Alfred Appel, Jr., prepare an issue of *Tri-Quarterly* that will focus on twentieth-century Russian artists who have worked outside Russia, but he took time out to decode the Russian allusions in Nabokov's new novel for us. Karlinsky was especially helpful to *SR*'s Ed White, who orchestrated the Nabokov articles and contributed his own tribute to his favorite novelist.

Nabokov is not all we have in store for you this month. As part of our continuing series of articles on non-Western art, assistant editor Ronald Najman offers a glimpse of adornment from Africa. A full range of *SR* Reviews covers the arts from movies to books, and, in a special travel supplement, senior editor Ken Pierce conducts a pilgrimage that should be especially interesting to readers of *SR of The Arts*.

A good beginning for a good year, we think. J. P.

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If you're interested in Western Theatre, turn to page 13
Or Oriental Dancing and Chinese Music, turn to page 86

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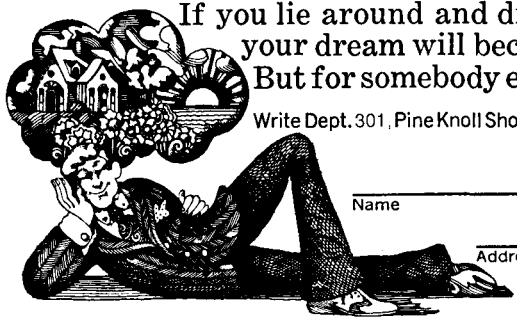

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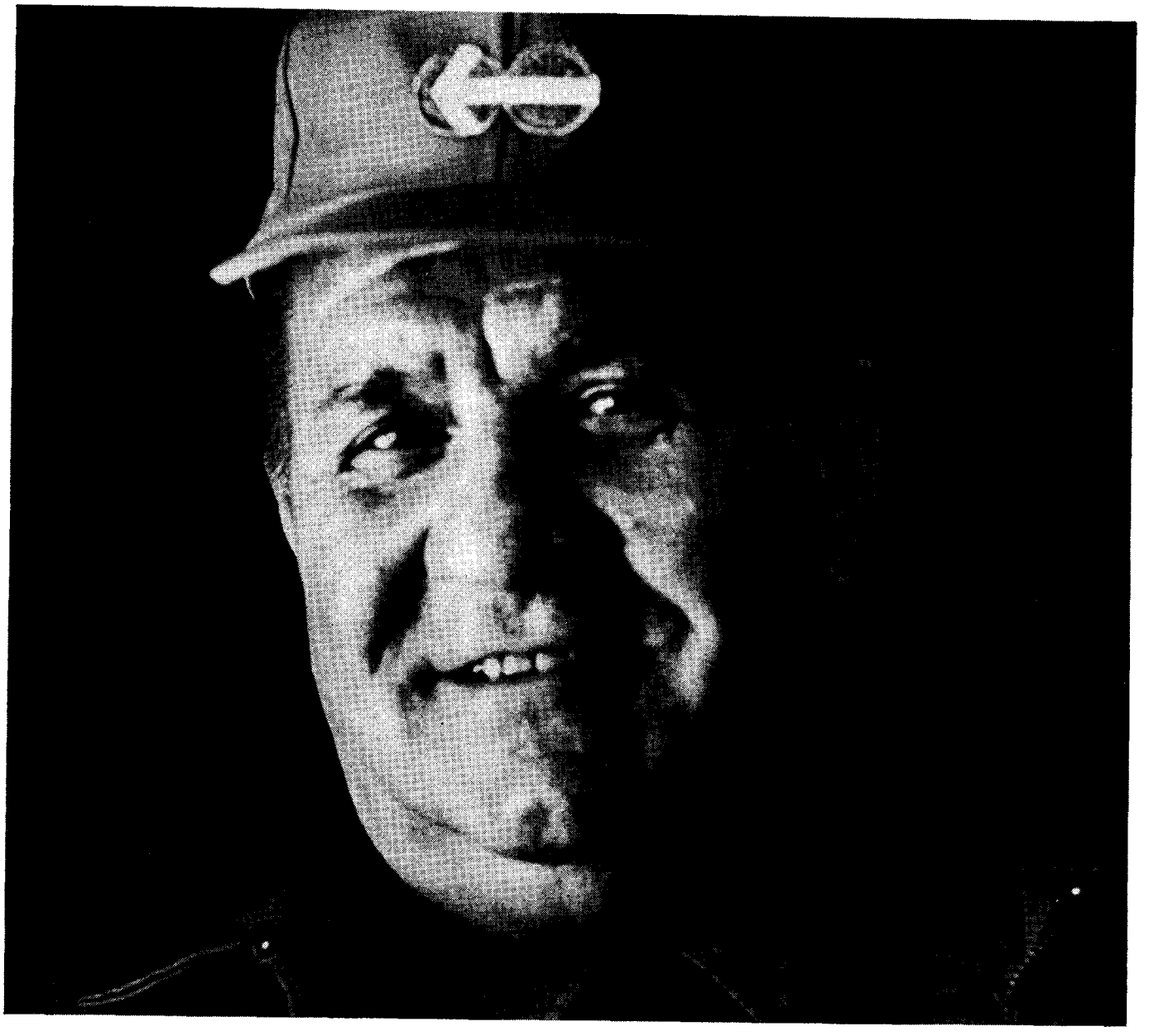

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SR UP FRONT

JANUARY 6, 1973

Your Seeds Shall Live...

BY ROBERT COWLEY

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—These days even restaurants are determined to prove that man does not live by bread alone. Early one afternoon here, when I was handed the menu in a newly opened place called MacArthur Park, I began to wonder whether we mightn't be in the throes of a poetic revival. "Each bud, each flower," read the inscription on the cover, ". . . each touch, each taste, each other."

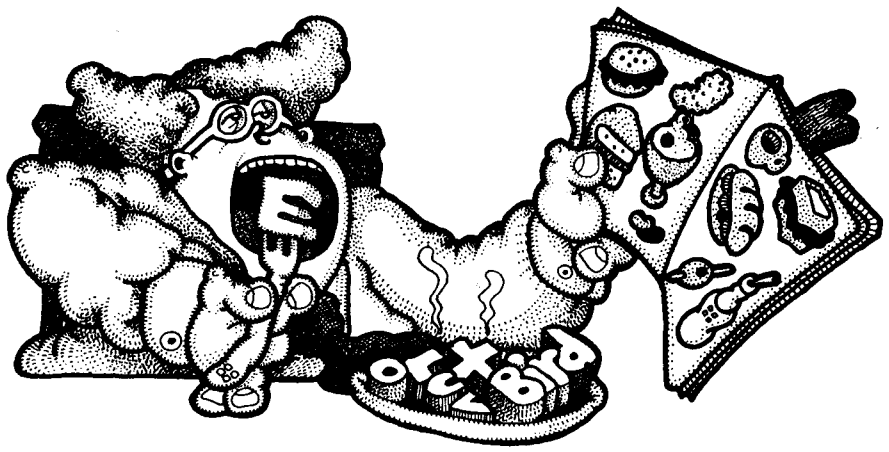
It was as much a small book as a menu, and leafing through it in search of a hamburger or a chopped-egg sandwich, I came on the following lines:

To you the earth
yields her fruit and you
shall not want if you but know
how to fill your hands.

Next to the herb quiche and the cassoulet, I was informed that "the flowers of spring are winter's dreams related at the breakfast table of the angels." But I was only mortal, and it was lunchtime. I thought soulfully about an omelette. "And when you crush an apple with your teeth," the facing page reminded me, "say to it in your heart, your seeds shall live in my body. . . ." I signaled to a waitress in a long yellow jersey dress that clung to her body with all the intimacy of the message: a hamburger.

Who was the poet? The waitress thought it was someone local. Surely not Michael McClure or Robert Creeley. No. Then, in small type at the back of the menu, I found the name Kahlil Gibran. As the manager of MacArthur Park, an intense, dark young man named Joe Blum, explained later, "We wanted to make it a very meaningful menu." An earlier version was actually bound in a polished stainless-steel cover, but 210 menus, at $20 apiece, were stolen, and the restaurant took it out of circulation. "It's a sad comment on today's society," Blum said, "that when you produce something beautiful, people rip you off."

Robert Cowley, who spends untold hours in American restaurants, is considering a trip to France.



Spectrum Foods, Inc., the company that conceived MacArthur Park, has tried, in the menu, "to bring together the whole feeling of the restaurant." And, indeed, it is an extraordinary place. MacArthur Park has a fountain and two skylights, ficus trees and hanging ferns; busboys walk around with plastic plant sprayers. In an alley at the rear is a glassed-in aviary with some fifty birds, including golden pheasants, button quail, plumhead canaries, and various brightly colored inhabitants of the South American jungle. The birds, Blum hastened to add, do not find their way into the curried bird salad—but you can watch your own individual trout or lobster being caught from the transparent fish tanks before they are cooked. "Some people," he remarked, "find that hard to relate to."

The song, "MacArthur Park," sung by Richard Harris—hence the name of the restaurant—plays in the background, superimposed on the sound of bird noises. A pathway of redwood stumps set in epoxy winds among the tables. The men's room? "Follow the yellow brick road," another waitress intoned sweetly, "and then take a left at the—ahem—juice bar." As I got up, someone at my table was asking Blum about the inspiration of his employers.

"Did it come to them in a dream?" she said.

His smile was inscrutable—you might say, downright prophetlike. □

Peter Brook's Dream

BY HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

"The aim of improvisation in training actors in rehearsal, and the aim of exercises, is always the same: it is to get away from Deadly Theatre. . . ."
Peter Brook in *The Empty Space*

PARIS, France—In a vast, high-ceilinged loft two flights above the rue Berbier du Mets on the Left Bank actors are exercising under the direction of a lithe young woman in a clinging black sweater and tights. "Bring your knees up and lock your hands behind your heads, and bring your right knee up to meet your right elbow from the thigh," she says. There is some heavy breathing from a portly actor, who sees me taking notes. "He's writing insurance for us," he informs the others.

Here, in a warehouse lent by the French government, Royal Shakespeare Company actors are rehearsing for a world tour of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Two years ago the Brook production of *Dream*, with a different company of Royal Shakespeare actors, was seen and acclaimed in England and New York. This new company will also make a brief tour of England, then play Paris, Munich, and Berlin, move on to Los Angeles, San Francisco, and

Herbert Lottman is Paris correspondent for Publisher's Weekly.

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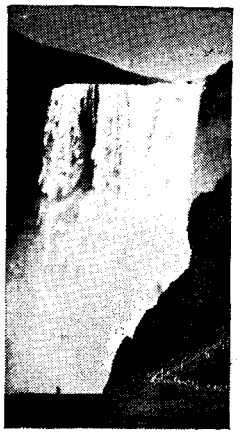

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As the actors stretch and groan, I sense someone standing just behind me. I turn to see a short man wearing an embroidered blouse, tan work trousers, and moccasins. He has unruly gray curls, a prominent nose and lips, and a soft oval face. When he steps in front of the rows of men and women, I notice his grace of movement. He is Peter Brook. Now forty-seven, and one of four directors of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Brook is a leading experimenter in theater techniques. His earlier Royal Shakespeare productions of Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade* (*The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*) and of *King Lear* (starring Paul Scofield) were innovative triumphs. At his International Centre of Theater Research, based here in Paris, Brook is attempting to apply to traditional theater new ways of using the actor's voice, a new stage behavior, and even a new way of speaking. He seeks, he says, theatrical forms that can be apprehended as directly as music and, with Ted Hughes, the English poet, has even been inventing a language to be used as a universal theater medium.

What interests me now is how Brook is applying this research to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He tells me that the situation is the reverse—*Dream*, because it embraces so many theatrical techniques, actually has become part of the basis for the center's work.

The past few weeks have sometimes been trying for Brook's company. Rehearsals here have often run as late as 11 p.m.; some actors have had to come in on Saturdays. One man, practicing a jump, broke two bones in his foot. Jennie Stoller, who plays Helena, is limping after having broken a toe. I hear Robert Lloyd, playing Puck and hanging from a trapeze high over the set, confess: "I'm terrified of falling off!"

Brook supervises this controlled violence in a soft voice. His actors also speak softly, at least for the moment, for he has warned them against "generalized excitement for the sake of throwing something up in the air . . . habitual loudness, a form of rhetoric, to fill in the moods." He explains later that "actors already know how to declaim over long distances, where subtlety is necessarily lost. Here they have a chance to discover the whole range. Then they'll go back to normal stage volume again."

He calls the actors together and asks them to stand with him in a circle. At his signal they begin gyrating, occasionally passing a ball around the circle while sustaining the movement, now also making clucking sounds. Finally, they are led to reciting vowels; A by the first actor after Brook, E by the second, and so on. Then feeling and emotion are inserted, the actor voicing the A giving the cue to those who follow with E, I, O, and U. Soon real words are being introduced into the circle at random. "Sincerity," Brook explains, "has nothing to do with what that word usually means, but with sincerity of communication. The opposite would be not insincerity but insensitivity." He quickens the pace. The circle is narrowed, and the actors are seated on the mats now.

After about fifty minutes of these exercises, Brook asks everyone to open his New Penguin Shakespeare edition of *Dream*. By now, they should know their lines by heart, but they are going to study the themes of the play and, in Brook's words, "how the end is the development of the beginning. This is what I want to work on, and, if these things are observed, then in the greatest freedom of playing there will still be a cobweb lying underneath." He asks the actors to give a "millionth" of a second's attention to each word just as they had done with the nonsense phrases of the previous exercise. When the actress playing Hermia continues to run her lines together instead of taking advantage of natural breaks for breathing, Brook puts her on guard: "The freedom of improvisation was last week, and you can't get that freedom back unless you have mastery of the material. The spur of the moment has to come of actually knowing what is and what isn't."

In Act III, Scene 2, Brook breaks in to note that everything is rhyming now. "Two mistakes would be to pretend the rhyme isn't there and try to overcome it, and to exaggerate it. The right way is to use it to understand the stress."

The actors go on, sometimes so softly that I can't hear the man sitting right in front of me. Brook tells them to speak as if on stage before an audience, and the voices rise and become actors' voices. Barry Stanton, who plays Bottom, remarks: "Prose gives fact, and verse presents feelings." Brook: "In prose the silences contain the hidden feelings, while verse gives voice to these feelings. Silences aren't necessary in speaking verse." Looking at these actors, often barefoot or in sandals, with long hair, camping clothes, lying on the mats as often as they are sitting or squatting on them, I think how different it is over there at the Comédie Francaise. Yet I not only understand, by lunchtime, what Shakespeare's peo-

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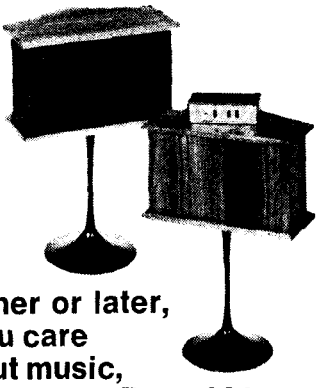

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ple are saying, I am beginning to believe them.

But why, I ask Peter Brook over lunch, have actors read from books after weeks of rehearsal?

"It's not a step backward, but another step toward understanding the play. Traditionally, actors sit down with the text on the first day, when they are full of fears and inhibitions." Now that they know the text intellectually, Brook says, he is giving them a chance to express the feelings so that we can grasp them instantly.

"The plays of Shakespeare are more complex than the works of other writers; there is much more to assume," Brook continues. "What happens is that Shakespeare's plays present more visual elements per second than any modern play—thirty actors in elaborate costumes, for example. You can see what I mean if you place matches on the ground to see how many elements the mind can absorb at once. The abundance of visual elements lessens the ability to understand. When we put on *King Lear*, one of the things I did was to reduce the amount of visual information, for example dressing all the minor characters in the same ordinary material. The less a character appeared in a play, the less visual detail was given. Visual elimination leading to more clarity has been developed in the production of *Dream*." Indeed, the stage is bare and white, and the only visible props are coils of wire dangled from the scaffolding at stage left and right.

"I've always maintained that any production is only absolutely right at the moment it is made for," Brook tells me. "It comes into existence with a certain audience, and like an infant it begins to die as soon as it is born. After five years the whole attitude begins to change, and a new production is needed."

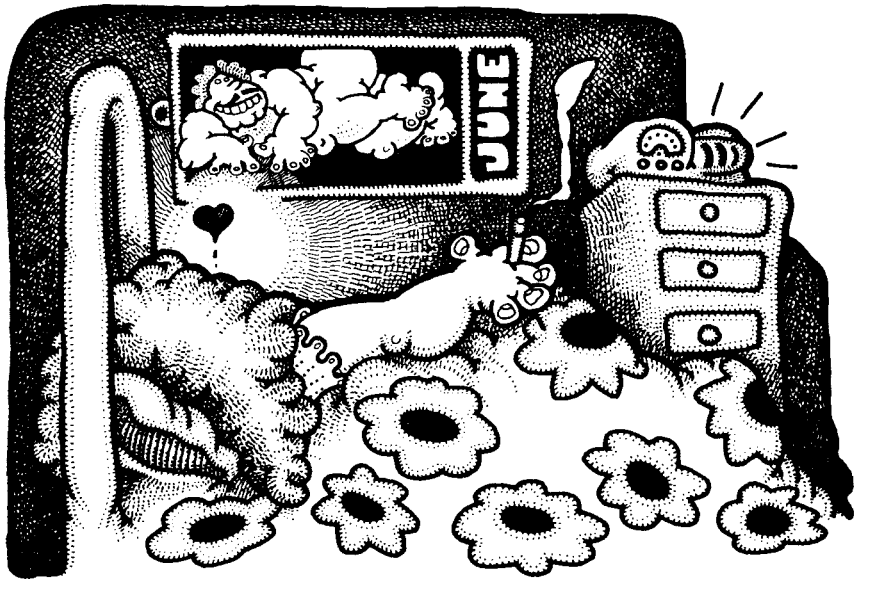
The following evening there is a first "public" runthrough of *Dream*, for a group of visiting American students. When it concludes, Brook gathers the cast together over sandwiches and wine. They sit around until 1:30 a.m. while he tells them what he has noted about their performances. "Perhaps this runthrough is the most important single development in a show," he says, "because things develop that can only be seen this way. It's important to compare everyone's impressions immediately. If only everybody would understand that the whole play is a celebration of performing, then the verbal action wouldn't seem such a problem—but an overwhelming joy."

"This has been an extraordinary experience," a young actor confides to me later. "Just this morning I was thinking how grim it will be going back to London to work with other directors. This man refuses method, he has his own way of getting you to work. He has something else"—tapping his head—"that makes the difference." □

Gee, Fellows, That Wasn't the Idea at All

BY SHIRLEY SEALY

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Judy Horst is about as all-American, clean-cut, and uncontroversial as a single girl can be. She's a writer, photographer, painter, and sportswoman. So it was a bit of a surprise to most of her friends that "Ladies Home Companion, 1973," the first male nude calendar, turned out to be her idea.



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Ms. Horst and her partner, Christine Hopf, decided to publish their calendar because they believe that men's bodies are—or can be—beautiful and that women have too long been denied the right and pleasure of openly admiring them. Then, after Burt Reynolds's appearance in the *Cosmopolitan* centerfold, the time seemed right for further advances. Judy and Christine also figured that Ladies Home Companion would be a splashy means to launch their new publishing company, Bo-Tree Productions. Since the calendar's photos do a pretty good job of hiding, one way or another, the parts of the male anatomy that might prove offensive (offensive?), you can see that there is no pandering to prurient interests and no grandstanding feminism.

The models who posed for the calendar are your straight, ordinary, sexy, hip American males: an insurance salesman, a credit union manager, two artists, an actor, a few photographers, some writers. Contrary to an almost universal assumption, they were not paid a dime for their posing. They did it out of curiosity mostly, or because they honestly couldn't think of good reasons not to, or just because it was a zany challenge. It helped that all four of the photographers who worked on this project are women—the men felt more comfortable, you see. All right, maybe it was a bit of a turn-on.

It was by pure chance that three of the models happened to have connections with *Playboy*. West Coast photographers Jeffrey Cohen and Mark Fraser had often wondered what it felt like being on the other side of the camera, bare buttocks and all. They liked it. Bruce Williamson, who is *Playboy*'s film critic and also a New York editor for the magazine's picture department, has developed quite a spiel to persuade reluctant girls to disrobe for *Playboy*'s cameras. "If you like your body, why not?" he tells them, or, "It's no different than posing for any other kind of picture." As a clincher, Williamson has been known to admit that he himself would pose nude if anyone ever asked him. Someone did.

Howard Smith, film-maker (*Marjoe*), *Village Voice* columnist, and Mr. November, wrote glowingly of the experience: "I loved it. Such purely physical attention was a kind of gentle titillation. It gave me warm goose bumps." As far as can be assessed, that was more or less the general reaction. None of the models reported an unpleasant experience. Only one, a jock, expected the picture-taking session to be a sexual

Shirley Sealy says she acted as procurer, photographer, and promoter for the "Ladies Home Companion."

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setup, and when it didn't turn out that way, he refused to sign a photo release and therefore did not make the calendar.

All eight models living on the West Coast were photographed by Carol Fulton of Palo Alto, California, who had often done photo studies of both male and female nudes, separately and in pairs, and had herself posed in the altogether. Carol, who is twenty-five, couldn't have been more relaxed, breezy, and businesslike with the Ladies Home Companion assignment. The only model who gave her any trouble was her artist-designer husband, Mark, who is Mr. December. He was trying to watch a TV football game, Carol recalls, so he just plopped down on a chair and said, "This is it; this is how I'm going to sit. So get it over with."

Another of Carol's subjects was so shy he didn't say a word throughout the long shooting session. During a pause for changing film, however, he wrapped a windbreaker around his waist. Carol said that most of her subjects undressed in another room and came out wearing towels or bathrobes. On the other hand, Fraser (Mr. July and Mr. August) whipped off his jeans to cavort nude with nature at seven o'clock on a country morn. Another fellow was taken by photographer Nancy Bardos to an empty movie theater. As Nancy walked around, scouting possible angles, she glanced up to see her model sitting relaxed and fully dressed in the middle of the theater. "And the next minute," she reports, "he was absolutely naked and standing on the arms of one of the seats and giving a Tarzan yell."

My own photographic contribution was more subdued, but amusing in its own way. I hadn't operated a camera in years, an auxiliary lighting rig kept falling down as I tried to work, and the weather was so hot and humid that my glasses fogged up every time I looked through the viewfinder. But I can't honestly say that I was so rattled I didn't know what I was pointing the camera at. Luckily, my subject had an appointment to keep, and so the whole thing was over quickly.

Not so the session at which I assisted Judy Horst in photographing Howard Smith. His Greenwich Village loft was crammed with Victorian props, each of which had to be tried as a prop. Since Judy and I had just met him the night before, we were somewhat shy. Judy, however, could busy herself with lens openings and focusing, and she did have the protection of looking *through* the camera—while I had nothing more to do than position the lights directly on Howard's bare bod. I didn't succumb to the giggles until Howard, still in the nude—it was natural by then, he said—sat down to interview us for a column about which physical attributes of men are a turn-on for women. Broad shoulders? Shapely asses? If I'd had a Martini in hand and a rope of pearls around my neck, I might have been able to gesture grandly and, laughing throatily, say, "But, *Howard*, dahling . . . ."

Since the Ladies Home Companion went on sale, we have encountered a fair number of men who won't even look at it and many others who flip through its pages glumly, without smile or comment. One of the Bo-Tree salesmen complains that when he shows the calendar to some male buyers, "They look at me as if I just walked up and tried to hold hands with them or something." Obviously, a few men are put off by photos of male nudes because of the possible unfavorable comparison to themselves or because any spontaneous enthusiasm from them might cast doubts on their masculinity. Gee, fellows, that wasn't the idea at all.

The people, most of them men, who run the advertising departments of the women's magazines in which the Mses. Horst and Hopf had thought most logically to advertise their calendar have also reacted strangely to it.

Playboy's advertising department called the calendar "not acceptable," although it has been described in the editorial columns of the magazine. *Vogue* and *Ms.* have also turned down ads from Bo-Tree, and *Cosmopolitan, Glamour,* and *Mademoiselle* flatly refused to sell advertising space for the Companion.

I called Frank R. Dupuy, Jr., the publisher of *Cosmo,* to find out whether it was true that his staff had found the calendar "objectionable." Mr. Dupuy said that was indeed true, and he admitted that he had personally made the decision not to carry the advertisement on the grounds that "we just don't want anything like that in our magazine." Oh, but what about Burt Reynolds? "He was *semi*-nude," said Mr. Dupuy. Well, what about the full-page ad in the September issue of *Cosmopolitan* for a series of male nude posters? "I'm madder than anything about that," sputtered Mr. Dupuy. "Nothing like it will ever slip through again."

I still can't help but hum distractedly when, for example, my long-time friend Bill Shepherd, who is Mr. January (and, not so incidentally, an editor for *Business Week*), reports that he has been the object of crank calls, embarrassing comments, and funny looks. Or when I'm introduced to a gathering as "my panderer." Or when, at a party, a magazine writer shouts at me, "I find that calendar *threatening*!" □

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Dear Mr. Holmes

BY DAVID LAMPE

LONDON, England—

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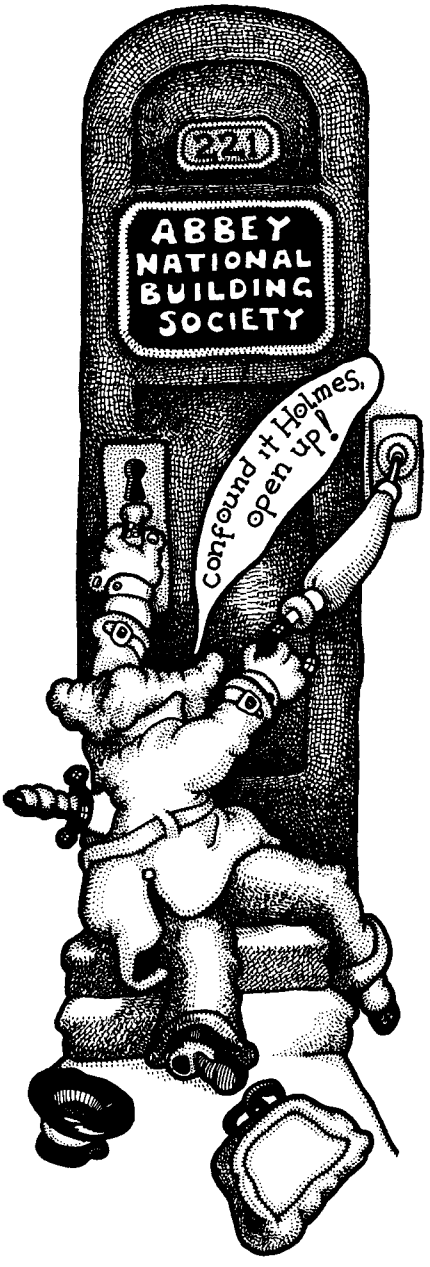

This plea for help from a man in Perth, Australia, was airmailed to Sherlock Holmes, Esq., at 221b Baker Street, London, England, in September of last year. It was answered immediately:

. . . Unfortunately at the present time [Holmes] is away investigating a very interesting case and is therefore unable to reply to you personally. . . . I would suggest that you contact your local police and explain the situation to them so that they can keep a check on your home. . . .

Yours sincerely,
J. Nicholson (Mrs.)
Secretary to Sherlock Holmes

Every week Jill Nicholson, a pretty twenty-three-year-old blonde from Dunfermline, Scotland, writes at least a dozen such letters. For Sherlock Holmes, whose adventures were first published in 1891 and whose creator died in 1930, is to many people all over the world a real person still living.

Either because they have a sense of humor or because they don't, British letter sorters still direct all letters addressed to Holmes or Dr. Watson to 218–230 Baker Street, London, N.W. 1, a somber portland-stone office building that is the headquarters of the Abbey National Building Society, Great Britain's largest home mortgaging company. The Abbey National happens to be where 221b would have been if it had ever existed, just north of Marylebone Road, across the street from the western entrance to the Baker Street subway station, next door to the My Dear Watson Coffee Bar.

Nobody at the Abbey National remembers when the first Holmes letters began turning up or who decided that they should be answered. And when Mrs. Nicholson was hired several years ago to write the firm's staff magazine and press handouts, nobody told her that she'd also be working for Sherlock Holmes. "That was just dropped on me," she recalls. "I'd only read a few of the stories, and I didn't know any more about him than anybody else. But since I started answering his mail I've read about forty of the sixty or so Conan Doyle stories and all the books other people have written about him."

Most of Holmes's letters, Mrs. Nicholson says, come from North America, but some turn up from as far away as Japan. Holmes is very popular in Eastern Europe. Every year he gets a Christmas card from the same well-wisher in Latvia, and recently he has

David Lampe, an American from Baltimore, Maryland, has lived in England for twenty years.

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been receiving a lot of mail from Poland. Jill Nicholson hasn't the facilities for getting all the letters translated into English, so she hedges by replying—in English, of course—that her boss is away on a case and has a full appointment book. She always encloses with her letters an eight-page pamphlet prepared by Abbey National, explaining why the building society gets his mail, and a picture postcard of the detective's Baker Street living room, which the society mocked up for the Festival of Britain in 1951.

Most of Sherlock Holmes's correspondents, Mrs. Nicholson believes, are children. "I think you're real COOL," a girl in California recently wrote him. And a prep school boy in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, wrote, "My English teacher tells me your [*sic*] still alive. If you are, please send us your picture for we are jolly good fans of yours. Your stories are fantastic. By the way, even if you aren't alive, let us know . . . ."

Adults, Mrs. Nicholson says, address to Baker Street letters that are no more rational. They frequently begin, "Although I am perfectly well aware, Mr. Holmes, that you are a fictional character . . . ." And they then go on to make a very real request for action.

Sherlock Holmes is invited to deliver lectures; he is asked to explain how to set up a detective agency, to stop hijackings, using drugs, and hating women. Some letter writers want him to name his heirs, and others, of course, ask him to solve real or imagined crimes. A burglar imprisoned in San Quentin in 1971, lonely because his family had stopped writing to him, hoped that Holmes's secretary would correspond with him. Many people still write to try to find out about aspects of the detective's life that Conan Doyle had ignored—and some even come up with new conspiracies to solve.

A man in Lower Burrell, Pennsylvania, wrote Holmes to say that every year for the last three years someone in his office had gone to England and, mysteriously, hadn't returned. He furnished names and addresses, all of people from New Kensington, Pennsylvania. Jill Nicholson replied that "unfortunately, Mr. Holmes is involved with another case at the moment and I am not qualified to be of assistance." If the writer was joking, her reply probably amused him. If not, he must have turned elsewhere for help, for she hasn't heard from him again.

When a Ph.D. in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at the University of Northern Iowa wrote requesting an appointment with both Holmes and Watson in London, she explained in her reply, "Mr. Holmes is away at present and it is my job to answer his mail. The enclosed booklet and postcard may be of interest to you, and will make clear why I cannot offer you an appointment." And she signed herself, as usual, "J. Nicholson (Mrs.), Secretary to Sherlock Holmes."

Mrs. Nicholson still wonders why in April 1971 a judge of the Superior Court of the state of California, Contra Costa Court House, wrote:

My Dear Mr. Holmes:

There is a great need for a man of your experience, and talent, in our criminal proceedings.

Would you consider locating your practice in this area? Please advise.

Convey my regards to Dr. Watson . . . .

The letter had been neatly typed on the court's letterhead, and Jill Nicholson didn't want to offend the judge. So she wrote a brief note explaining why the Abbey National—whose stationery she always uses when answering the Sherlock Holmes letters—gets his mail. And she added, "He is, of course, a fictitious character." The judge didn't write again.

Several years of dealing with Sherlock Holmes's correspondence haven't yet made Jill Nicholson feel that she's acting on behalf of a real person, even if she does always speak of him as "Mister Holmes." "I think that he seems real to so many people," she says, "because Conan Doyle was such a fine writer. He made Mr. Holmes's London so real that to people who've never been here it still exists."

Sherlock Holmes even gets a few telephone calls at the Abbey National, and so many foreign tourists go looking for his rooms there that the receptionist keeps a special leather-bound book for the visitors to sign. Recently a London woman turned up with a large bunch of flowers. "I have an appointment with Mr. Holmes that I won't be able to keep," she explained to the receptionist, "and I hope he'll accept these as an apology."

As far as Jill Nicholson knows, she hasn't put a foot wrong, but the correspondence is becoming more complex because now Sherlock Holmes is getting letters from computers. She has just had a long correspondence with the London office of Time-Life Books, pleading to have her employer's name taken off its mailing list "because he is, as you know, a fictitious person." And she's also been trying to convince the European subscription office of *Newsweek* that Sherlock Holmes could not possibly have filled in the reply-paid postcard ordering an eighty-two-week subscription and asking to be billed later. ❑

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WIT TWISTER NO. 314

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Rain — — — — — the farm and freshly planted field,

And seeds that long have — — — — — — wake to its sound.

The farmer, meanwhile, dreams of harvest yield

Before the — — — — — shows green above the ground.

A.S.

Answer on page 90

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1536

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1536 will be found on page 90

JNN XEBJW KCQZGB CQ

QEBBIZ EV CW SKG KGAZQ-

KJCS JWZ XGVI.

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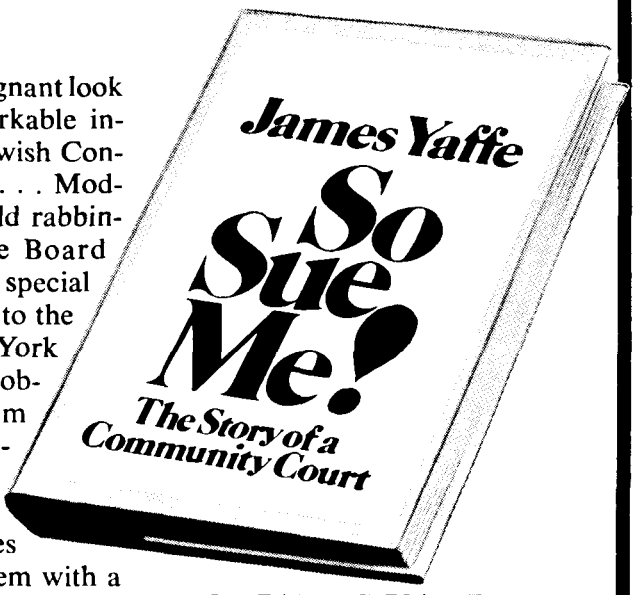

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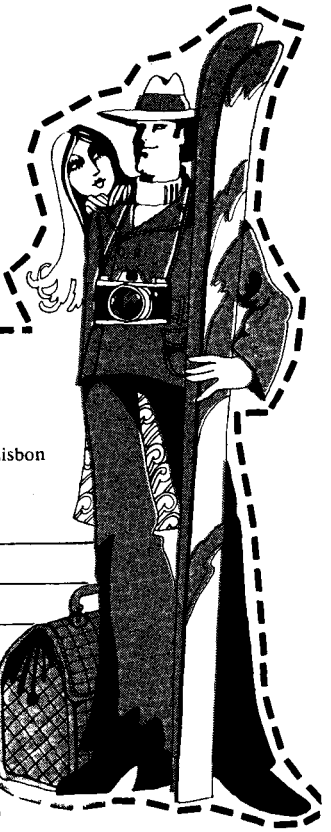

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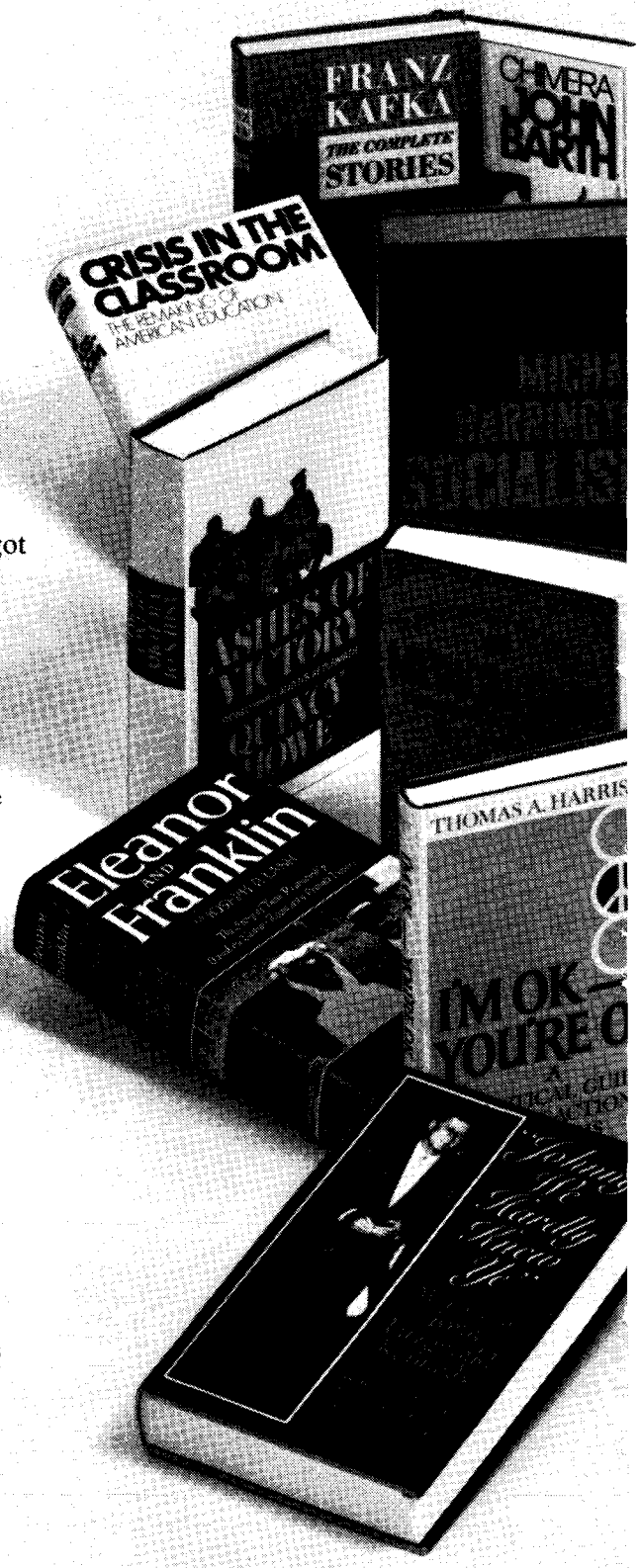

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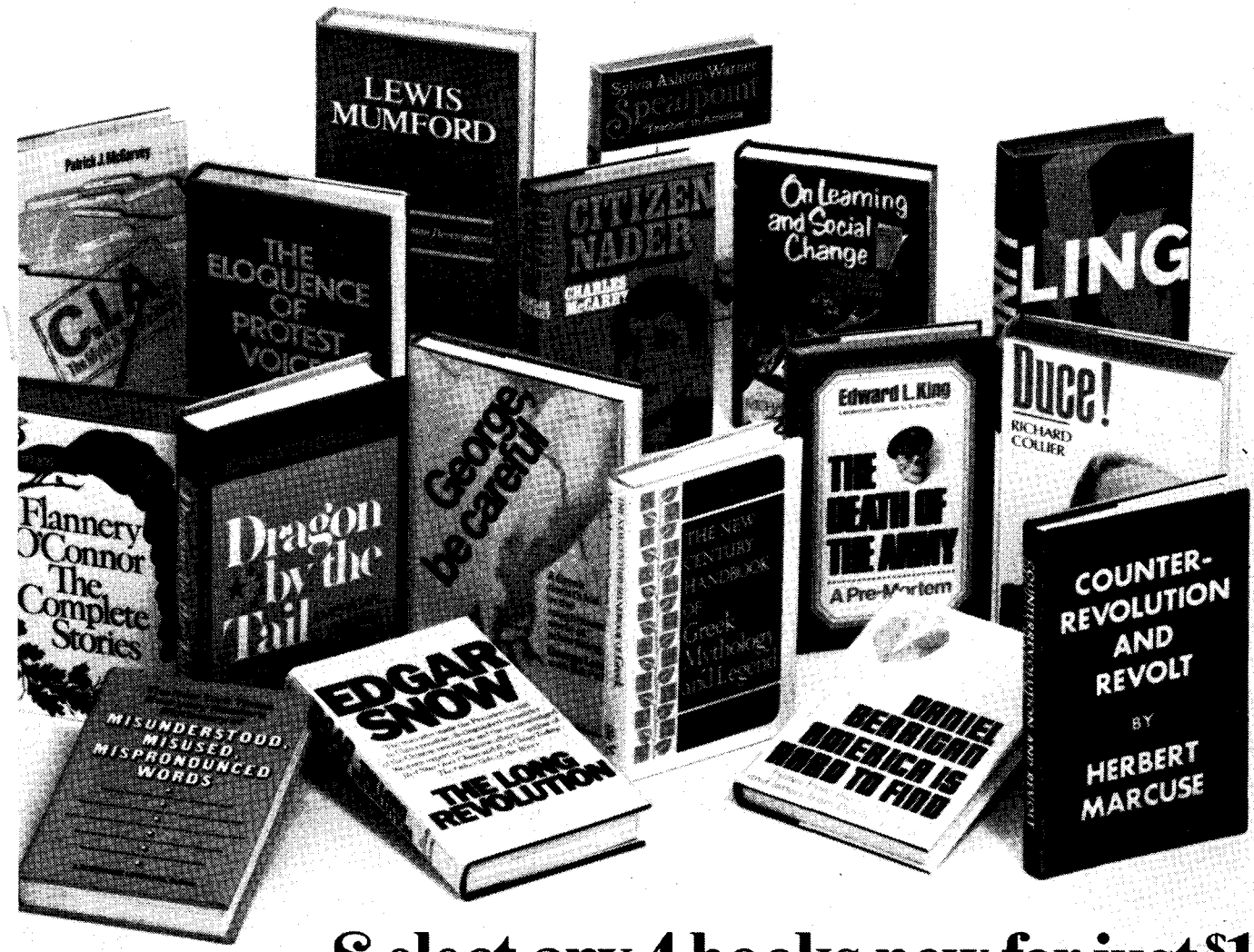

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LETTERS

Embracing Allen

I was really delighted by *Saturday Review*'s presentation of Allen Ginsberg's article "The Great Rememberer" [*SR*, Dec. 2].

There is one small correction I'd like to call to your attention, however; our edition of *Visions of Cody* is not a reissue —it is, rather, the first complete version of the novel to be published. Excerpts amounting to approximately one-fifth of the book were published by New Directions in 1960.

Joyce Johnson
McGraw-Hill Book Co.
New York, N. Y.

As much as the thought would revolt me in my less appreciative moments—Allen Ginsberg, I could kiss you!

Michael Feinberg
Brooklyn, Mich.

Liberating Emma

As a critic, a woman, and a writer who has worked many years on Flaubert's novel, I found Moravia's interpretive article on *Madame Bovary*, "Emma Unglued" [*SR*, Dec. 2], both incorrect and anger-provoking. Moravia's analysis of the character of Emma Bovary not only ignores the novel's content and form but also reveals certain age-old prejudices that have colored the judgment of many critics and novelists. For what Moravia ignores in the novel is precisely its glue: the femininity of Emma Bovary. In ignoring Emma Bovary's identity as a woman, he thus neglects one of the most important aspects of this novel, which is its portrayal of the oppression of women in nineteenth-century France, as well as its portrayal of the sterility of that society.

From the beginning of Moravia's article to the end, this neglect leads to critical error after critical error. Moravia contends that Emma would have done what she did no matter what the era or what her ideals, unlike Don Quixote, who could, Moravia says, do nothing without his books by his side. Flaubert makes it quite clear that Emma's entire life has been circumscribed by her readings, that she is in search of the romantic hero who is like what "no one ever was." It is not simple boredom that leads Emma to her lovers and her suicide, but a search for this romantic model—a search as literary as Don Quixote's.

Emma, again contrary to what Moravia insists, is not simply a transplant of Flaubert's pernicious side. She is very much a woman, very much a separate and coherent character. When Moravia makes this assertion, however, he harks back to criticisms made 100 years ago by the French poet Charles Baudelaire, who was so astonished by the success and strength of the character of Emma Bovary that he insisted she was not a woman but a man. Woman, according to his prejudices, could never inspire sympathy and passion. Emma Bovary does, not because she is an unglued character, not because she is a man in woman's skirts, but because she is a woman.

The only saving grace of the article was Francis Steegmuller's objections to it. Fortunately, there are still critics who are able to pare through societal prejudices to give us interpretations that not only are more than plausible but that also are true.

Suzanne Gordon
Oakland, Calif.

Too Grand?

Being well traveled implies a good deal more than traveling in great luxury; it has more to do with how much one absorbs of the land one visits. Re: "Grand Hotels" by René Lecler [*SR*, Dec. 2]. Many people who appreciate the services of a high-class or grand hotel that caters to Americans are there not only for the elegant treatment they receive but also for the elegant protection they get from the very country they are "visiting."

A truly grand hotel is one that attains the highest standards of excellence as defined by its own culture, rather than that of its guests. It is one that addresses you in *its* native language unless or until a switch to one's own is requested. Nothing was more infuriating to me on a recent trip through France than the insistence of waiters, hotel keepers, and others, on addressing me in English despite my adequate command of the French language.

Ellen Schneider
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

McKuen Warmed Over

I must take exception to the article-interview on Rod McKuen, "The Poet: Public" [*SR*, Dec. 2]. I am a McKuen foe who *has* read his poetry, and, unlike many of his fans, I read it closely and carefully, and I find it dull, careless, and amateurish writing. The question of what kind of man he is strikes me as irrelevant.

I must also take exception to McKuen's assertion that a poet is "a keeper of the language." Advertisements and newspapers are the keepers of the language, for language is always evolving and always will be. It pains me to see language so neglected by a poet as popular as McKuen.

You also intimate that he appeals to "working-class people." Well, I am "working-class," and I resent your statement that "taste has become such a highly developed faculty that it need not encounter his [McKuen's] poems at all in order to judge them." The point about "taste" is irrelevant. The real point is whether you are a faithful or a lazy reader, and by faithful I mean faithful to what is written, that is, to language.

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"I think The Hero is Sydney's oldest pub, although James Mitchell at the Lord Nelson Hotel disagrees. Another pub you shouldn't miss is the Newcastle Hotel. Ask Rona Nelson, a barmaid there, about all the paintings.

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"Then there's our unfinished Opera House. The architecture's so unconventional, it's been practically unbuildable. The Argyle Art Centre has good Aboriginal art. The Zoo has koalas. Bondi Beach has surf. And, of course, don't miss our geraniums. Almost everyone here has a garden. I guess it's the English in us.

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EDITORIAL

Of Mandarins and Maoists

The novelist who appears on the cover of this issue, fixing us with a penetrating if not intimidating stare, poses some extraordinarily complex problems for readers and editors alike. He is without question a brilliant stylist, an absolute wizard with words, a blazer of trails in the art of fiction writing. But he is also a cultural conservative, an almost totally apolitical author who quite calculatedly shuns what he calls "topical trash" in his choice of themes. What's more, he is aristocratic in life-style and bearing as well as breeding, he dresses elegantly, he is clean-shaven. He is, in short, politically irrelevant and intellectually elitist—about as forbidding a combination as one can find in this age of instant revolution and insistent revolutionary rhetoric. Why bother with him?

To the Maoist critics and writers who have flourished in recent years, the answer is easy: Don't. Or else cut him up without mercy. The Maoist attitude toward the likes of this haughty mandarin was best summed up in a critical study called *The Mythology of Imperialism* by Jonah Raskin, self-styled Yippie and teacher of English at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York. Attacking such "assassins of culture" as T. S. Eliot, E. M. Forster, and Lionel Trilling for having created a literary tradition that he finds stifling and unrevolutionary, Raskin goes on to promulgate as stifling a formula for conformity as was ever concocted by a Marine Corps drill instructor or the vice-president of a large firm. "Nearly all of them," Raskin notes scornfully of the authors listed above, "are neatly attired men in three-piece suits. They remind us of corporation executives or investment bankers. There is nothing bohemian, or beat, or hippie, or freaky about them. They are straights; uptight."

There it is, the very heart of the matter. Not only are Nabokov and his ilk far too aloof from the political upheavals of the day, they also *dress* the wrong way. Unforgivable. Fetch a tumbril for these fellows, or at least a trendy tailor; and while you're about it, get rid of their razors.

Of course, these are polar opposites —the mandarin and the Maoist. Literature and other forms of art are rarely, if ever, totally "pure" or apolitical. And rarely, if ever, are they totally political —unless the hack pamphleteer and bannermaker are now to be honored with the title of "artist."

There is no denying that Nabokov is more intrigued with form than with content. "I have no purpose at all when composing the stuff except to compose it," he told an interviewer some years ago. "I work hard, I work long, on a body of words until it grants me complete possession and pleasure." One can no more imagine Nabokov grinding out a tract on Vietnam or the environment than one can summon up a picture of Norman Mailer, in lederhosen and Tyrolean hat, chasing butterflies through an Alpine meadow. Nonetheless, it would hardly be accurate to say that the content of Nabokov's novels is utterly inconsequential. He does not write from some Olympian height far above the society in which he lives, even if, ideally, he would like to do so. The extent to which he has observed and absorbed that society, in fact, is very much in evidence—in his superb evocation of the nomadic life along America's highways in *Lolita*, for example, or his devastating portrait of academe in *Pnin*.

Still, in an age of social turmoil, is that enough? Listen to Trotsky, in his essay on *Literature and Revolution*, written a full half-century ago: "It is silly, absurd, stupid to the highest degree to pretend that art will remain indifferent to the convulsions of our epoch." If it did so, Trotsky maintained, it would "appear merely as scratches of the pen, as an exercise in craftsmanship, as a tuning up of instruments." Many critiques of Nabokov have, in fact, used language that is not too dissimilar. In such critiques another, harsher attack is often mounted. Never mind Nabokov's lack of commitment or disengagement or whatever term the critic chooses to apply. That is serious enough, but what is worse is the fact that the man is politically *wrong*. Therefore, away with his works. A neat little formula for latter-day book burners.

Of course, it is mightily tempting to toss out Pound's poems along with his politics—or Eliot's, or Céline's novels, or the works of a dozen others, for that matter. But think what would be lost. Consider that point from a somewhat different angle. Should Allen Drury have been roasted for *Advise and Consent* because the viewpoint was relentlessly conservative, or because the novel was not very well written? One hopes for the latter reason; one also recognizes, however, that most critics will give him a thorough going-over for the former reason. But would the novel have gotten the same reception had it taken a more liberal or even radical political posture? The suspicion lurks that initially, at least, it would have been treated more gently, even though in the end—or at least one hopes—Drury would have been taken to task for producing a shallow, poorly written work.

To return to Trotsky, he remarked in the essay quoted earlier, discussing the gathering revolutionary forces at work in nineteenth-century Russia: "Those who had aims had no time for art." But not everybody had "aims" even then. The simple fact remains that not all—perhaps not even most—works of literary genius embody progressive politics. Dostoevsky advocated autocracy and a mystical patriotism. D. H. Lawrence is regarded by today's feminists as the great enemy of liberation for women. Eliot once announced he was a classicist, a monarchist, and an Anglican. Yeats entertained an undying love of the aristocratic, chivalrous code of the past. Knut Hamsun, at least in his old age, was a Nazi sympathizer.

"Literary excellence isn't determined by a writer's politics," Richard Locke argued in a recent column in the *New York Times Book Review*. "However, a return to a 1950s New Critical formalism that insists on the absolute autonomy of a work of art would be as retrograde as a return to the 1930s Communist party line."

Unless the Maoists prevail and clap us all into faded work shirts, we will probably be spared the necessity of choosing between art for art's sake and art for the sake of some doctrine or other. That permits us to go on enjoying Chekhov for his piercing insights into a particular caste at a particular time, Borges for his miniature epiphanies of the human condition, Nabokov for his intoxication with language. And we can, and should, go on enjoying them for what they are—experiences that illuminate our world, that enrich us, that are, quite simply, *worth having*, whatever their flaws or drawbacks.

Ronald P. Kriss

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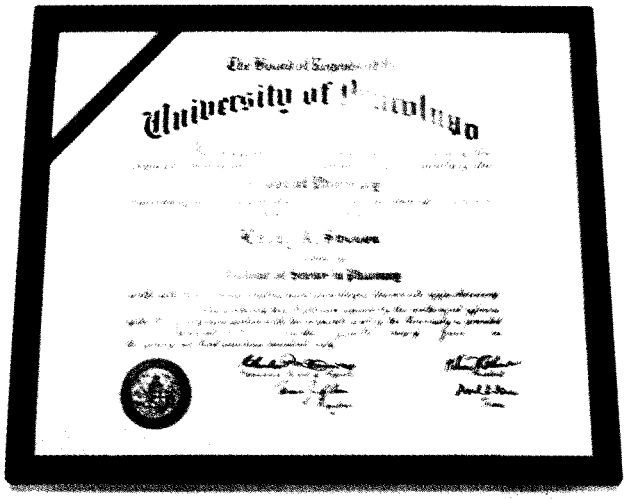
Let's hear it for the man who helps your doctor help you.

Your trusted, nearby, pharmacist. You know him.

Or do you?

He is a *registered* pharmacist. That means he (or she, because



20% of today's pharmacy students are women) holds an academic degree which, these days, takes five years to earn.

His special knowledge of the chemical, physical and biological sciences, plus the detailed records he keeps of your prescriptions, equip him to assist your doctor by dispensing the precise medication that's right for you.

Your pharmacist's most effective role is that of a professional consultant—a valuable link between you and your doctor.

Oh yes, it is very human to grumble that the medicine he dispenses seems to cost too much. But if we really check it out we discover today's prescription costs three percent less than the same amount cost a decade ago.

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Then stop by and thank him, or her, for a job well done.

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Send for our free booklet. *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. SR1, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

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and

CHAMBRE CHOIR

with

GUEST SOLOISTS

(in order of appearance)

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SANDY DENNY

GRAHAM BELL

STEVE WINWOOD

MAGGIE BELL

RICHIE HAVENS

MERRY CLAYTON

ROGER DALTREY

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WHAT IS AFRICA WEARING?

—is a question you will rarely hear from the world of *haute couture*. No matter. New York's Museum of Modern Art supplies the answer in an exhibit that puts an abrupt end to any notion that African art of significance is limited to the sculpture of the extinct kingdoms of the western coast. When the show begins to travel, visitors in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Cleveland will discover what New Yorkers are now seeing: a wealth of African design glowing in the art of "personal adornment"—textiles, rustic clothing, ceremonial costumes, hand-carried objects, and jewelry of such diversity as to make many Euro-American counterparts seem almost lifeless by comparison.

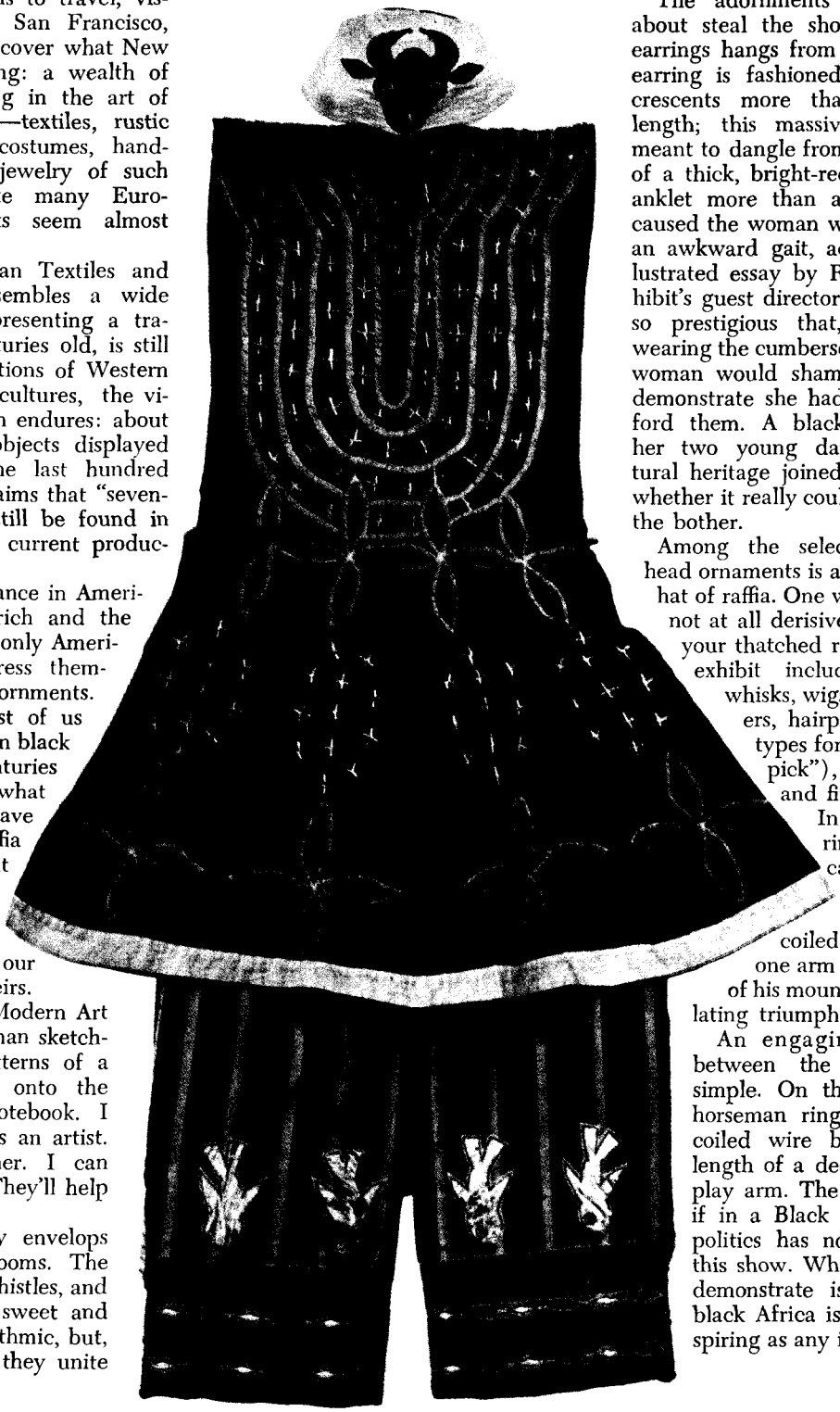
The exhibit, "African Textiles and Decorative Arts," assembles a wide range of artifacts representing a tradition that, while centuries old, is still thriving. Despite injections of Western technology into tribal cultures, the vitality of African design endures: about 90 per cent of the objects displayed were produced in the last hundred years. The museum claims that "seventy-five per cent can still be found in use, or on sale, or in current production in Africa."

In spite of a renaissance in American crafts, the very rich and the very hip are about the only Americans who really express themselves with personal adornments. What most of the rest of us wear is what we buy. In black Africa today, as in centuries past, what you wear is what you make. Synthetics have begun to replace raffia and beaten bark, but Africans have combined materials into clothing that serves the esthetic climate of our continent as well as theirs.

In the Museum of Modern Art I noticed a young woman sketching the intriguing patterns of a batiklike resist cloth onto the staffs of a music notebook. I asked whether she was an artist. "I'm a textile designer. I can study these designs. They'll help me with my work."

African music softly envelops you in the exhibit rooms. The flutes, gongs, drums, whistles, and rattles are alternately sweet and subtle, driving and rhythmic, but, despite this diversity, they unite in fashioning a mood that reflects the endless variety of the visual presentation. Illuminated transparencies of Africans wearing clothing made from textiles similar to those hanging above—pictures of costumed Ghanaians, Nigerians, and Liberians—help relate the textiles to the lives of the people who wear them.

Leaving the textile display, you encounter floor-to-ceiling display cylinders, in which special objects are overlighted to their utmost advantage. A gigantic, collapsible feather hat, which would win the prize in any Easter Day parade, glows from within, the lights reflecting brilliantly off dark-brown and black feathers and accenting rare mauve plumes in the center of the creation.



In a nearby alcove feathers cover a striking tunic from Cameroon, obscuring the cloth underneath. A simple "hunter's dress" hangs close by. Appliquéd with small patches, the cloth itself is covered with Arabic script, faded with age, expressing the prayers of the tribesman. The tunic still bears the export seal reading "Colonies Francaises, Sénégal & Dépendences, exp. 1889," a tiny reminder of Africa's colonial past.

The adornments of the rich just about steal the show. A set of gold earrings hangs from a cork bust. Each earring is fashioned from two joined crescents more than five inches in length; this massive ornament was meant to dangle from the ear by means of a thick, bright-red braid. A circular anklet more than a foot in diameter caused the woman wearer to walk with an awkward gait, according to the illustrated essay by Roy Sieber, the exhibit's guest director. Such jewelry was so prestigious that, even when not wearing the cumbersome ornaments, the woman would sham waddling just to demonstrate she had the wealth to afford them. A black woman showing her two young daughters their cultural heritage joined me in wondering whether it really could have been worth the bother.

Among the selection of inventive head ornaments is a large, cone-shaped hat of raffia. One woman commented, not at all derisively, "You can carry your thatched roof with you." The exhibit includes fans, batons, whisks, wigs, cosmetic containers, hairpins, combs (archetypes for the modern "Afro-pick"), colorful earplugs, and fingerware.

In one amazing brass ring an artisan had captured the spirit of a horseman riding proudly past two coiled, menacing snakes, one arm clutching the mane of his mount, the other gesticulating triumphantly in the wind.

An engaging tension exists between the ornate and the simple. On the one hand, that horseman ring; on the other, a coiled wire bangle wound the length of a deep-brown-cork display arm. The fist is clenched as if in a Black Power salute. But politics has nothing to do with this show. What the exhibit does demonstrate is that the art of black Africa is as diverse and inspiring as any in the world.

RONALD NAJMAN

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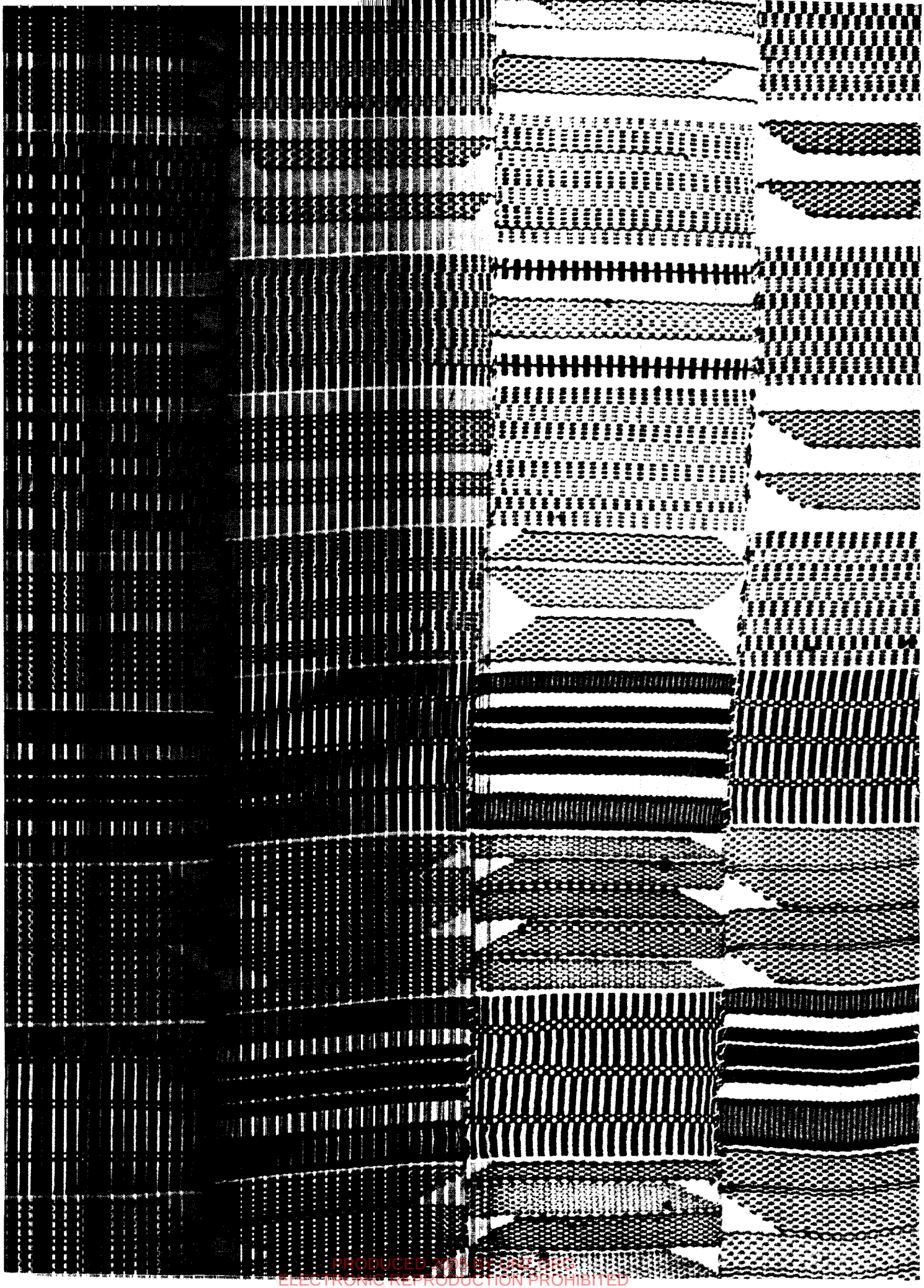

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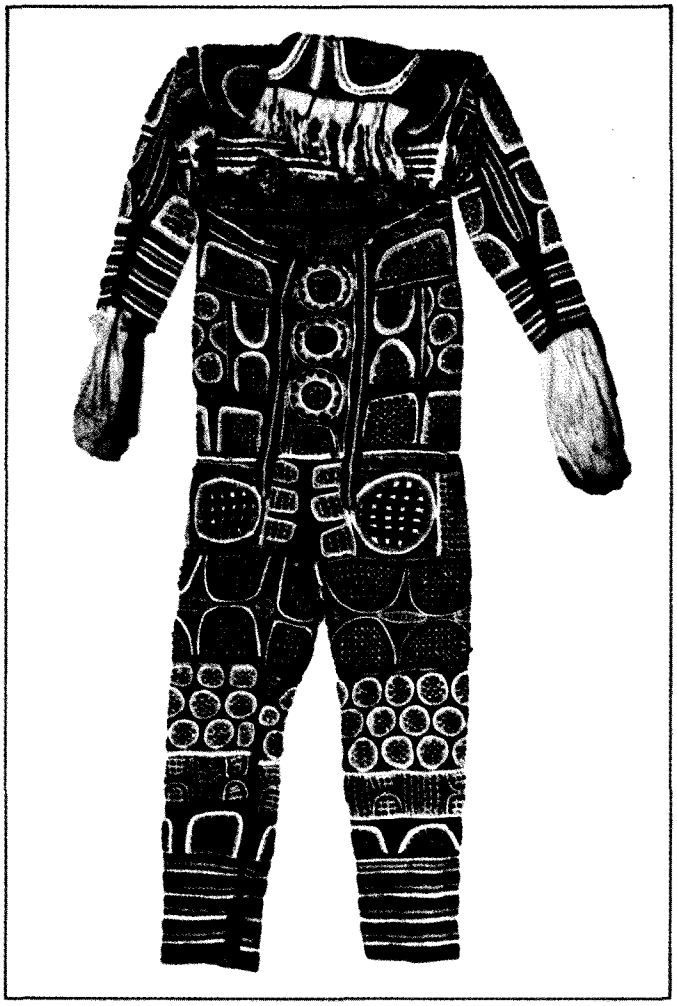
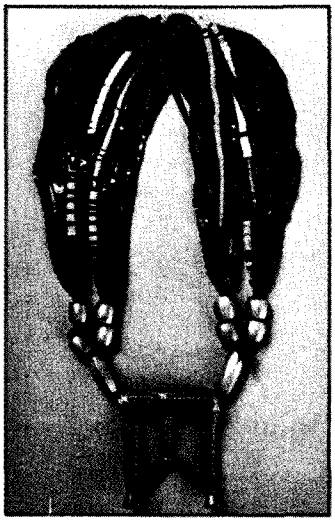
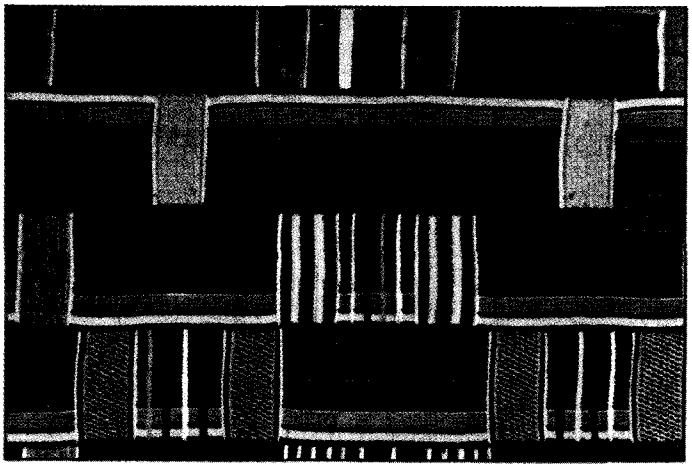
"African Textiles and Decorative Arts" was guest-directed for the Museum of Modern Art by Roy Sieber, professor of art history at Indiana University. He was assisted by Katherine White Reswick (of the museum's International Council), who volunteered to make a survey of African artifacts in American collections, traveling 75,000 miles to visit twenty-three public institutions and fifty-seven private collections. She photographed more than 2,400 works during her travels.

The exhibit, funded by the Exxon Corporation and the National Endowment for the Arts, will run at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, through January 31. It will then be shown at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (March 20–May 31), the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco (July 2–August 31), and the Cleveland Museum of Art (October 3–December 2).

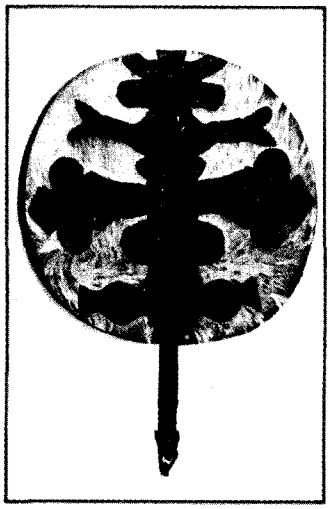


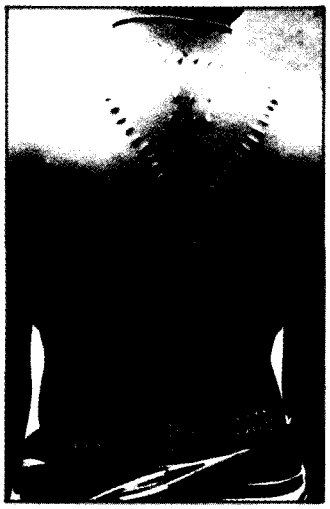
At left, a detail of "gold dust pattern" cloth from Ghana. Nigerian nobility once used the tight-fitting, ceremonial Ibo costume above and the fan (below, left) from the city of Benin. The exhibit includes photographs of what might be called "body art," such as the ritual coming-of-age scars on the back of a woman from the Ivory Coast (below, right).



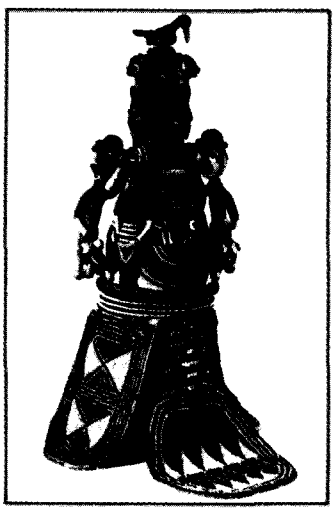


The woman's waist ornament from Liberia (above, left) was worn only at home—and then only under several layers of clothing. A Liman, or "keeper," of a Ghanaian mosque (above, right) wears full ceremonial regalia of a prestigious style typical of the region. The pattern of the West African cloth above is unusual because of its asymmetrical striping.





Above, a brass anklet. At right, a Yoruba king's crown, three feet high, from Nigeria. Its beaded veil prevented the subjects of the king from gazing upon the ruler's face.



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Vladimir Nabokov describes the mysterious process that lies behind the best of his own fiction—and seeks "the bright trace of that thrill in the work of fellow authors."

Inspiration

The awakening, quickening, or creative impulse, esp. as manifested in high artistic achievement.
Webster, Second Ed., unabridged, 1957

The enthusiasm that sweeps away (*entraîne*) poets. Also a term of physiology (*insufflation*): ". . . wolves and dogs howl only by inspiration; one can easily ascertain this by causing a little dog to howl close to one's face (Buffon)."
Littré, *éd. intégrale*, 1963

The enthusiasm, concentration, and unusual manifestation of the mental faculties (*umstvennyh sil*).
Dal, Revised Ed., St. Petersburg, 1904

A creative upsurge. [Examples:] Inspired poet. Inspired socialistic work.
Ozhegov, Russian dictionary, Moscow, 1960

A special study, which I do not plan to conduct, would reveal, probably, that inspiration is seldom dwelt upon nowadays even by the worst reviewers of our best prose. I say "our" and I say "prose" because I am thinking of American works of fiction, including my own stuff. It would seem that this reticence is somehow linked up with a sense of decorum. Conformists suspect that to speak of "inspiration" is as tasteless and old-fashioned as to stand up for the Ivory Tower. Yet inspiration exists as do towers and tusks.

One can distinguish several types of inspiration, which intergrade, as all things do in this fluid and interesting world of ours, while yielding gracefully to a semblance of classification. A prefatory glow, not unlike some benign variety of the aura before an epileptic attack, is something the artist learns to perceive very early in life. This feeling of tickly well-being branches through him like the red and the blue in the picture of a skinned man under Circulation. As it spreads, it banishes all awareness of physical discomfort—youth's toothache as well as the neuralgia of old age. The beauty of it is that, while completely intelligible (as if it were connected with a known gland or led to an expected climax), it has neither source nor object. It expands, glows, and subsides without revealing its secret. In the meantime, however, a window has opened, an auroral wind has blown, every exposed nerve has tingled. Presently all dissolves: the familiar worries are back and the eyebrow redescribes its arc of pain; but the artist knows he is ready.

A few days elapse. The next stage of inspiration is something ardently anticipated—and no longer anonymous. The shape of the new impact is indeed so definite that I am forced to relinquish metaphors and resort to specific terms. The narrator forefeels what he is going to tell. The forefeeling can be defined as an instant vision turning into rapid speech. If some instrument were to render this rare and delightful phenomenon, the image would come as a shimmer of exact details and the verbal part, as a tumble of merging words. The experienced writer immediately takes it down and, in the process of doing so, transforms what is little more than a running blur into gradually dawning sense, with epithets and sentence construction growing as clear and trim as they would be on the printed page:

Sea crashing, retreating with shuffle of pebbles, Juan and beloved young whore—is her name, as they say, Adora? is she Italian, Roumanian, Irish?—asleep in his lap, his opera cloak pulled over her, candle messily burning in its tin cup, next to it a paper-wrapped bunch of long roses, his silk hat on the stone floor near a patch of moonlight, all this in a corner of a decrepit, once palatial whorehouse, Villa Venus, on a rocky Mediterranean coast, a door standing ajar gives on what seems to be a moonlit gallery but is really a half-demolished reception room with a broken outer wall, through a great rip in it the naked sea is heard as a panting space separated from time, it dully booms, dully withdraws dragging its platter of wet pebbles.

This I jotted down one morning at the very end of 1965, a couple of months before the novel began to flow. What I give above is its first throb, the strange nucleus of the book that was to grow around it in the course of the next three years. Much of that growth obviously differs in coloration and lighting from the foreglimpsed scene, whose structural centrality, however, is emphasized, with a kind of pleasing neatness, by the fact that it now exists as an inset scene right in the middle of the novel (which was entitled at first *Villa Venus*, then *The Veens*, then *Ardor*, and finally *Ada*.)

Reverting to a more generalized ac-

JEAN-LEON GEROME: PYGMALION AND GALATEA. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

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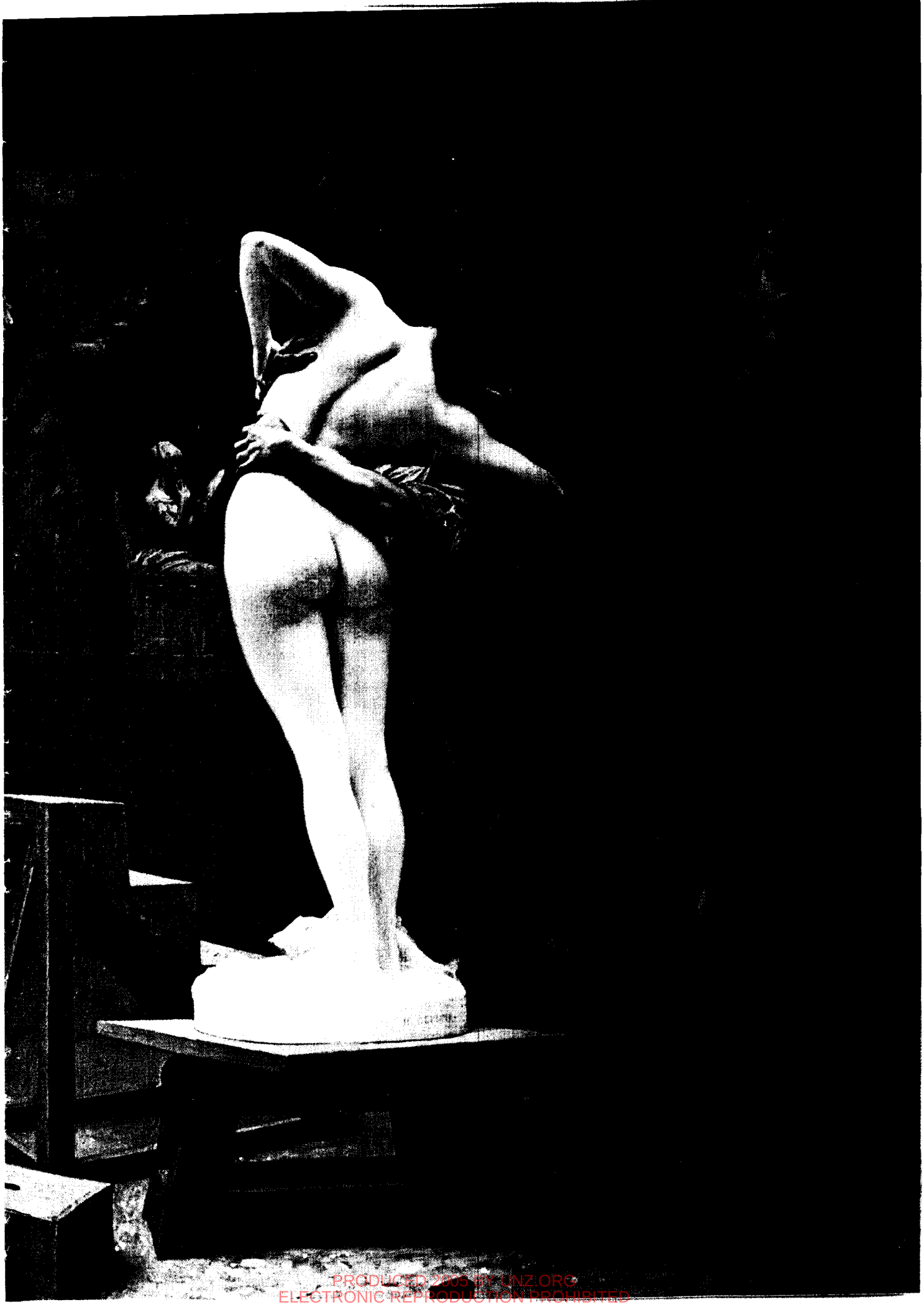

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count, one sees inspiration accompanying the author in his actual work on the new book. She accompanies him (for by now we are in the presence of a nubile muse) by means of successive flashes to which the writer may grow so accustomed that a sudden fizzle in the domestic illumination may strike him as an act of betrayal.

One and the same person can compose parts of one and the same story or poem, either in his head or on paper, pencil or pen in hand (I am told there exist fantastic performers who actually *type out* their immediate product or, still more incredibly, *dictate* it, warm and bubbly, to a typist or to a machine!). Some prefer the bathtub to the study and the bed to the windy moor—the place does not matter much, it is the relationship between the brain and the hand that poses some odd problems. As John Shade says somewhere: "I am puzzled by the difference between two methods of composing: *A*, the kind which goes on solely in the poet's mind, a testing of performing words, while he is soaping a third time one leg, and *B*, the other kind, much more decorous, when he is in his study writing with a pen. In method *B* the hand supports the thought, the abstract battle is concretely fought. The pen stops in midair, then swoops to bar a canceled sunset or restore a star, and thus it physically guides the phrase toward faint daylight through the inky maze. But method *A* is agony! The brain is soon enclosed in a steel cap of pain. A muse in overalls directs the drill which grinds, and which no effort of the will can interrupt, while the automaton is taking off what he has just put on or walking briskly to the corner store to buy the paper he has read before. Why is it so? Is it, perhaps, because in penless work there is no pen-poised pause . . . . . Or is the process deeper, with no desk to prop the false and hoist the picturesque? For there are those mysterious moments when, too weary to delete, I drop my pen; I ambulate—and by some mute command the right word flutes and perches on my hand."

This is, of course, where inspiration comes in. The words which on various occasions, during some fifty years of composing prose, I have put together and then canceled may have formed by now in the Realm of Rejection (a foggy but not quite unlikely land north of nowhere) a huge library of scrapped phrases, characterized and concorded only by their wanting the benison of inspiration.

No wonder, then, that a writer who is not afraid to confess that he has known inspiration and can readily distinguish it from the froth of a fit, as well as from the humdrum comfort of the "right word," should seek the bright trace of that thrill in the work of fellow authors. The bolt of inspiration strikes invariably: you observe the flash in this or that piece of great writing, be it a stretch of fine verse, or a passage in Joyce or Tolstoy, or a phrase in a short story, or a spurt of genius in the paper of a naturalist, of a scholar, or even in a book reviewer's article. I have in view, naturally, not the hopeless hacks we all know—but people who are creative artists in their own right, such as, say, Trilling (with his critical opinions I am not concerned), or Thurber (e.g. in *Voices of Revolution*: "Art does not rush to the barricades").

"From a small number of A plus stories I have chosen half a dozen particular favorites of mine... in which genuine afflation appears to be present."

In recent years numerous publishers have had the pleasure of sending me their anthologies,—homing pigeons really, for all of them contain samples of the recipient's writings. Amongst the thirty or so of those collections, some flaunt pretentious labels ("Fables of Our Time," or "Themes and Targets"); others are presented more soberly ("Great Tales") and their blurbs promise the reader that he will meet cranberry pickers, and hunkies; but almost in each of them there are at least two or three first-rate stories.

Age is chary, but it is also forgetful, and in order to choose instantly what to reread on a night of Orphic thirst and what to reject for ever, I am careful to put an A, or a C, or a D minus, against this or that item in the anthology. The profusion of high marks reconfirms me every time in the exhilarating belief that at the present time (say, for the last fifty years) the greatest Short Stories have been produced not in England, not in Russia, and certainly not in France, but in this country.

Examples are the stained-glass windows of knowledge. From a small number of A plus stories I have chosen half a dozen particular favorites of mine. I list their titles below and parenthesize briefly the passage—or one of the passages—in which genuine afflation appears to be present, no matter how trivial the inspired detail may look to a dull criticule.

John Cheever's "The Country Husband" ("Jupiter [a black retriever] crashed through the tomato vines with the remains of a felt hat in his mouth." The story is really a miniature novel beautifully traced, so that the impression of there being a little too many things happening in it is completely redeemed by the satisfying coherence of its thematic interlacings).

John Updike's "The Happiest I've Been" ("The important thing, rather than the subject, was the conversation itself, the quick agreements, the slow nods, the weave of different memories; it was like one of these Panama baskets shaped underwater around a worthless stone." I like so many of Updike's stories that it was difficult to choose one for demonstration and even more difficult to settle upon its most inspired bit).

J. D. Salinger's "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" ("Stopping only to sink a foot in a soggy, collapsed castle. . . ." This is a great story, too famous and fragile to be measured here by a casual conchometrist).

Herbert Gold's "Death in Miami Beach" ("Finally we die, opposable thumbs and all." Or to do even better justice to this admirable piece: "Barbados turtles as large as children . . . crucified like thieves . . . the tough leather of their skin does not disguise their present helplessness and pain").

John Barth's "Lost in the Funhouse" ("What is the story's point? Ambrose is ill. He perspires in the dark passages; candied apples-on-a-stick, delicious-looking, disappointing to eat. Funhouses need men's and ladies' rooms at interval." I had some trouble in pinning down what I needed amidst the lovely swift speckled imagery).

Delmore Schwartz's "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" (". . . and the fatal merciless passionate ocean." Although there are several other divine vibrations in this story that so miraculously blends an old cinema film with a personal past, the quoted phrase wins its citation for power and impeccable rhythm).

I must add that I would be very pleased if a Professor of Literature to test his students at the start or the close of the term would request them to write a paper discussing the following points:

1. What is so good about those six stories? (Refrain from referring to "commitment," "ecology," "realism," "symbols" and so forth.)

2. What other passages in them bear the mark of inspiration?

3. How exactly was that poor lap dog made to howl in those lace-cuffed hands, close to that periwig?

Vladimir Nabokov
Montreux, November 20, 1972

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Does a Genius in Montreux Make Any Difference to a Writer in California or Missouri or New York or Ontario?

Four American novelists give personal answers.

The Esthetics of Bliss

BY EDMUND WHITE

The great irony is that Nabokov should be both Russian and American. The two cultures are equally avid of message, equally insistent upon confessional sincerity, equally leery of disinterested pleasure—and Nabokov is precisely that writer who has announced that he entertains no general ideas, who regards the diary as the lowest form of writing, who subscribes solely to the esthetics of bliss. And yet a closer look reveals he's had his fun with both sets of dour compatriots; he is the flinty antagonist, his brilliance the light sparked from friction. He plays games with our expectations, now frustrating them, now fulfilling them, now forcing them to change; if you're not already one, you must become a bit of a prig in order to experience the thrill of having Nabokov scandalize you in all the right places. Nabokov *needs* you to believe in the suburban pieties (progressive education, sentimental leftism, psychoanalysis, Thomas Mann), just as his parodic style requires that you be familiar with mystery stories, case reports, scholarly monographs, utopian novels, fairy tales.

His superb disdain, of course, will not be imitated; who else could burn with such fine, old-fashioned indignation against "tension-releasing" group therapy, symbol-hunting criticism, Marxist doubletalk? *Our* nerveless method of dealing with dogmatism and vulgarity is to be in sly, weary collusion with it (Andy Warhol, that terminally American figure, once said his work was "a way of liking things"). Although passivity masked as irony might seem objectionable to Nabokov, he cannot object to our ignoring his morals and studying his manners; when he talks about books, he always retricts himself to an appreciation of technique: he deals in glittering particularities.

When looked at line by line, as one looks at poetry, Nabokov's is a technique of precision. In *Transparent Things* we have these distinctions: "A bunch of bellflowers and bluebonnets (their different shades having a lovers' quarrel) had been placed, either by the assistant manager, who respected sentiment, or by Person himself, in a vase on the commode next to Person's shed tie, which was of a third shade of blue but of another material (sericanette)." In every book the exact word is found, the imprecise locution rejected. When Humbert Humbert says goodbye to Lolita for the last time, he reports: "I was surprised (this a rhetorical figure, I was not) that the sight of the old car in which she had ridden as a child and nymphet, left her so very indifferent."

What's remarkable is that this precision doesn't isolate the sentence and turn it into a free-standing paragraph, as precision quite literally makes paragraphs out of virtually every sentence in a Firbank or Kawabata novel. But then, unlike those two monks of natural and social detail, Nabokov is possessed of the very worldly compulsion to tell a story, and that compulsion links his sentences rhythmically and psychologically.

The most distinctive aspect of the Nabokovian sentence is its length, its flexibility, its comprehensive and rapid notation of complex sensations and thoughts. Nabokov has reminded his fellow authors that in a single sentence an image of innocent delight can be turned, through a Gogolian simile, into the last rites for a dying civilization. I'm talking about the close of the first chapter of *Speak, Memory*. Nabokov's father is being tossed in the air by local peasants, while young Vladimir watches from an upper window: "Thrice, to the mighty heave-ho of his invisible tossers, he would fly up in this fashion, and the second time he would go higher than the first and then there he would be, on his last and loftiest flight, reclining, as if for good, against the cobalt blue of the summer noon, like one of those paradisiac personages who comfortably soar, with such a wealth of folds in their garments, on the vaulted ceiling of a

Edmund White's first novel, Forgetting Elena, *will be published this spring.*

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church while below, one by one, the wax tapers in mortal hands light up to make a swarm of minute flames in the mist of incense, and the priest chants of eternal repose, and funeral lilies conceal the face of whoever lies there, among the swimming lights, in the open coffin." That sentence, when we first read it, was good, black caviar to convalescents fed on *style blanc*.

A novel is not a poem, however, or, in the case of Nabokov, not just a poem. Through hundreds of pages the novelist must decide: how many times he should return to the hero's clumsiness in order to imprint it on the reader's mind; whether Suspense, that tease, should shed six or seven veils during her dance; whether the sweet nothings his lovers say should be quoted in all their banality or paraphrased from the more flattering distance of indirect discourse.

A whole book would be necessary to evaluate Nabokov's skill in wielding fictional structures. Let one lone example, lightly sketched in, suffice. In *Pale Fire* Nabokov is faced with the special problem of how to maintain our interest in Kinbote, the lunatic commentator and repellent character. The austere Beckett, I suppose, would not have worried whether we were or were not interested in Kinbote. A hack would have made Kinbote "psychotic" and depended on our compassion for the sick to do the trick. But Nabokov introduces us to a new sensation—admiration for, even collaboration with, Kinbote's insane exegesis even as we loathe or laugh at the exegete. How does the writer make us both a judge of, and an accessory to, the crime? By placing us at the exact center of an expanding system, by showing us how that system elaborates itself, by making us participants in a project as risky and speculative as writing a novel or living. We are all living life as if it were a novel that will one day surrender a meaning or, at least, assume significant form; how willing we are to help Kinbote impress *his* version of himself on the resistant text of experience.

Poetic precision and a large grasp of fictional structures, then, make Nabokov's writing exemplary. May the example be well taken! On the map of contemporary American literature he is due N.—magnetic, cold, giving a sense of direction to smaller craft. He certainly provides an admirable contrast to another widely imitated American writer, Norman Mailer. Mailer is our D. H. Lawrence. He is as turbulent, as concerned with sex and power and the unconscious, as messianic. Like Lawrence, he runs the risk (to borrow, out of context, a phrase from Richard Poirier) of confusing his body with the body politic. Small occurrences (a hangover, a headache), which would seem meaningless to any less acute observer, take on vast significance for him. If an elephant does a good handstand at a demonstration for Nixon, Mailer is quite capable of finding in the animal's cleverness a sign that Nixon's people may be "in command of small subtleties"—though Mailer reserves judgment and, quite seriously, enters this datum into the "first freshets of his brooding." Nabokov could never seem as relevant to young, or as ludicrous to mature, minds.

Nor could Nabokov ever write, as Mailer wrote in *An American Dream*, a sentence of this sort: "The only true journey of knowledge is from the depth of one being to the heart of another and I was nothing but open raw depths at that instant alone on the balcony, looking down on Sutton Place, the spirits of the food and drink I had ingested wrenched out of my belly and upper gut, leaving me in raw Being, there were clefts and rents which cut like geological faults right through all the lead and concrete and kapok and leather of my ego, that multilated piece of insulation, I could feel my Being, ridiculous enough, what! I could feel lights shifting inside myself, drifting like vapors over the broken rocks of my ego while a forest of small nerves jumped up, foul in their odor, smelling for all the world like the rotten, carious shudder of a decayed tooth."

If Nabokov were not with us, would Americans have thought *that* was the way to do it? Without Nabokov, would we still be cultists of tough-guy sincerity? Would we ever have known that an artist can be as convincing as a polemicist? Americans have seldom felt at ease with literary art. They have wanted it to be uplifting or "activist." They have expected books to be thermometers, taking the temperature of the *Zeitgeist*—or at least battle reports from the front lines of a beleaguered ego. Without Nabokov, we might have gone on thinking *Ars gratia artis* meant Oscar Wilde; how useful to know it can also mean ardor, grace, *Ada*. □

The N Factor

BY JOSEPH McELROY

Somewhere on Anti-Terra—where, by the way, an unterrified child of my acquaintance thinks New York, Corsica, California, and London lie all in one panel snugly contiguous—a *Festschrift* is taking place. The first essay shows *Lolita* to be our greatest "road" book. Another proves *Pale Fire* our best immigrant novel since Kafka's *Amerika*. A third asks how Nabokov will end the nether half of his autobiography and predicts he will offer in the farewell paragraph a multiple choice of posthumous options that later events, foreseen by, say, Pnin, will enable the bereaved reader to resolve.

We take now a deep, imported Alpine breath infused with a shade of domestic pollution.

John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor* would have happened anyhow—but surely one movement of fiction in the Sixties away from plainer modes and into parody, labyrinth, and self-conscious convolutions of wit owed something to Nabokov. *Lolita* and *Pale Fire*, still his finest books, at first made me feel freer to go ahead and slip the regular vein of sensitive, even-tempered American realism and try to write elaborately clued existential mysteries in tones of varying voice that might include the arch or absurdly overbearing. A lunatic or grandly human and desperate project but broken into hunks of erratically connected memory was what I wanted to try; I found something like the first in Michel Butor's *Degrees*, the second in the fragments of *Pale Fire*. "Nabokovian" became a reviewer's cliché, and when it was applied to some of us, I think it put prospective readers off by implying here was some fancy game, not an image of life. Maybe that's how most readers saw Nabokov. I hope not. Nabokov has given me more pleasure than any other living novelist, more jolts, more laughs, more joy, and now and then (mirage or not) a feeling of what I can only call numinous imminence.

His first power was always a palpable exactness and ripeness of language.

Joseph McElroy's novels include Hind's Kidnap *and* Smuggler's Bible.

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Critics will, of course, go on crowing about the sportive lepidopterist's affair with English. But this love—say, in the transposed bells of a nymphet's Do-re-mi upon a tongue—is often extolled as if it were an end in itself. No question, Scrabbling or scribbling, Nabokov plays word games—a calisthenic addiction like lightning chess or certain impenetrable arias in *Ada*. His dictionary, both gazetteer and observatory, is also magic kit, jewel box, amusement park, and, perhaps too often for his own good, an invitation to court what Wallace Stevens called "the bawds of euphony." Yet what has always mattered is how and where Nabokov's words move. I mean safely across that waste-chasm that waits for the slack or hackneyed, the arid abstract, the missed connections that prefigure death. It's the gap between (as Nabokov says) "membrane and brain"—also the gulf between thing and thing, which fresh metaphors dismiss. In a mood often glimmeringly old-fashioned for all his cruel clarity of film-frame cut, we are through into the living thing itself, which suddenly is then all over again still also made of words. The reservoir near the burning barn breaks into "scaly light." The gulf is nullified but still there.

But there are other distances in these stories by the cleverest American alien of us all (whose lesson to us has been the novel energy in the outsider's startled eye). Was it the blandness of Eisenhower's tenure that made us feel the country becoming grotesque? We were ready for Nabokov's most famous stranger, the nympholept H. H. We'd had that delicate, overrated postwar literature of the lonely and the freakish, but Humbert and then the mad shadow-king Kinbote were more than lonely hunters. Like the chess genius Luzhin, or even the brave, believable philosopher Krug caught in a gray police state, they maneuver into enclaves of self, which, secure or not, are works of heroic poignance and tenacity whence the other, ordinary world is viewed as if in the eerie mirror that Nabokov in one of his books props casually against a tree. The tense, internal consistency of his structures, the charged sensuous center, and (he will pardon me) the detailed social reality of his stage sets are all the defense he needs against criticisms like Tolstoy's of Dostoevsky that the lives of healthy people are necessarily more moving and that abnormality is a dodge.

But in the late Sixties I wondered whether I was right about Nabokov. His playfulness was, at its shifting best, a function of his rational hatred for pomposity; but I'd grown tired of it—it seemed now both an overreaction and an evasive guard against some style of uncorrugated statement I dimly envisioned through the fogs of syntax in my head. I was reading Dreiser again. I guess I suddenly wasn't so sure about the difference between art and what Nabokov calls "topical trash." Drabber visions like Butor's in *Passing Time* intrigued me. I lost count of Nabokov's Russian novels. When in that ravishing testament *Speak, Memory* I found spelled out on behalf of butterflies and art Nabokov's predictable contempt for the great modern determinisms, his godlike Imagination seemed too arbitrary and simple a creed for so strong a writer.

He was in Montreux then, an émigré from us, and when he heralded his huge new book as a quest for the Texture of Time, I waited upstairs with *Finnegans Wake*. Parts of *Ada* seem almost as hard forward as backward. Yet on a second reading those self-indulgent codes of trilingual chat that choke some scenes are also part of a majestic, leisurely duration that is new in Nabokov. He has found for time's process a story whose wholeness seems even more alive through the very stalemate which at last ends his hero's efforts to find time. And Nabokov has deliberately defeated himself as well, yet in doing so has created a chastening, drolly beautiful impasse that is, Terradoxically, a triumph of the imagination. Nabokov in all his work has held out for his own materials, for a rich and odd collaboration of the desires. Like all great examples, he has been a dangerous one to learn from. □

Upright Among Staring Fish

BY WILLIAM H. GASS

It seems to me now like a clipping that one has forgotten cutting and sometime later randomly discovers in a book, or perhaps inside the sexual section of one's wallet, coming apart in its creases, the paper as yellowed as its message—who knows?—but I did once glimpse Nabokov at a Cornell literary club. In a room of . . .

Brutes, bores, class-conscious Philistines, Freud, Marx,
Fake thinkers, puffed-up poets, frauds and sharks.

There was a leaning bookcase of shellac. Unsloping sherry. Shelves of tilted books. And if the meeting was held in the fall, the fall was wet. I was a graduate student in philosophy then, and he was . . . well, to me he was the author of *Bend Sinister*, a work of lurid promise, which I had by chance begun that week. There were leaves on my feet. Alas, my memory has never served me, not the way it has served V. Sirin or any of his other nims and nibs. For them it has always come at call. I remember at Hourglass Lake sitting down beside my wife so silently—no, so noiselessly—she started. I remember many conversations in cafés, unsteady beds in rented rooms, parcels left on seats in trains, visual impressions, mountain cold. And murdering, and loving, and dying several times in the course of a malignant design, the only source of final silence in either Nabokov or Wittgenstein. My memory of *Speak, Memory* entitles me to see a resemblance between it and the hole that opens just inside his latest . . . to see, in fact, that it composes an elaborate intertext, not only for the great N's books themselves but for selected others. *Transparent Things*, indeed. Aquaria with impenetrable glass sides. Death by drowning, in Nabokov, is a common contemplation. Strangulations, dream deaths of several kinds, including removal by eraser: these are frequent. Even those who die in fires die first of asphyxiation.

We were inside a hollow object—true enough—but there was no whirl of colored images around us, no incandescent wall like that which folds about the master's readers when, for them, he dreams. It was a room of . . . well, I was myself a bore and Philistine—no more were needed—a Freud, fake thinker, puffed-up poet, and a fraud.

William H. Gass is best known for his novel Omensetter's Luck.

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I'd never have the biceps of the brute, or possess the shark's incisive honesty, and my genes had guaranteed I should never in my life commit an act of Marx. Still I was crowd enough, and knew us, and so I remember seeing him with some surprise. How was it he was here among so many of me?

There was a certain weight to his name, but it was the kind that attaches to kings of Persia and other far-off figures about whom not even rumors are very directly encountered. Awkward among strangers, I'd managed to wet my sherry hand with sherry. It was a mercy that I could not wonder, in the inflated terms of my type: is it my twiglike life line from which this sherry seeps? Such reflections I reserved for a better mind than mine, the one I believed wrote my journal at the time. There was the usual ruck, then: thoughts unthought, acts unacted, clutter and confusion, reviseless speech. The Important Man was next seen shutting his back like a door in the face of a tradesman (a Balkan-faced but German-tongued librarian), the sort who seem to be, without benefit of photos, phonographs, or mirrors, multiple. I left a leaf and one damp half-shoe footprint on the rug. I wiped my sticky, moist palm on my trousers. Later we were introduced but didn't meet.

"I shall explain. A thin veneer of immediate reality is spread over natural and artificial matter, and whoever wishes to remain in the now, with the now, on the now, should please not break its tension film. Otherwise the inexperienced miracle worker will find himself no longer walking on water but descending upright among staring fish. More in a moment."

Sinking slowly inside a syllable, we do discover distinct connections of another kind, and I suppose it was that which first impressed me about Nabokov's novels: an object taken from a drawer, as a pencil is shuddered from its rest in an old desk, has not been held there by wood and physics through the years, nor does it appear now in obedience to our hero's rough tug, as some worldly pencil might. It comes to light because it has a place in the Divine Plan, otherwise a dead moth might have slid to view instead . . . a matchbook, bridge tally, or a medal. Once we make that move which Nabokov, in *Transparent Things*, so movingly describes, and pass into the state of being of his books, forgotten pencils, mislaid memories, discarded persons, all the meaningless moments that make up life (each day nothing but a noisy rail of accidents like a spill of beans) are transformed, for now every item is a passage . . . is a peephole where eyes can be seen staring at staring eyes.

"More in a moment," Nabokov writes. And there *is* more: there is Jack Moore, fellow student, with whom our hero rooms at college, and who separates him from the tiny table he's attempting to strangle in his sleep. He knocks books off, coughs drop. There is Julia Moore, a woman with whom he has a brief affair, although she figures largely in the plot. And then there's Giulia Romeo, a whore who motivates the nightmare which will wrap itself so fatally around the neck of our hero's wife. Another table tips on that occasion. A lamp, a book, a tumbler: tumble. So there's Romeo and Juliet, who die of error together. Etc. And there is the Moor. Connections of another kind.

How could I know, when I was misreeting Nabokov that single time, that immediately inside his books I'd find such sentences as heretofore had not been wrought? Cunning paragraphs enclosed them; swallowed them, smiling, like benevolent whales; while around these, darkening as you descended, upright as it was best to try to be, in layers like blankets, there were several seas. Characters were inserted into scenes as one might, making love, contrive a cry to fit each likely mouth, or with one finger sled a thigh to somewhere warm as winter. "I delight sensually in Time," the Master has written, ". . . in its stuff and spread, in the fall of its folds, in the very impalpability of its grayish gauze, in the coolness of its continuum. I wish to do something about it; to indulge in a simulacrum of possession. I am aware that all who have tried to reach the charmed castle have got lost in obscurity or have bogged down in Space. I am also aware that Time is a fluid medium for the culture of metaphors." And I have come to think of his novels as clocks, each marking and making its own sweet time. *Ada*, for instance. Wit-wit-wit, they go when they go round. Slowly I saw what was artistically right: how they were themselves, not imitations; they were constructions to delight the heart and stir the mind. They were not stuffed, like geese, with journalistic observations, determining and moralizing milieus, intensely instructional entanglements, those shifty banalities that do credit to their authors and also to mankind, details like so many jawless clothespins, or sentiments that bless the belly of the reader for whom they are prescribed like simple soothing syrups and bready pudding. One did not hear the tinny click and whirr of toy psychologies as the eyes and loins of the characters lit up, wet, or otherwise expressed themselves, or find the weight of sex and class was heavier than shoulders.

Thus that firm turn of Nabokov's attention, which really was my only observation of him, although the life that occupied the gesture has escaped, remains for me a sign, like the hollow changing chamber of the butterfly, of what it is to write and to create these stillatories, metaphors, transparent things: to unfold from within what is within fragrant petals of pure relation. □

A Personal View of Nabokov

BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

The world of art offers us an astonishing galaxy of personalities—artists expressing their self-images in a vast multiplicity of styles, some of them linked firmly to a place and a time, the "self" imagined as an embodiment of a certain era, some of them quite divorced from any earthly, temporal dimension at all. At one extreme is that entirely American personality, Walt Whitman, whose "Song of Myself" is hardly a song of Whitman *himself*; at

Joyce Carol Oates won the 1970 National Book Award for Them. *Her latest book is* Marriages and Infidelities.

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the other extreme, almost inaccessible to us, is Samuel Beckett, whose monologue novels are an expression of a particular self, almost selfless, pared to an existence devoid of the "world" as we know it. Nabokov is closer to Beckett, of course, but his genius is far more exciting than Beckett's because he has the ability—which is sometimes dizzying—to reach into the world for sights, sounds, words, hints, to use the world for his own purposes, to ransack the world of what he would, contemptuously, call "ordinary," unsubjective reality. *Lolita* is one of our finest American novels, a triumph of style and vision, an unforgettable work, Nabokov's best (though not most characteristic) work, a wedding of Swiftian satirical vigor with the kind of minute, loving patience that belongs to a man infatuated with the visual mysteries of the world. Yet when Nabokov talks of the work, we are disappointed, for there is an arrogant, contemptuous side of his nature that tends to distract us from his genuine accomplishments—"Nothing is more exhilarating than philistine vulgarity," he says, in explaining his use of "North American sets" for the work. And he needed this stimulus, this "exhilarating milieu," or he could not have written the novel.

Marx saw history as the process of men pursuing their goals, in action. It is possible to see "literature" as the process of an infinite number of individuals pursuing their "images" of themselves and of their eras, each work of art expressing the artist's nature at the time of its execution. Yet it is necessary to realize how incredibly different we all are, how violently differing are our visions of reality—so that "reality" itself must be, in some fantastic Einsteinian paradox, an event multiplied endlessly, in each of our brains, an event split up into many fragments, *which are all equal*. The world of literature may be divided very loosely into those writers who believe this, enthusiastically, recognizing divinity everywhere—literally everywhere—like the American Transcendentalists, like Dostoevsky, like all mystics; into those who deny it flatly, and believe that they, as isolated individuals, possess all that is sacred or at least important, in themselves, and who truly do not need any sense of communion or kinship with other people. In fact, it is not really possible for these writers to feel this communion, because they do not believe—not fully—that other people exist. Nabokov has stated that ordinary reality will begin to "rot and stink" unless a subjectivity is imposed upon it. This means, of course, that ordinary human beings—not so enchanting as Lolita or the other feminine targets of Nabokov's powerful, lustful imagination—will also begin to rot and stink unless someone comes along to give them value. Their "value" does not exist in themselves and certainly not in nature—it can only be given to them, assigned to them, *imagined* in them, by a confident, powerful, Magus-like personality. Who is this godly creature? Who, reading Nabokov's most revealing works (*Speak, Memory* and *Ada*), can doubt that it is only Nabokov himself?

In discussing Nabokov, I must analyze my own reactions. I believe that, as an artist, as a conscious—obsessively *conscious* artist—he is as exciting as any writer who has ever lived. There are critics, such as Mary McCarthy, who, recoiling from the tedium of *Ada*, began to wonder whether, perhaps, earlier works like *Pale Fire* were really as good as they had believed, but I think it is unnecessary, and perhaps unfair, to put much emphasis upon a writer's weakest books. We all want to be judged by our highest accomplishments, and so we should extend to others this generosity. So there are the intensely personal, obsessive, brilliant esthetic accomplishments of Nabokov—arrangements of words on paper, exercises of skill that bear relationship, of course, to the game of chess. If he had written only *Lolita*, *Pnin*, and *Speak, Memory*, he would be the "Nabokov" he is today, eccentric and brilliant. We all honor Nabokov the artist.

But my deeper and, admittedly, very personal reaction to Nabokov is quite different. To me he is a tragic figure, heroic in his isolation perhaps, or perhaps only sterile, monomaniacal, deadening to retain for very long in one's imagination. He is far more depressing than Kafka, who believed that the "divine" was everywhere *except* in himself, but who did believe passionately that he might gain access to it somehow, at some point in his life. Nabokov empties the universe of everything except Nabokov. He then assigns worth—which may seem to us quite exaggerated, even ludicrous, as in *Ada*—to a few selected human beings, focusing his powerful imagination upon the happy few, lavishing contempt and energetic humor upon most other people. Nabokov exhibits the most amazing capacity for loathing that one is likely to find in serious literature, a genius for dehumanizing that seems to me more frightening, because it is more intelligent, than Céline's or even than Swift's. Reeling from the depths of Swift's unarguable hatred for much of life, one can always rationalize that probably—perhaps—there was a political reason for his extraordinary vigor in attacking people who seem to us harmless or even sympathetic; and when Céline's loathing crystallized into a historical political philosophy, fascism, we could dismiss it, or at least assign it to some temporary pathology of his era. But of Nabokov, what excuses can we make?—that his early years were tragic indeed, that he suffered the loss of his father, his homeland, his entire way of life, his "untrammeled, rich, and infinitely docile Russian tongue"?—that, ultimately, he *is* not American, and his scorn for the democratic ideal is something as deep in him, as natural, as his genius for words, for chess, and for the capturing of butterflies?

Still, assuming the immense differences between Nabokov, as an exiled Russian, and us, as Americans, we must admit that he is not really Russian either. He "is" only, supremely, himself. Therefore, it is understandable that he should despise certain "mediocrities"—Stendhal, Balzac, Zola, Dostoevsky, Mann—not because they are really mediocre but because they are not Nabokov. Dostoevsky especially arouses his contempt, for Dostoevsky lavished love on everyone—prostitutes, drunkards, bullies, saints, the mad, the diseased, *even* those who might have been hilarious targets for satire—transcending any particular embodiment of "self" to create a work like *The Brothers Karamazov*, in which "self" expands to contain the entire world and from which no one is really excluded. With his fastidious concern for esthetic form and the manipulation of words, Nabokov could not possibly sympathize with or even comprehend the nature of what Dostoevsky accomplished.

Yet Nabokov should have the last word, in this lovely and revealing passage from *Speak, Memory*, in which he compares the pleasure he feels upon examining a butterfly's organs under a microscope with the pleasure he derives from art. For Nabokov the butterfly must die and be dissected "for cool study," and its death is justified by the esthetic pleasure he feels as a man who has conquered one tiny aspect of nature—"In the glass of the slide, meant for projection, a landscape was reduced, and this fired one's fancy; under the microscope, an insect's organ was magnified for cool study. There is, it would seem, in the dimensional scale of the world a kind of delicate meeting place between imagination and knowledge, a point, arrived at by diminishing large things and enlarging small ones, that is intrinsically artistic." □

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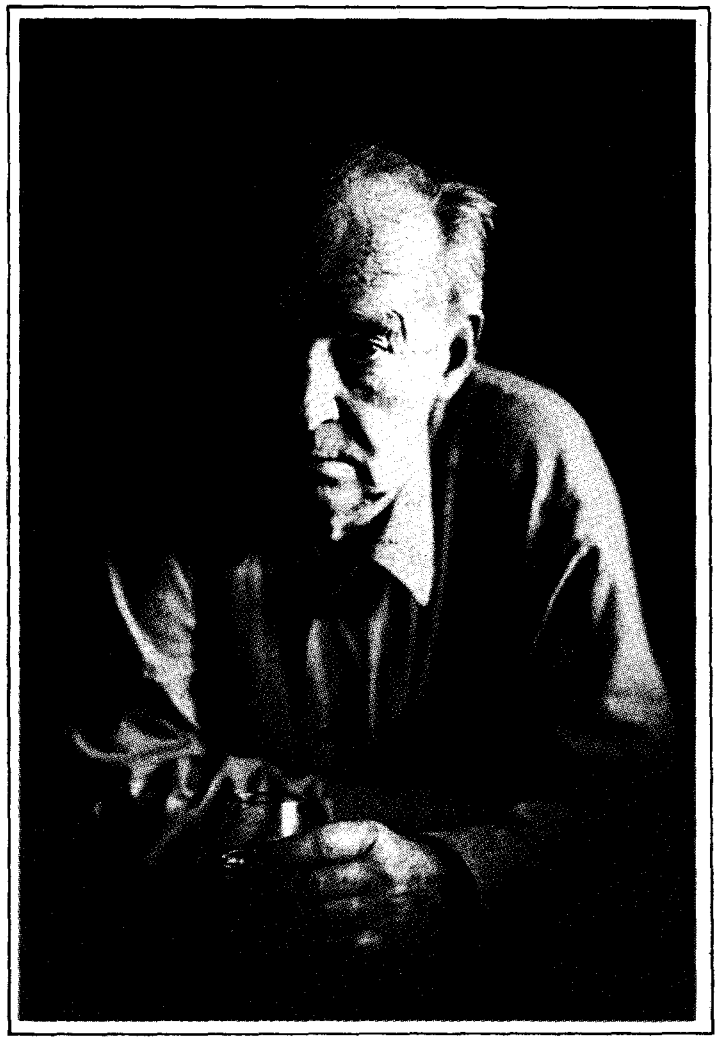
Lord Snowdon pays a visit
to Montreux and
penetrates the isolation of
Vladimir

Nabokov



Nabokov lives and works in a secluded Swiss hotel apartment. A visitor who catches him there, or strolling in the city, sees a face expressing many different characters, as though the mercurial novelist had the power to become his entire cast of fictional people.

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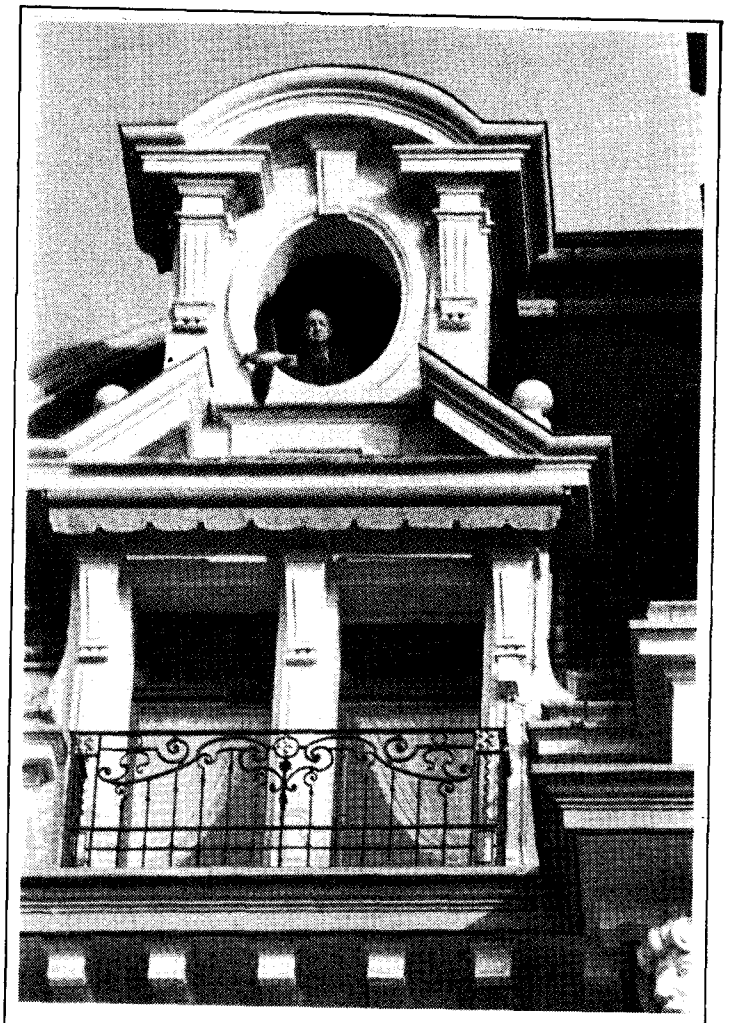

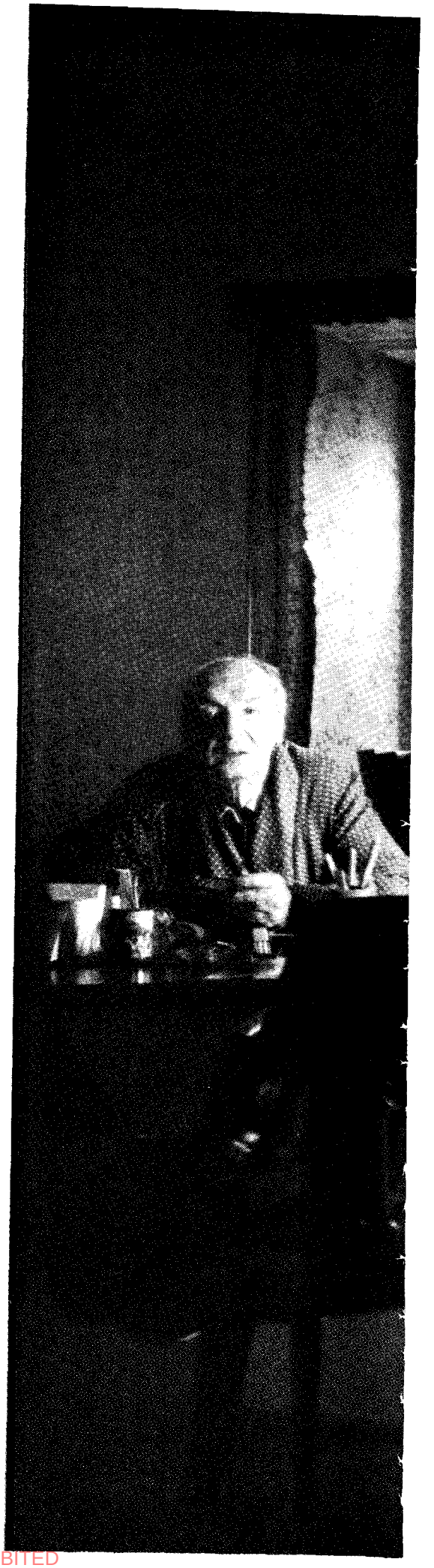

Glimpses of Nabokov keep recalling his art. The author of "The Eye" looks out of an oeil-de-boeuf window at his hotel. He visits with a shopkeeper whose information about pencils appeared in "Transparent Things." And the man whose fiction is all mirrors and doubles appears twice as he works in his study.

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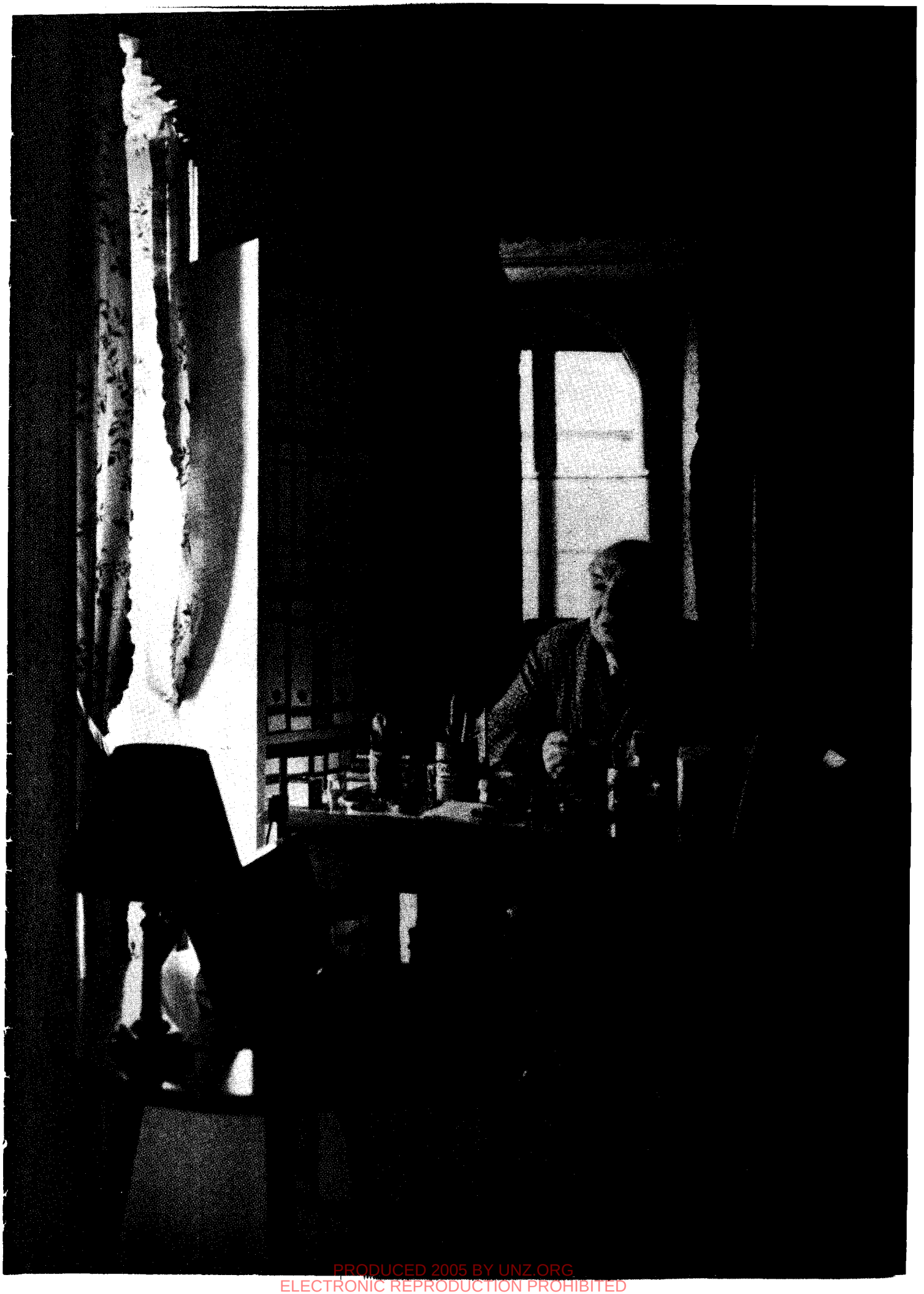

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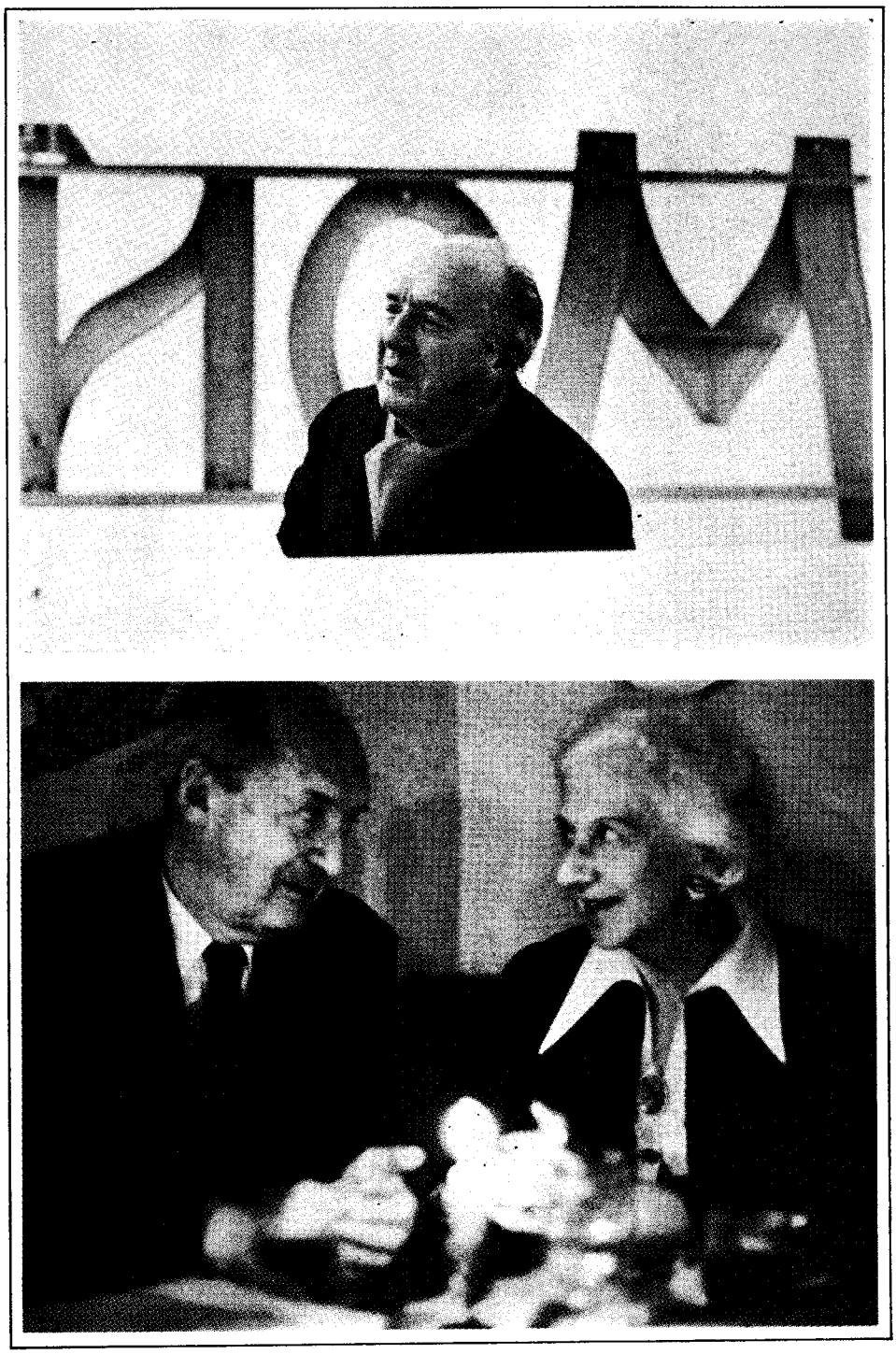

Nabokov flickers from one emotion
to another: droll on the hotel roof
(the reversed beginning of "Montreux"
has become the Russian word for "my own");
cheerful during dinner with his wife,
Vera; ecstatic, almost transfixed,
in a lonely mountain valley.

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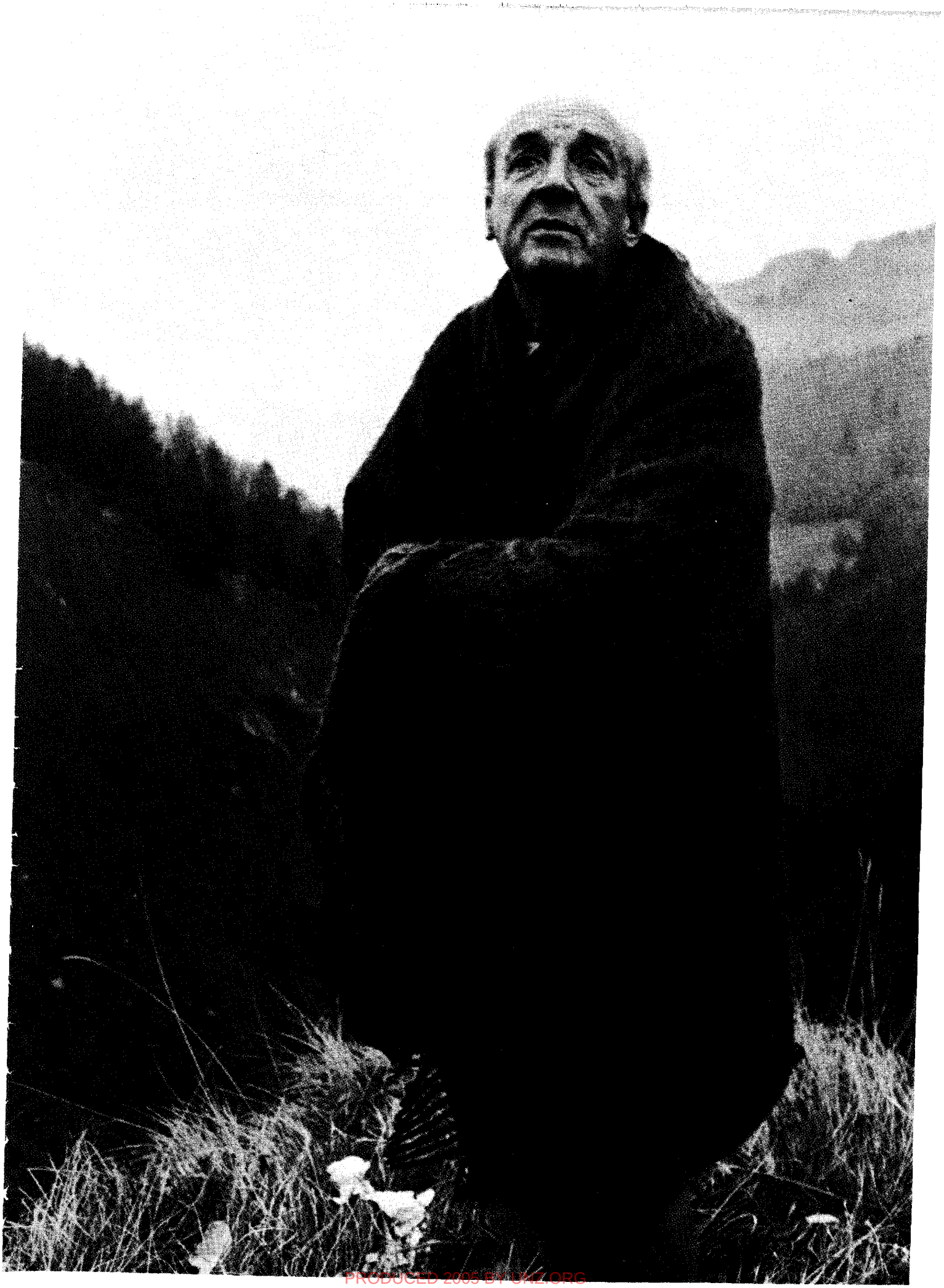

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What impish meanings lurk beneath the plot of Nabokov's latest novel? The scholar who decoded "Ada" uncovers some of the Russian allusions and hidden trapdoors in "Transparent Things."

Russian Transparencies

BY SIMON KARLINSKY

In November of 1925 *The Rudder*, a Berlin newspaper of Russian émigrés, published "The Return of Chorb," a short story by its regular contributor V. Sirin. Of course V. Sirin was the pen name of Vladimir Nabokov; "The Return of Chorb" was the story that first introduced many of the themes, language mannerisms, and structural devices that are today generally recognized and universally admired as peculiarly Nabokovian. The writer himself must have recognized the importance of this story in his literary development, for he selected it to open a volume of his prose and poetry that was published in 1930 and that bore the same title as the story.

The complex, multilevel structure of "The Return of Chorb" defies simple summary or paraphrase. Still, at its basic level of narration, the story tells of a sensitive, penniless young émigré writer who, despite her parents' disapproval, marries the daughter of a conventional, upper-middle-class family in a small German town. On their honeymoon trip the young bride is suddenly and absurdly electrocuted when she steps on a harmless-looking wire. To exorcise his despair and convert his brief marriage into a sort of existential art work that will repose in his memory in all its evanescent perfection, Chorb sets out to retrace, in reverse order, every step of their honeymoon trip, thus converting the irrevocably lost past into a deliberately willed future of his own making. This plan eventually brings Chorb back to his bride's home town, where he attempts to notify her parents of her death; he fails, because they are out attending a performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* (this is where the story begins). To supply the final touch to his act of exorcism, Chorb needs to spend the night in the same hotel room that he and his bride had shared after their wedding. He cannot face this portion of his ordeal alone, and he hires a streetwalker to provide the living female presence required for the project. They sleep chastely in separate beds, as Chorb and his bride had once done in the same room. The next morning he wakes up with a scream, first thinking that his wife has been returned to him, then realizing that his experiment in encapsulating the past is over and that he has accomplished what he set out to do. As the puzzled prostitute is leaving the room, she encounters in the door Chorb's indignant and incomprehending in-laws. At this point the story ends.

"The Return of Chorb" contained, as mentioned, a number of themes and situations that Nabokov's subsequent fiction has made familiar, among them the confrontation between the sensitive artist and the smug, unimaginative bourgeois and the notion of converting a chosen course of action in a person's life into the equivalent of a work of art (e.g., the function of murder in *Despair* and of travel plans in "The Aurelian"). The story's unique originality, however, resides in its skillful combination of two narrative time spans of unequal duration. The story of Chorb's courtship, marriage, loss, and return is narrated simultaneously with the account of events that cover the few hours between Chorb's visit to his in-laws' apartment late on the night of his return and his encounter with them early the next morning. This particular time structure, some of the story's plot elements, and even one or two of its characters have now all been reincarnated in Nabokov's new novel, *Transparent Things*. This is not to say for a moment that the novel is an augmented translation of the short story or even a reworking of it into larger form. No, the novel and the early story are separate and distinct literary creations. But just as the unpublished Russian story "The Magician" was the bud out of which *Lolita* was to grow and as another of Nabokov's Russian stories "Extermination of Tyrants" (1938) was to give rise ten years later to his novel *Bend Sinister*, so did "The Return of Chorb" provide the basis and the initial point of departure for the new novel. "Perhaps if the future existed, concretely and individually, as something that could be discerned by a better brain, the past would not be so seductive: its demands would be balanced by those of the future. Persons might then straddle the middle stretch of the seesaw when considering this or that object. It might be fun," we read on the very first page of *Transparent Things*, and these words might serve as a capsule summary both of the novel and of "The Return of Chorb." Written recently, while Nabokov was supervising the translations into English of his two earliest Russian novels, *Mary* and *King, Queen, Knave* (1926 and 1928, respectively), *Transparent Things* thus forms an elegant and highly interesting bridge between the mature master who

Simon Karlinsky's annotated Letters of Anton Chekhov *will be published soon.*

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wrote the complex *Pale Fire* and the labyrinthine *Ada* and the remarkably sophisticated literary beginner of almost half a century earlier.

In contrast to the Russian émigré setting of Nabokov's early novels and the meticulously observed America of *Pnin* and *Lolita,* the new novel is set in the writer's most recent place of residence —Switzerland. While the Swiss background is captured and artistically transformed with the usual Nabokovian precision, the present-day American setting of some of the novel's other scenes is not quite so on-target. The book-publishing customs Nabokov describes and the American literary groupies (for whom Yevtushenko is the sort of sexual magnet that Mick Jagger is for their less literate brothers and sisters) are all an undeniable part of our reality. But the episode in which the opening night of an avant-garde play is sabotaged with bombs detonated by its own supporters reminds one how long Nabokov has been absent from these shores and raises the possibility that he might eventually come to see America through that same haze of "beautiful distance" through which Gogol saw *his* Russia when he was writing the second part of *Dead Souls* in Rome.

Like Nabokov's other recent novels, *Transparent Things* contains its requisite complement of ostentatiously displayed false doors that turn out not to work and a few hidden trapdoors that do. The fictional character of the German novelist R. has been lent a few of Nabokov's own more superficial traits (he resides in Switzerland, writes in English, and publishes his books in America). Already several critics have sprung at the bait and hastened to identify R. as the author's self-portrait. This is as wide of the mark as the similarly hasty identification of Van and Ada with Nabokov and his wife that some of our otherwise thoughtful commentators on Nabokov had suggested after the publication of *Ada.* Not only is everything that really matters about R. totally unlike Nabokov, but his constant mangling of idiomatic expressions and popular sayings is rather obviously derived from the similar trait of Zina Mertz's disagreeable stepfather in *The Gift*—surely a character who could not by any stretch of the imagination be mistaken for the author's self-portrait.

Multilingual puns and literary allusions—something that we've come to expect from Nabokov—are present in *Transparent Things,* but in a more subdued form than in its immediate predecessors. People speak Russian with French words and French with English words ("And now one is going to make love"). People go skiing at resorts whose French names suggest falling and being swallowed up by avalanches. The heroine's Russian mother (she is either Chorb's Russian mother-in-law, transplanted bodily from the story, or else that lady's direct descendant via Luzhin's mother-in-law and the mother of Zina Mertz) is the author's excuse for introducing several rather arcane Russian allusions, which would otherwise have been hard to account for. "Villa Nastia," the residence of the Chamars, may sound exotic enough in English, but the reader should try to imagine a "Villa Minnie" or a "Villa Louella" in order to grasp the relative level of this name's elegance in Russian. Sergei Rafalovich, an obscure émigré poet remembered, if at all, only because the young Nabokov devoted a critical essay to his work back in 1927, peeks for a second out of a Franco-Russian pun that involves snowdrifts. Armande sports a Chudo-Yudo pajama—the name comes from Russian folklore and means roughly "a marvelous monster" (it is best known as the standard epithet and form of address applied to a kindly and helpful whale in Pyotr Ershov's children's classic, "The Little Humpbacked Horse"). A nineteenth-century Russian novelist materializes suddenly in the Geneva hotel to which Hugh Person brings a whore during his first visit to Switzerland. We are told that this writer stayed at that same room some ninety-three years ago, and we are supplied with various other intriguing details: he spent some time at the local casino, he knew German better than French, he was on his way to Italy, he was meeting his friend the painter Kandidatov, and he had just begun a novel with the provisional title *Faust in Moscow.*

One does a few calculations based on possibly misread data on Hugh Person's subsequent Swiss visits and comes up with the approximate date 1867. And who stayed in Geneva in 1867? Fyodor Dostoevsky, of all people, that's who. What's more, he was on his way to Italy at the time, and he had just begun writing *The Idiot,* which originally bore the provisional title *Don Quixote of the Nineteenth Century.* But the rest of the information doesn't fit at all. Dostoevsky was accompanied by his wife in Geneva; they had just suffered the loss of their little daughter, Sonya, which crushed both of them; and he was not likely to have frequented the casino at the particular juncture of his life. Two years earlier Turgenev had stopped in Geneva on his way to Italy. He was by then the author of the story "Faust," which had a Russian setting, and he was meeting a friend in Geneva who was going to Italy to study the conditions under which Russian painters lived there. But the trip was called off at the last minute, and again the rest of the facts don't fit. The mind begins to reel. Gogol? But he is not exactly a novelist, and he usually traveled to Italy by way of Vienna (although he did have a memorable stay in Switzerland, which Nabokov evokes so vividly in *The Gift*). Vladimir Odoevsky? Wouldn't *Faust in Moscow* be a highly appropriate title for his *Russian Nights*? Did he perhaps continue on to Switzerland and Italy after he visited Schelling in Germany?

It's obviously no use. Like the figure of Koncheyev in *The Gift,* which was an amalgam of several émigré poets, this writer is a composite figure combining features of a number of Russian writers of the nineteenth century. Or is he someone too obscure to come to mind? Only Nabokov knows for sure.

There are, however, aspects of *Transparent Things* that connect this novel to Nabokov's native literary tradition in ways more substantial than puns or literary games. The two ill-matched lovers, the seductive, sullen, sensuous, basically unkind, and not very intelligent Armande and the clumsy, socially inept, but inwardly sensitive and responsive Hugh—aren't they a transposition into modern terms of Tolstoy's Helene and Pierre from *War and Peace*? Scenes of sleepwalking, a crime committed in one's sleep, the abundance of prophetic dreams and premonitions, false presentiments of disaster and genuine prophecies not heeded, and finally the hero's clearly preordained and spectacular death by fire, all of them organized into an elegant verbal structure—this is all very close to a strain in Russian literature that can be termed Hoffmannesque. Normally, we would not expect to list Nabokov among the Russian followers of E. T. A. Hoffmann, that is, among such figures as that master magician of Russian Romantic prose Vladimir Odoevsky (to whose work Nabokov is apparently indifferent) and, in the twentieth century, the outstanding stylist Alexei Remizov (whose writings Nabokov does know and admire). There is much in *Transparent Things* that brings to mind the themes and images of these two predecessors, and in this respect the novel is a new departure for Nabokov.

In its essence, however, *Transparent Things* owes nothing to anyone but Nabokov. Once more he has managed to shape a formless, potentially threatening reality into a precise and transparent work of literary art while continually demonstrating for the benefit of attentive and imaginative readers the exact means employed for bringing about this transformation. In this sense all of Nabokov's novels are "transparent things," and their transparency is, to borrow Marina Tsvetaeva's phrase, the author's "ultimate victory over time and gravity." This is why one closes this little book, so full of tragic and violent events, with the final feeling of lightness and joy. □

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FILM & TELEVISION

The Valachi Papers: Black Sheep in a Family of Films

Eventually I'm going to get around to talking about *The Valachi Papers,* but first I'd like to confess that I'm one of that aging generation of film freaks who grew up in the 1930s and who spent practically half of their childhoods in the dark of small-town movie theaters. And I remember that my favorite movies when I was young were gangster pictures—Bogart, Jimmy Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, George Raft, and the rest of Warner Brothers' live-in repertory company of bad guys in such movies as *Public Enemy, Dead End, The Roaring Twenties, High Sierra, Each Dawn I Die,* and *Little Caesar.* For some reason I never cared much for Westerns in those days, and I still don't. Show me a movie that opens with two men in black hats riding into town on horseback and my heart sinks. But show me the same two men driving into town in a black 1935 LaSalle sedan and I couldn't be happier.

In the late 1930s a nationwide campaign was mounted to force Hollywood to stop making gangster movies. And it worked. Around 1940, Warner Brothers and the other major studios simply stopped turning them out.

Instead, Hollywood began making war movies such as *Across the Pacific,* in which Bogart, for example, was transformed from a bad guy like "Mad Dog" Roy Earl (*High Sierra*) into an all-American good guy fighting the Jap-a-Nazi rats. No new gangster movies of any note were made until 1948, when Cagney appeared in *White Heat,* a picture that was a throwback to the great Warner Brothers' films of the 1930s and one of the best gangster films ever. But *White Heat,* whose homicidal hero meets his end atop a blazing gasoline storage tank, didn't do especially well at the box-office. That was it for almost twenty years.

Then in 1967, along came *Bonnie and Clyde,* which was both an artistic and an enormous financial success, and the form was very much alive again. Last year gave us *The Godfather*—a picture that has already grossed close to $50,000,000 and proved for the first time that a gangster movie can be a box-office blockbuster in the class of *The Sound of Music* or *Mary Poppins.*

Inevitably, the success of *The Godfather* has caused a swarm of producers hastily to turn out other gangster movies that have to do with the Mafia, a circumstance that brings me around to *The Valachi Papers.* As much as I'm partial to gangster films, I have to say that *The Valachi Papers* is one of the most god-awful pictures I've seen in a long time. All but an insult to the Mafia, it is ineptly acted by an embalmed-looking cast headed by Charles Bronson, ludicrously written by Stephen Geller, and flatly directed by Terence Young in an episodic, semi-documentary style that was already out of date when it was used in B-movies like *Kansas City Confidential* in the 1950s. The picture isn't even one of those so-bad-it's-good movies that at least you can laugh at. Instead, it's simply so bad it's bad. And I'm scarcely alone in thinking so; just about every other critic in the country has also hated it. Ever since its release in early November, however, despite its disastrous reviews, *The Valachi Papers* has been making a fortune for its producer, Dino de Laurentiis. In a recent week, in fact, *The Valachi Papers* grossed $587,000 across the United States, which made it second only to *Lady Sings the Blues* that week among the fifty top-grossing films in the country. Why? Because America seems to have become obsessed with anything that has to do with the Mafia, particularly when it's a movie that contains gory depictions of torture and murder. Compared to *The Valachi Papers,* which even has a scene in which a mobster has his testicles cut off with a butcher knife, the gangster films that I used to see as a kid are as benign as *Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang.*

Charles Bronson, as Joe Valachi, gets a much-deserved working-over.

The new gangster movies are filled with graphic and often gratuitous scenes of bloodshed and violence. And they are also made in color; when someone is shot, you get to see the crimson blood spurting out. New special-effect techniques, moreover, can make it look as though someone has literally had his face blown apart before your eyes. What these movies are trafficking in (and exploiting) is nothing less than the pornography of violence.

In contrast, when a character was gunned down in the earlier gangster movies, the director often tended to go for a reaction shot of a bystander instead of to a straight-on shot of the man being murdered. Besides, getting killed in black and white is at once less real and more stylized than getting killed in technicolor—you don't turn your eyes away from the screen in horror when Bogart is riddled in the last scene of *High Sierra.*

The gangster movies of the 1930s were also among the most cinematically interesting American films being made then. In sequences like those in which police cars chased sedans full of fleeing crooks, for instance, the quick-cut techniques of montage that had been developed in Russia by Eisenstein were used for the first time in American films. And the menacing patterns of light and shadow in pictures like *The Public Enemy* were borrowed from the German expressionist silents of the 1920s. In fact, several of the most famous American gangster movies of the Depression era were made by refugee directors from Europe, including Fritz Lang, who had made *M* (a classic example of a film about murder and violence in which absolutely no vio-

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lence is seen on the screen) in Germany before Hitler came to power.

If the new gangster movies are breaking new cinematic ground, it escapes me. As for their moral effect, I seriously doubt if anyone will be prompted to enlist in the Mafia as a result of having seen *The Valachi Papers*, although he may be prompted never to go to the movies again.

THOMAS MEEHAN

6 Rms Rive Gauche Vu

Last Tango in Paris, Bernardo Bertolucci's controversial new film, opens in New York on February 1 carrying a self-assumed X rating. What forty-five-year-old Paul (Marlon Brando), a washed-out American tenuously surviving in Paris, does to and with the very young Jeanne (Maria Schneider), whom he meets in a vacant apartment, is the reason for the film's "X": its view of one man's sexuality and one woman's response to it is totally uncompromising. David Picker, president of United Artists, which will distribute the film, has made no attempt to change the rating by softening the picture. *Variety* recently quoted him as saying, "It's the rating we should get. No one under seventeen should see this film."

Last Tango arrives in the United States with a unique kind of advance excitement, generated by its extraordinary screening on the final night of the New York Film Festival last fall. The moment the showing was announced, it became the festival's hottest ticket: everyone wanted to see what the brilliant young director of *The Conformist* and *Before the Revolution* was going to do with Brando. Word that the thirty-one-year-old Bertolucci was still working on the film only added to the suspense. Still, nothing had prepared that audience for what it actually saw.

During the screening no one walked out, or stood up to shout abuse at the screen, but afterward, in the lobby, it was obvious many had been shocked and some insulted. A few admitted to having been turned on sexually. But there was an air of general confusion.

The picture is not simply explicit in the way hard-core pornography is. The sexual hungers of the two main characters produce what often looks like a diabolical union. Paul and Jeanne are not merely swept away by traditional grand passions but seem to be possessed by a demonic fury. They are by turns enchanting and crude. The film demands a kind of complicity that the festival audience resented and resisted. It could accept the round-cheeked, knowing, and friskily sensual Jeanne, but it had trouble with Brando's Paul.

Bertolucci and Brando have developed a human being whose personal history of growing up in the Midwest, of surviving a variety of semi-colorful odd jobs, and of wandering the globe is astonishingly, even intentionally, similar to Brando's own. Several scenes involve improvisation, but you never get the feeling Brando is running away with the moment, or going beyond what Bertolucci envisioned. There are instances where you tell yourself Brando is just being Brando, and the vision is familiar and even comforting. What brings you up short is the realization that this is not Marlon Brando, but a forty-five-year-old American fast approaching his last tango: he is Paul, the character Brando and Bertolucci created.

Last Tango in Paris is rated X because it is about sex and *not* about how two beautiful people come together and create magic. The characters of Paul and Jeanne are so absolutely and terrifyingly alive that they force us into an inevitable recognition, for we know who they are and what makes them act the way they do. We see the same things in ourselves, and it scares the hell out of us.

GEORGE MALKO

SR. RECOMMENDS

Pete 'n' Tillie—Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett in a kind of middle-aged *Love Story* that is funny and charming in its first half before turning lachrymose toward the end.

Traffic—If you liked Jacques Tati's *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* and *Mon Oncle*, you should find his new picture funny.

Images—Robert Altman's study of madness may very well scare the daylights out of you.

Fellini's Roma—The Italian director's love letter to Rome.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—One of Buñuel's finest and funniest, it puts on the forms and ambiguities of social life in France.

Lady Sings the Blues—Diana Ross is supreme as Billie Holiday.

Two English Girls—Directed by François Truffaut, this borderline offering with Jean-Pierre Léaud turns *Jules and Jim* on its head.

Chloe in the Afternoon—As usual, Eric Rohmer gives us a lot of talk and temptation. The last (though not the best) of his *Six Moral Tales*.

...AND DOES NOT

1776—The signing of the Declaration of Independence as though it had taken place at Disneyland.

Man of La Mancha—The Broadway musical that included "The Impossible Dream" has been made into the impossible movie.

Rage—George C. Scott, who is a very good actor, has directed his first film. He won't have to worry about turning down an Academy Award for it.

TV: The Decline and Fall of an American Family

Fortunately, television viewers will not have to watch the new PBS series *An American Family* several hours at a stretch as I did at a recent screening. Only a critic expert in the art of watching without seeing could emerge from this twelve-part documentary with his sense of well-being intact. It is exquisitely devastating: exquisite in its rendering of the platitudinous life of this family; devastating in its unassailable truth. The Louds of Santa Barbara, California—Bill, Pat, and their children Lance, Grant, Kevin, Delilah, and Michelle—are real people, not actors, and the lines they speak, though as beautifully to the point as a screenplay's at times, spring from their very real, desolate lives and illuminate those places in our own experience that some of us try so hard—with Martinis, pills, and, yes, television—to forget.

If the series has a flaw worth talking about, it is that its most striking narrative elements seem to conspire against seeing the film as true-to-life. To wit: almost as soon as the cameras start rolling, this pretty and affluent family begins to disintegrate. Bill, whose self-made, spare-parts business (serving the strip mining industry) is endangered by a dock strike, begins to have an affair; Pat files for divorce; their son Lance, now a declared homosexual, moves to the Chelsea Hotel in New York City; and the whole family takes to the bottle as if Prohibition had just

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FILM & TELEVISION

The Louds of Santa Barbara, Calif.

been repealed. (Lance: "Have you really had a fun Christmas?" Kevin: "Let's see, I've been drunk almost every day and night.")

Viewers may question whether it could have been simply fortuitous that the show's most outrageous, campy character would be named Lance Loud, or that Grant couldn't say why Reconstruction was called the "Tragic Era" (as the camera unself-consciously pans an all-white classroom). They could also suspect the scene in which Pat, just before leaving her son Lance at the Chelsea and shortly before the divorce, consults a tarot-card reader, who tells her: "You have a choice to make . . . something that's been in the back of your mind for a while . . . . Something is ending now." Pat replies: "The world." Weary now, Lance takes her downstairs to a taxi and waves goodbye. Then, in what must be one of the cinematic feats of the year, cameraman Alan Raymond perfectly balances a 16mm camera on his shoulder and follows Lance up the four flights of stairs to his room, where he switches on an afternoon movie and watches it, shaken and lonely.

Without the fine camera work in this series, much of the narrative power might have been lost. (In this scene, for example, most cameramen would have filmed Pat's cab pulling away, thus missing one of the film's most moving segments.) With no more than three crews, working in both 16mm and Super-8 color, the Louds are photographed all over the United States and Europe. The series, edited from 300 hours of footage, also makes very effective use of old home movies and snapshots of the Loud parents as children. Even on the $1,200,000 budget allotted producer Craig Gilbert by WNET/13, putting together this series was a harrowing feat.

Perhaps that is why Gilbert was particularly susceptible to the drink we had together after the screening. It took all his energy to answer my questions. He said that he is sure the series will cause a stir when it is aired—not the kind one can gauge from viewer mail or the ire of network executives, but the muffled kind that signals the surfacing of unwanted personal realizations. (Lance: "I couldn't ever judge anything that I did or thought on the standards that were given to me because they just didn't fit . . . . At nineteen I feel like I'm almost dead." Pat: "You're a late bloomer is all.")

"I think we've pushed *cinéma vérité* about as far as it can go," Gilbert told me. "So many of the documentaries I'd seen were about aberrant behavior—emergency rooms, mental hospitals, and the like. I really felt that these things, though interesting in a sensationalistic way—and therefore perfect for television—made gratuitous films."

"It's too easy," a friend proffered. "Like writing poems about death."

"The solution for me," Gilbert continued, "was to make a film about so-called normal people. When I started this project, my work wasn't as satisfying as it had been. Frankly, perhaps because of problems in my own marriage, I began to get almost angry about what I saw happening—to marriage, to the family, to the country. And I believed that, if I stayed with a normal family long enough and shot enough film, the anger, the conflicts I saw around me, would be illuminated."

The main problem was to find a family that would do it and that would also be right. Actually Gilbert had abandoned the project and was having a farewell drink with some people who had helped in his search for a family when someone suggested the Louds. "I had only been in their home for ten minutes when I knew—if they would do it, we had our family."

His instincts couldn't have been more correct. He is still not sure why they bared themselves so willingly, so damagingly before his cameras. "I'll never know why," he said, shaking his head.

I asked him what he'd like to do next, saying I'd heard that Marcel Ophuls (*The Sorrow and the Pity, A Sense of Loss*) wanted to do a musical comedy.

"Yeah," he said with a pensive smile. "I can really understand that."

JIM GAINES

An American Family *begins at nine o'clock Eastern Standard Time on Thursday evening, January 11, and will continue weekly on* PBS *stations for twelve weeks. Consult your local listings for time and station.*

What, More Movies?

When the networks make their midseason programing changes, Hollywood will still be in sick bay, but films will be thriving on television. When the season began, there were eight feature-length films every week in prime time; soon there will be two more. NBC has added one on Tuesday nights to replace *Bonanza* and *The Bold Ones*, both of which are going into reruns, and ABC will again substitute films for Monday night football. Of sixty-three total prime-time hours on the three networks, almost a third will be given over to films.

Fortunately, there will be not only more but also better films on television, thanks, in part, to the fact that networks have adopted new buying techniques. They used to buy "packages," into which a studio would shuffle two or three big pictures, half a dozen good titles, and as many bad films as possible. These movies would average about $800,000 each for two showings.

But last year the networks began buying only the best films available. *Lawrence of Arabia* was sold for $5 million, but for five plays instead of two. ABC acquired all seven James Bond films from United Artists for roughly $2.5 million apiece for three plays each. *Love Story* cost ABC about $3 million for four plays, and NBC bought *My Fair Lady* on about the same terms.

Naturally, there are good financial reasons for this turn of events. General Motors reportedly paid $150,000 per minute for half-sponsorship of *Patton*; other sponsors paid between $100,000 and $150,000 per minute for the remaining commercial time. This is about $60,000 per minute more than what the network gets for regular television-show spots.

This trend toward more and better films on television signifies, in addition to another threat to motion-picture theaters, an attempt to undercut the foundation of Pay-TV. All experiments with Pay-TV so far have shown that films are its staple, the best reason to use the service. It is obvious that the more films that are offered free on network television, the less people will want to pay for them. J. B. ROY

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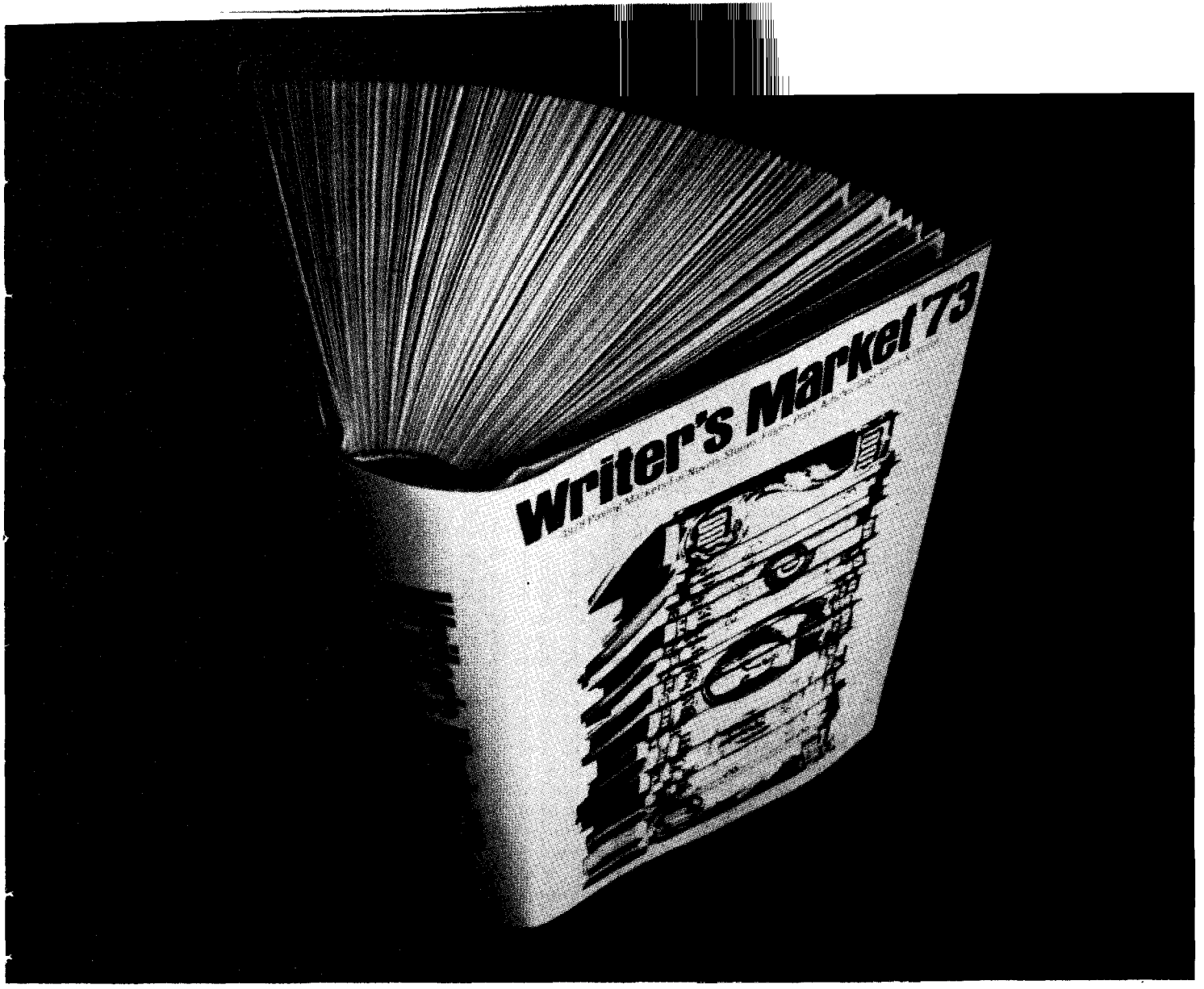

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MUSIC

The Vanishing Sunday Symphony

Improbable as it may seem, a recent weekend visit to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, revealed that this modest-sized city at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers has a civilized pleasure on its Sunday schedule that many larger cities (New York, Boston, and Chicago included) lack. This is a series of matinee concerts by its resident symphony orchestra on the day of the week most convenient and relaxed for its patrons.

At approximately the same hour that fifty thousand residents of the Greater Pittsburgh area were crowding into the new Three Rivers Stadium to celebrate another triumph by the local professional football team, three thousand were availing themselves of Mozart and Mahler in brightly attractive Heinz Hall. The soloists were Eliot Chapo, associate concertmaster, and Donald McInnes, leader of the orchestra's viola section, in Mozart's great *Sinfonia concertante*, and Maureen Forrester, mezzo, and Helge Brilioth, tenor, in Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*. Both were led with unswerving devotion and purpose by music director William Steinberg.

Almost too painful to bear, by contrast, was recollection of the time when a short stroll and a paid-up subscription to the Philharmonic entitled New Yorkers to a similar kind of civilized Sunday pleasure. The notion that you now hear Pierre Boulez and the Philharmonic at night, or not at all (Friday matinees excepted, which are okay for the halt, the lame, and the infirm), is an indignity to those reared on Toscanini and Bruno Walter concerts on Sundays.

In an effort to ascertain the extent to which this deprivation has invaded the interest and convenience of America's symphony-going public, *SR/The Arts* conducted a poll among twenty of the country's major orchestras. The pros and cons were about equally divided: ten orchestras have Sunday series, the other ten do not. But the arresting fact is that the custom is rising among the newer orchestras, declining among the older ones. Does this mean that the appetite for Sunday subscription concerts is falling off in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, Cleveland, Dallas, and San Francisco?

Not necessarily. It does mean that in such cities as New York, Boston, and Cleveland the extension of employment to a year-round schedule has given the musicians a greater voice in determining when they will, or will not, perform. Philadelphia for obvious reasons has never had a Sunday series, nor has Chicago (for less obvious reasons). Philadelphia, of course, is celebrated as the city where they take the sidewalks in on Saturday night. Chicago's local conditions are different but no less inviolate.

Before leaping to conclusions about local mores, climatic conditions, and economics, it should be considered that Sunday symphony concerts in Houston are booming, even if those in Dallas are not. Could Lawrence Foster, now resident director in Houston, be responsible? Angelenos have two series of eight concerts each from which to select their preferred dates, whereas San Franciscans have none. This, in itself, rather demolishes the notion that "outdoor living"—a fetish in Southern California — is detrimental to indoor pursuits.

Indeed, the whole issue of whether one plays backgammon, watches a televised pro football game (or two) on Sunday afternoon, or has the option of attending a symphony concert in New York relates more to convenience than to custom. Not the convenience of the patrons, God knows! But rather the convenience of the managerial personnel and staff, more particularly the convenience of the performers. When the New York Philharmonic gave up its Sunday matinee series of hallowed memory in 1965, it was to "improve the musicians' weekly schedule." That is another way of saying that the musicians negotiated a contract decreeing that their convenience should supersede that of the audience. In other words, they wanted Sunday off. More recently the alternate of Monday night has been shifted to Tuesday, for the same reasons of employee preference. As a result the Philadelphia Orchestra, which has been playing in New York on Tuesday evenings for at least fifty years, had to ask its public to gather on Monday instead. This, incidentally, is the same Philharmonic Orchestra that, in 1967, demanded an unreasonable fee for allowing a broadcast of its weekly series, even though the effort cost it nothing and the program was not sponsored. Who was it said, "The public be damned," Capital or Labor?

Meanwhile, in beautiful, commodious, warmly resonant Heinz Hall nearly three thousand persons per week have the opportunity of attending twenty-four concerts a season, under the direction of music director Steinberg and a qualified corps of guest conductors. This, in itself, may not be cause for pulling up stakes and moving to Pittsburgh. But it is a source of envy for a visiting New Yorker, whose orchestral fare at home on Sundays is a now and then "run out" by the National Symphony of Washington. The irony can be fully appreciated only by those indoctrinated in the professional meaning of "run out"—a side trip from a major orchestral center to a minor one.

In the meantime the Pittsburgh audience is enjoying what it has long deserved but been denied—a replacement for the insufferable, long suffered inadequacies of the Syria Mosque. The centrally located Heinz Hall (its name is testimony to an initial gift of $800,000 from Jack Heinz, of the guess-what family) is made over from the Penn Theater, of cinema and other background. Under the acoustical counsel of Heinrich Keilholz and assorted architectural advisers it has been remade into a fine-sounding, handsomely appointed environment for opera, operetta, ballet, and stage activities other than concerts. In the aggregate the outcome cost ten times the original investment of $800,000. Cities elsewhere pondering the cost of replacing outmoded facilities would be well advised to consider this solution before spending much more and getting substantially less.

IRVING KOLODIN

Lobby of Heinz Hall in Pittsburgh—formerly the Penn Theater cinema

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Two Ladies From Spain

The Concert at Hunter College. Angel, S-36896, $5.98. **Schumann:** Kreisleriana, Allegro (Op. 8), Romance (Op. 28), and Novelette (Op. 21, No. 8). London, CS-6749, $5.98.

Once there were two young women living in Barcelona, both with musical gifts, both aspiring to careers. They frequently performed together, a wholly possible form of collaboration, because one was a pianist, the other a singer. The singer went off, won competitions, and was soon world-famous. The pianist stayed home and became director of the school in which she had been a pupil. Much later she, too, had her turn with a career, and when they met again on the stage of a New York concert hall, there weren't enough seats to accommodate all who wanted to hear them.

A likely story, some will sneer. It happens only in fairy tales. But when the singer is Victoria Gomez (later de los Angeles) and the pianist is Alicia de Larrocha, they obviously were attended by a fairy godmother who showered them with gifts. So it is the kind of fairy tale that can come true.

No one who was in Hunter College Auditorium either on November 13, 1971, or on November 22 (when the program was repeated, in response to a public clamor) will ever forget it. And here, both for them and for the thousands everywhere who could not be present, is living proof of its memorability. Those indoctrinated in the lore attached to such names as Lucrezia Bori, Pablo Casals, Conchita Supervia, and Andres Segovia know that, when Spanish artists are good, they are more than likely great. Individually they are incomparable. What is one to say when they perform together?

The first thing to be said is that no singer in his (or her) right mind will soon again venture in New York the works of Granados (nine *Tonadillas* and six *Canciones amatorias*), Falla (seven *Canciones populares españolas*), and Giménez ("Zapateado"). Miss de los Angeles has been singing these beautifully for years; but November 13, 1971, was a date when she performed at (possibly) her all-time peak of proficiency, professionalism, and personability. Certainly the insinuation and charm she imparts to "El majo olvidado" and "El majo discreto" (the last two songs in the first Granados group) exhaust everything there is in these songs.

Part of the results may well be attributed to the sheer joy a singer would experience in performing with an "accompanist" of de Larrocha's qualities. These embrace not merely what the military might call "smart" fingers—and a heart that matches them—but the artistic conscience to learn the program well enough to perform every note of it from memory.

As an encore, on her own, Miss de Larrocha can be heard in what her devotees—and this writer happily includes himself in that category—have long been demanding. That is, a disc to show her command of repertory other than the Spanish, in which she is admittedly incomparable. That it contains the items listed above is proof of her discrimination; that it is played with so warming a blend of knowledge and sentiment is further testimony to the magnitude of her artistry.

Wagner as "Kind," but No "Wunder"

Wagner: Overtures and Marches. Angel, S-36879, $5.98.

It is no secret from anyone even modestly versed in the juvenilia of Richard Wagner that a less likely candidate for immortality never assaulted the ramparts of respectability. A volume of his early piano works perfectly performed by Bruce Hungerford (and generously issued with the imprint of Bayreuth itself) several years ago argued that a conservatory student submitting such material to a professor today would have been urged to become a piano teacher or something equally prosaic.

The present collection from Angel (including the rarely heard *Die Feen* and *Das Liebesverbot* overtures) advances the time period of Wagner's development from the late 1820s to the mid-1830s. Neither "opera," as he entitled them, is available to even the most diligent festivalgoers these days. But the two overtures demonstrate beyond contradiction that, dull as the piano pieces were, these works in a theatrical context show the glow of life, the first faint flush of excitement indicative of the Wagner-to-come.

Both are conducted with zest, flair, and re-creative impulse by Marek Janowski, a conductor otherwise unknown to me. The other content (such items as the *Huldigungsmarsch*, the *Kaisermarsch*, and, above all, the *American Centennial March*, of which we are threatened a revival in 1976) are all too plainly leftovers from the banquet table for which, no matter how much Wagner got, he was overpaid.

Martti Talvela, Lieder Singer

Schumann: Lieder (Op. 35, Nos. 1–8). **Kilpinen:** Lieder and Tunturilauluja. Martti Talvela, bass; with Irwin Gage, piano. London, OS 26240, $5.98.

Anytime the name Yrjö Kilpinen, song composer, appears on a record label, the probability is that a new Finnish singer of quality is among us. Martti Talvela fits all the criteria: he is Finnish, he is relatively new on the world scene, and he is, of course, a singer of quality. The eight songs of his compatriot herein included are likely to direct an amount of attention to Kilpinen that he hasn't enjoyed since Aulikki Rautavarra (the Countess of the Glyndebourne *Figaro* cast) was in her prime.

Pat though it may be, the statement must be made that Talvela's gorgeously resonant and even-textured bass sound is productive of much finer artistic results in the Kilpinen songs than in those of Schumann. Taking note of the greater vibrance, clarity, and focus the tones have in "Kirkkorannassa," "Laululle," and "Vanha kirkko," the clear conclusion must be that Talvela is not yet as comfortable with the texts of the German poems set by Schumann as he is with the Finnish material favored by Kilpinen.

Nevertheless, Talvela's management of his massive sound in Schumann's "Stille Tränen" may be admired as a point of departure for further accomplishment. He may, eventually, be the finest exponent of the low range suitable to Schubert's "Doppelgänger" and Brahms's "Vier ernste Gesänge" since Hans Hotter, ready to aim for the even higher terrain attained by Alexander Kipnis. Irwin Gage, Talvela's American accompanist, contributes measurably to the outcome.

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Brief Reviews

Beethoven: Sonata in C (Op. 53). Emil Gilels, piano. DG, 2530 253, $6.98.

This performance is fleet, efficient, and obviously the product of considerable thought. It doesn't impress me as having wholly converted the gray matter into red blood corpuscles.

Dvorak: *Legends* (Op. 59). Raymond Leppard conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Philips, 6500 18, $6.98.

What with the proliferation in the market of labels, the designation "First Recording" that this disc bears invites the question: "First recording by whom?" In addition, *Legends* is a title that Dvorak used in many contexts. Here it describes a sequence of ten briefish pieces, with a typical swing from gay to pensive, from introspective to outspoken. Leppard polices all the detail with admirable diligence.

Puccini: *Le Villi*; *Edgar* (Act II). RCA, LSC 7096, $11.96.

As it is unlikely that anyone will undertake a total documentation of Puccini's output, such an enterprise as this can only be endorsed. The score of *Le Villi* (produced when Puccini was a relatively old twenty-six) speaks more of gifts than of science. However, the inner flame that threatens to burst through the crust of inexperience finally does on Side 3. Its fine arias and ensembles are admirably accounted for by Barry Morell, Adriana Maliponte, and especially that as yet unsung but well-singing baritone Matteo Manuguerra. The mounting expectations for Puccini did not, for a variety of reasons, materialize in his next work, *Edgar*. It does have a remarkable promise of Cavaradossi's "E lucevan le stelle" (in *Tosca*). It is sung with tenorial fervor, if baritonial darkness, by Morell, who, it is said, subsidized the venture. If so, he cast it mostly well, beginning with himself and conductor Anton Guadagno.

Weber: Symphony No. 1 in C. **Cherubini:** Symphony in D. Wilfried Boettcher conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Philips, 6500 154, $6.98.

Neither of these works is wholly new to the turntable, though much has changed with everything phonographic (including the turntable itself) since they were first current in the Fifties. Boettcher has the excellent orchestra under admirable discipline in both works, although he cannot equal the best artistic results that have been heard in the Cherubini.

I.K.

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SR RECOMMENDS

CLASSICAL

Argento: *Letters From Composers.* Vern Sutton, tenor; Jeffrey Van, guitar. CRI, SD-201, $5.95. Dominick Argento's engaging settings of lyric prose by Schumann, Chopin, Schubert.

Beethoven: Sonata in C (Op. 53). DG, 2530 253, $6.98. See review this issue.

Concert at Hunter College. Angel, S-36896, $5.98. See review this issue.

Debussy: Préludes (Books 1 & 2). Jean-Rodolphe Kars, piano. London, CSA 2230, $11.96. Liquid, flowing sound.

Korngold: *The Sea Hawk;* other film scores. Charles Gerhardt & National Philharmonic Orch. RCA, LSC 3330, $5.98. Films of the Thirties and Forties recalled by Korngold's golden corn.

Puccini: *Le Villi; Edgar* (Act II). RCA, LSC 7096, $11.96. See review this issue.

Schumann: Lieder (Op. 35). London, OS-26240, $5.98. See review this issue.

Schumann: Kreisleriana; etc. London, CS-6749, $5.98. See review this issue.

Wagner: Overtures and Marches. Angel, S-36879, $5.98. See review this issue.

Wagner: *Tristan und Isolde.* Jon Vickers, tenor; Helga Dernesch; others; Herbert von Karajan and Berlin Philharmonic. Angel, SEL-3777, $29.98. Exquisite agony; opulently entombed.

POP & ROCK

Joan Baez: *Come From the Shadows.* A&M, 4339, $5.98. Unmatched for depth of feeling and beauty of sound. Baez shows signs of becoming a major ballad writer.

David Bowie: *Ziggy Stardust.* RCA, LSP-4702, $5.98. Hard-rock album of 1972. Read the lyrics.

Carole King: *Rhymes & Reasons.* Ode, SP-77016, $5.98. Good music from an important figure in rock history.

Bette Midler: *The Divine Miss M.* Atlantic, SD 7238, $5.98. See review this issue.

Joni Mitchell: *For the Roses.* Asylum, SD 5057, $5.98. Gorgeous melodies and lyrics; possibly a new high for rock music in general.

Paul Simon: *Paul Simon.* Columbia, KC 30750, $5.98. A child of the city turning its alienation and heartache into lilting songs, beautifully sung.

Nina Simone: *Emergency Ward!* RCA, LSP-4757, $5.98. See review this issue.

Rod Stewart: *Never a Dull Moment.* Mercury, SRM 1 646, $5.98. The gravel-throated English rocker's new collection of body music.

Barbra Streisand: *Live at the Forum.* Columbia, KC 31760, $5.98. Pop and rock in the dynamic Streisand style.

Tommy. Ode, SP 99001, $12.98. Spectacular new version of the Who's famous rock opera, with superstar cast including Peter Townshend, Ringo Starr, Richie Havens, Merry Clayton, Steve Winwood, and what seems like a host of others; all aided by the London Symphony Orch. & Chambre Choir.

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MUSIC

POP RECORDINGS

The Merging of Pop and Rock

November saw the release of a signal album: Bette Midler's *The Divine Miss M* (Atlantic, SD 7238).

It would be misleading to classify Midler as primarily an entertainer or merely a pop/rock singer, although she really should be seen live. This impressive recording debut provides but a glimpse of her capabilities. She does songs of the Thirties, Forties, Fifties, and Sixties, in the sound and style of each decade ("Chapel of Love" and "Leader of the Pack" are almost eerie in their evocation of the early Sixties). Midler turns Leon Russell's familiar "Superstar" into a devastating torch song/portrait, new and entirely her own, then makes you cry with John Prine's "Hello in There" (a moving ballad that Midler uses to remind listeners to relate more openly to one another). Her theme song, "Friends," states her message clearly: "You got to have friends"—a sentiment that in itself is nothing revolutionary but that becomes, by implication and as set against her other material, a definition of the need of our times.

On stage Midler seduces audiences into willing complicity by making them identify with her as a person/character as well as as a singer/entertainer. When she sings "Friends," she punctuates her message by pointing emphatically to the stage beneath her feet, insisting "Here's where I gotta stay . . . until I get me some" (a statement of herself as performer and person, which at the same time underlines her understanding of her effect on audiences). Midler is an expert comedienne as well as a dramatic actress, with an uncanny ability to "psych out" audiences and make them love her—almost like Garland. But Midler reinforces her audiences' belief in their own strength and humanity; she does not play on their bathetic emotions to win them over.

No record could capture all of Midler's extraordinary qualities as a singer and performer, though this one makes an admirable attempt. Also, it conveys Midler's remarkable range and understanding of vocal style, as well as the sure sense of how to put a song across that unfailingly enthralls audiences. Still, the album is only an echo of what Midler is about; its success is that it makes the listener want to see her live.

Midler is concerned with the effect of media on human consciousness. She uses her audiences' receptiveness and knowledge of what she is doing to add a new dimension to her act as pop/rock/theater. Midler's grasp of her material, and the implications of the use she puts it to, seems, while clearly still evolving, near consummate. She is at once a phenomenon and a phenomenally gifted singer. Her *performance* (in every conceivable sense of the word) is so unusual as to call for the rise of a new breed of critic to assess it properly. To say that she points a new direction in pop/rock music (and theater), and that she bears watching, is almost superfluous. Midler will certainly be *one* of the stars of the Seventies—if there are to be any at all—and, quite possibly, the reigning one.

Bette Midler

Rock in the Sixties rejuvenated pop music; it also helped the counterculture to define itself. Rock stars created a sound to which you had to give everything before you could truly understand it. It was *body music,* and it produced new ways of relating and moving, out of which grew ways of dressing and, seemingly, new ways of thinking. Performers mirrored audiences and audiences reflected back, experiencing an almost spiritual communion.

The major trends of the Sixties were folk rock, acid rock, and country rock; soul music also thrived. More recently "super bands" such as Chicago enjoyed a heyday (some are still popular), but they were superseded by folk-type performers such as Joni Mitchell and James Taylor. Rock musicals (*Hair, Godspell, Jesus Christ Superstar*) became popular. "Jazz"-oriented groups such as Santana and the Mahavishnu Orchestra also had some success. Now everyone —press *and* promoters—is trying to spot new trends.

Rock has become, and will continue to be, too heterogeneous to rest in one category—hard, soft, acid, folk, what have you. The surest indication of where rock is really going probably comes from successful pop singers who have made either rock albums or albums of all-rock material sung in their own styles.

Peggy Lee made an album, *Norma Deloris Egstrom from Jamestown, North Dakota* (Capitol, ST-11077), that brought her jazz style to bear on such songs as Kris Kristofferson's "Help Me Make It Through the Night" and George Harrison's "Something," her husky tones bringing out a sexiness and depth of feeling one might not otherwise have suspected in the material. Barbra Streisand turned to rock with *Stoney End* (Columbia, KC 30378), an album marred by imitativeness, both in arrangements and vocals. Her second rock album, *Barbra Joan Streisand* (Columbia, KC 30792), is a more successful attempt at coming to terms with the rock idiom. There is still some imitation but, for the most part, the arrangements are inventive, and Streisand sounds like herself. In fact, the medley "One Less Bell to Answer"/"A House Is Not a Home" marks Streisand as an important interpreter of Burt Bacharach and Hal David.

But the most profound conversion to rock (if you can call it that) came from Nina Simone, who put her sultry, evocative style to use on a number of outstanding rock albums, notably *To Love Somebody* (RCA, LSP-4152) and *Emergency Ward!* (RCA, LSP-4757). Simone is a musical genius aptly referred to by some critics as "the Callas of rock." She does not merely sing, she transforms her material so that it engulfs the listener's soul as well as his senses. Whatever she interprets—Dylan's "I Shall Be Released," the Beatles' "Revolution," or George Harrison's "My Sweet Lord"—becomes simply and definitively Simone. Improvising on the melodic line of a song like a jazz singer, rumbling, pouting, crooning like a soul singer, displaying a dynamic beat in her piano playing that rocks with the best of them, and combining all these elements with dazzling orchestral arrangements, Simone creates a sound that is not *only* jazz, not *only* soul, not *only* rock, but more than any of these.

Simone's position in this regard is almost archetypal: She is prophetess and forerunner of a breed of singer/entertainer (Bette Midler is one) that hopes to help transform not only pop and rock music but humanity in general. It is, perhaps, naive to think that music could perform such a service; but it *can* help supply inspiration and that breadth of vision so necessary to positive change. As members of the counterculture rejoin society at large, they and their music may yet alter some of that society's values.

PATRICK MERLA

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VISUAL ARTS

Erté: Art Deco's Designer of Dreams

Erté, the foremost fashion illustrator of the Twenties and one of the pioneers of the Art Deco style, has just turned eighty. Recently there have been exhibitions of his work, a number of books about him, and a certain amount of celebration in his honor. It would be wrong, however, to assume that he is now the subject of a nostalgic revival. He has never stopped producing his distinctive designs for clothes, costumes and stage décor, book illustrations—anything that commands the attention of a decorative genius.

Erté began life in Czarist Russia as Romain de Tirtoff, where his boyhood impulse toward elegance led him into the ballet. That was too exacting a career; Erté's love of design and drawing kept him from making the required sacrifices. He went to art school, aiming to become a portrait painter in the academic tradition, but design—in the sense of meaning both invention and drawing—was his real talent and greatest pleasure. He had at that moment the good fortune and sense to give up all other means of creative expression in favor of fashion illustration. This choice of career must have seemed even less suitable than painting or ballet for the scion of a naval and military family. He eventually coined "Erté" from the French pronunciation of his initials, evidently to avoid embarrassing his family by signing fashion plates with their respectable name.

The fashion designer inhabits the mysterious, seemingly perverse world of feminine elegance, with its suggestion of costly tyrannies exercised at the expense of common sense, sound principles, and serious living. Since his emergence in the late eighteenth century, the dress designer has had the air of a mountebank, regularly summoned to the duchess's boudoir along with her fortune-teller—an air that is more or less acceptable to society depending on the epoch. Our self-conscious age, having long abandoned the class distinctions that kept the lady from actually dining with her *modiste*, now elevates him to the esthetic level of the poet and composer. The late Gabrielle Chanel, rejecting this enshrinement, once said, "We are not artists. We are artisans."

Erté, however, never has been an artisan. After leaving Russia for Paris, he entered the employ of *couturier* Paul Poiret in 1913. Paris then was reeling from the impact of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet, which had created an unprecedented theatrical explosion in the cultural world. Poiret began to adapt the sinuous, gaudy Oriental motifs of Russian costumes and décor to fashionable *couture*. Erté's talent was well suited to this emerging avant-garde chic. His designs were a success with Poiret, although at the time Erté could not claim credit for them.

Poiret's chief illustrators were Lepape and Iribe, whose fashion plates remain classics. These men were painters who only interpreted the designer. Erté, on the other hand, was not a painter, nor a genius at cutting and draping, but an authentic artist of design. The Erté creation lives on the page, not on the woman; thus it survives the eclipse of its mode. When Poiret closed his *atelier* during the First World War, for example, Erté continued to create. Dressmaking was irrelevant to his designs, despite the authority of their details. Once executed, they undoubtedly lost rather than acquired a dimension.

Most of Erté's fashion drawings between 1915 and 1927 appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* and form a remarkable oeuvre in themselves. They were printed as fashion fantasies, dramatic visions of possibility. These black-and-white ink drawings are perhaps the best work of the artist's long career. They are completely finished. Nothing is barely suggested, as is the case with so much modern fashion illustration—although there is no background, no milieu. It is always a solitary, elegant woman (sometimes two) against a stark, white ground. This sober clarity is in perfect equilibrium with the extravagant drama of the clothes themselves. The result gives the refined, undemanding pleasure of great surface beauty without any particular depth or complexity.

These works have been mistakenly compared to those of Aubrey Beardsley, whose name apparently leaps to mind whenever detailed black-and-white illustration is considered. Beardsley's drawings, however, are never designs, as Erté's emphatically are. Beardsley was a serious artist working in the exacting realm of satire. His elegant, detailed execution never obscures the harsh energy and disturbing

Erté in one of his own designs, 1923

ironic restlessness of his imagination. Erté properly denies any influence of Beardsley, attributing his obsession with linear design to Greek vase painting and Persian miniatures.

In the second quarter of this century, when feminine dress began to require new shapes and textures to suit brisker times, Erté side-stepped gracefully into theater. The gleaming world of the music hall, where the human body was adorned expressly for display, was a perfect channel for his gift. His work abounds in feathers and tassels, festoons of pearls and trailing fur—all infused with a kind of

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Erté Fashions *by Erté, St. Martin's Press, New York, $10*

Erté *by Charles Spencer, Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, $15.95*

Erté *by Erté (Introduction by Roland Barthes), Rizzoli International, New York, Distributor, $70*

Ermyntrude & Esmeralda *by Lytton Strachey (Illustrated by Erté), Anthony Blond, London, $4.95*

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VISUAL ARTS

formal eroticism. In fashion these elements look theatrical; in serious drama they appear overblown and irrelevant; but at the *Folies Bergére* they are perfect.

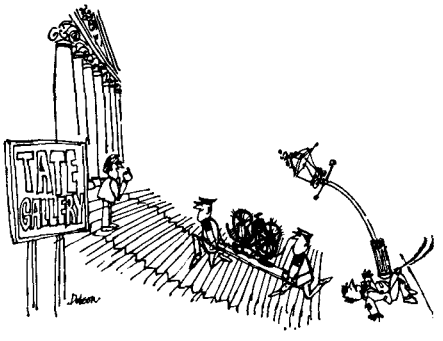
"I never draw anything," Erté says, "until I have it completely worked out in my mind." There are no false starts, no nervous attempts, no changes. He is extraordinarily sweet, composed, and devoid of arrogance—the result, perhaps, of more than half a century of success. It is a public modesty based on private assurance so complete as to be almost unnoticeable. Smiling, he murmurs, "I am always in a dream." It is obviously something he has said often, and is, equally obviously, his real secret. He is a dream personage, a rosy, silvery man with a perfect figure, gleaming with smiles and jewels. The career of this artist, the contemporary of so many tormented creative souls, illustrates the ancient idea of art as play. Here is a lifetime clearly spent in the constant exercise of personal delight.

And what of portrait painting? Landscape? Sketching from life? "Ah, no," says the dreamer. "Reality is always there. Why should I need to show what it is like?" One might well believe that he has long since ceased even to *see* what it is like—the better to preserve the crystalline perfection of his art, his personal beauty and serene heart, and, of course, the prolonged continuation of his success.

ANNE HOLLANDER

An Anti-History of Art

From among the vast number of cartoons commenting on modern art published in the last seventy-five years, the Tate Gallery of London is selecting about 100 for an exhibition that will run from May 23 to July 8, 1973.



Aside from its humor, the exhibition should be a fascinating anti-history of contemporary art. Its intention is to chronicle popular myths, misunderstandings, and prejudices about modern art, as well as to expose its elements of pomposity and needless obscurity.

In addition to cartoons making fun of contemporary works of art and styles of painting and sculpture, the show will include caricatures in which the artist is made to resemble his own work and lampoons of public figures or events in the form of works of modern art.

In the interest of making the exhibition as representative as possible, the gallery's keeper of exhibitions welcomes readers of *SR/The Arts* to contribute information regarding cartoons or, if possible, to loan clippings from newspapers and periodicals.

For details contact: Miss Corinne Bellow, Tate Gallery, Dept. SRA, *Millbank, London, S.W. 1.*

The New Art News; Or, Cents and Sensibility

"There is a genuine thirst for art information that publications haven't been satisfying," declares Milton Esterow, former associate director of the Kennedy Galleries (Old Masterish American art) and, before that, assistant to the cultural news director of the *New York Times*.

Last August Esterow and a group of investors paid *Newsweek* $350,000 for *Art News*, at seventy-one the oldest American art publication. Esterow, as the new editor and publisher, fired all of the full-time editorial staff, except for managing editor Elizabeth C. Baker, whom he calls "terrific."

In his inaugural editorial/memo in the October issue Esterow talked to readers as if they had a lot to learn about art: "We are going to open your eyes to a more penetrating picture than you have ever seen before of this strange and exciting world." He knocked art writers (always a popular pastime): "There has never been a greater flood of nonsense written about art. Or a time when there were more special pleaders on the scene attempting to lead the public up one garden path or another."

The contents of the magazine are still in transition. The October and November issues showed Esterow's influence in such articles as: "10 years of the Art Dealers Association: How both buyers and sellers have gained," "A dealer's notes on how to bargain elegantly," and "What, $410,000 for a Louis XV table?" Esterow assigns many of his stories to *New York Times* reporters who write intelligibly and who, presumably, are not sufficiently *au courant* with contemporary art to be considered "special pleaders." Esterow himself writes "The 'Vasari' Diary," a *New Yorker*-like talk-of-the-town column that features anecdotes about obscure—perhaps even fictitious—dealers, artists, and collectors.

Reader reaction is predictably mixed. One critic lamented, "It looks as if we can say goodbye to the old-fashioned *Art News* articles on younger artists whose work is topically interesting but not yet of Establishment status." Mario Amaya, newly appointed director of the New York Cultural Center, is more optimistic: "I'm always in favor of change. New people foster new ideas. Let's wait and see."

The Countess Goes to College

Many a businessman has scored points as an art patron by installing a great chrome abstraction in a bank lobby. But Norton Simon, retired head of the great food (Hunt-Wesson), drink (Canada Dry), and publishing (McCall's) conglomerate, has a better idea. The Norton Simon, Inc. Museum of Art has just loaned 100 paintings and sculptures to Princeton University for a year. Although small, the collection is sumptuous, offering such masterpieces as Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun's *Theresa, Countess Kinsky* and Giovanni Bellini's portrait of Joerg Fugger, as well as works by the giants of the School of Paris—Degas, Picasso, Matisse.

After a year, what then? Simon isn't saying. But more art patrons might decide to lend instead of donating collections outright to institutions. The recent "de-accessioning" of a van Gogh and a Rousseau by New York's Metropolitan Museum raises fears that a gift could end up, embarrassingly, at auction. □

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PERFORMING ARTS

THEATER:

Arthur Miller's Cosmic Chuckles

Since winning the New York Drama Critics Circle Award in 1945 for his second Broadway play, *All My Sons*, Arthur Miller has fashioned seven more, all of which have had respectable runs in New York and important productions around the world. All were formidable works regarded as heavy stuff, full of the decline of civilizations and the manifestations of repressed guilt and envy. Although there were occasional moments of comic relief, Miller's audiences came to expect an emphasis on gravity that made difficult any but the most somber interpretations of these plays. However, in *The Price* (1968) Miller introduced a marvelously comic character: Solomon, a crafty old secondhand furniture dealer. It was apparent that Miller had a talent for comedy and should exercise it.

And so it came to pass that one of the world's leading dramatists set about writing *The Creation of the World and Other Business*, which he labeled "a catastrophic comedy." Now it has been unveiled and to our disappointment not only is it remarkably unfunny but it lacks even that hyperactive logic which was, for better or worse, characteristic of his previous works. Perhaps the playwright recognized this shortcoming, for he inserted in the program a philosophical question as the subtitle for each of the play's three acts.

Zoe Caldwell's "impossible" Eve

The first act seems a mild parody of the Garden of Eden story, presumably dedicated to exploring Miller's question, "Since God made everything and God is good, why did He make Lucifer?" We discover that God created Adam out of instinct rather than design and that He wants Adam to praise Him for the perfection of the Garden of Eden but not to acquire enough knowledge to become a competitor or critic. The archangel Lucifer psychoanalyzes his Boss and comes to the conclusion that God subconsciously wants Adam and Eve to eat the apple and acquire knowledge of good and evil so that He can use their resultant guilt to ensure their dependence upon Him. God would apparently rather have the world a mess than contaminate His absolute rule. His reason for making Lucifer, we discover, was to have someone to do the things He subconsciously wanted to do but didn't want to be responsible for.

The second act takes place after the fall, with Eve about to give birth to her firstborn, Cain. The question in the program asks, "Is there something in the way we are born which makes us want the world to be good?" The comedy now comes mostly from Eve's ignorance about why her stomach is swelling. Although Eve curses God in the agony of childbirth, she is so pleased with the baby that her love for God winds up being redoubled.

Act III jumps ahead to the argument between Cain and Abel that results in murder. Fun is almost entirely missing. This act's question is "when every man wants justice, why does he go on creating injustice?" It turns out that God is setting up Cain's murder of Abel so that everyone will feel guilty again and return to Him for forgiveness.

The trouble with all this is that it is every bit as leaden as it sounds in synopsis. The play never finds a comic style it can sustain, and Miller's analysis of man's origins is not decisively pursued. As a result, the director, Gerald Freedman, and some splendid performers, Bob Dishy and Zoe Caldwell as Adam and Eve, Stephen Elliott as God and George Grizzard as Lucifer, had an impossible task.

Miller hasn't created whole comic characters for his actors to play. Nor has he consistently exploited the comic possibilities of God and Lucifer rationalizing their own selfish actions. One suspects that he could have done these things, but that the same compulsion that made him desert comedy in the second half of *The Price* also operated to inhibit a wholly-funny approach to his holy-funny charade. *The Creation of the World and Other Business* achieved only a two-week run on Broadway, but this catastrophe is less important than is the probability that Miller may now retreat from developing what seems to some of us the most down-to-earth aspect of his talent.

HENRY HEWES

What's Happening?

The chilly first month of the year in New York may be warmed by several unusual theater events. The improbable combination of actress Debbie Reynolds and director Sir John Gielgud will inaugurate the brand new Minskoff Theater with a revival of the 1919 musical *Irene*. Another Irene, Irene Papas, the famous Greek actress, will appear in *Medea*. The colorful Irish actor Jack MacGowran will lend authenticity to the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's revival of Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*. And Molière's farce *Les Fourberies de Scapin* has been turned into a musical called *Tricks*, starring Rene Auberjonois as the rascally servant. Moreover, two emerging American playwrights, Sam Shepard and Jean-Claude Van Itallie, whom many theatergoers are expecting to be among the great dramatists of the Seventies, will be represented by new works (Shepard's *The Tooth of Crime* and Van Itallie's *Mystery Play*).

Interesting things will be happening outside New York, too. Al Pacino, who played the son in *The Godfather*, will tackle the title role in *Richard III* for the Theatre Company of Boston. Isaac Bashevis Singer, the renowned Yiddish novelist and short-story writer, will be making his debut as a playwright when New Haven welcomes the world premiere of *The Mirror*, a satire on woman's sexual nature, being offered by the Yale Repertory Theatre. And Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., will present the American premiere of *The Public Prosecutor Is Sick of It All* by Max Frisch, the Swiss writer. □

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PERFORMING ARTS

DANCE:

Admirable Intentions

Alvin Ailey's *Dance Theater* generates a lot of good will. Audiences throughout the company's entire three-week season in New York last November were both large and friendly, and reviews were certainly laudatory. Moreover, the City Center organization (whose constituent members include the New York City Opera, the New York City Ballet, and the Joffrey Ballet) added the Ailey to its roster, thus conferring Establishment prestige and, better yet, the blessing of a regular New York showcase at the 55th Street Theater.

A lot of this esteem derives from the desire to make up for past injustices to blacks, for, although Ailey's company is completely integrated and its repertoire is entirely catholic, Ailey himself is identified in the public's mind as a black creator. The reason is clear enough: his *Revelations*. This dance suite, based on Negro spirituals, is the troupe's greatest success, a celebration of faith that rises to an irresistibly joyous climax, which invariably brings the audience to its feet. The cheers and rhythmic clapping that greet every performance are expressions of pleasure, affirmation, and human kinship. The appeal of *Revelations* is universal, but the work is grounded in specifically black experience.

In *Revelations* Ailey has brought together dance skill, ethnic identity, and show-biz flair. Nothing else his company does has a comparable impact, neither the other distinctively black pieces like John Park's *Nubian Lady* or Ailey's *Blues Suite* and *Cry* (dedicated to "all black women everywhere—especially our mothers"), nor the works of generalized reference like *Flowers* (a lament for Janis Joplin), John Butler's *According to Eve*, or Joyce Trisler's *Dance for Six*. Of the black works, *Mary Lou's Mass* elicits some shouts of approval, some sporadic attempts to beat time to the music, but, as with *Blues Suite* and the rest, the excitement fails to mount; the applause is merely respectful; the audience, though clearly willing to be moved, sounds untouched.

Ailey's attempts to form an eclectic modern dance repertory company, to enlist choreography by Trisler, Butler, Park, Donald McKayle, Talley Beatty, and Paul Sanasardo, and to tap what he calls "the roots of American dance" with works like Ted Shawn's *Kinetic Molpai* (1935) or Katherine Dunham's *Choros* (1943) elicit a similarly tepid response. Most of these pieces are demonstrably weak, monotonous, unstimulating. At best they induce respect for Ailey's good intentions.

But respect doesn't go too far in the theater, certainly not as far as the creation of a solid repertory. In the long run what the public really wants is artistic stimulation. A lot of works get by now on qualities that have only a minimal connection with dance and therefore possess built-in obsolescence and supersession: social pathos in McKayle's *Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder* (a naïvely literal depiction of a chain gang); black oppression in *Cry* (a realistic representation of such things as a woman scrubbing floors); ethnic aggressiveness in *Nubian Lady* (a solo based on confronting the audience with long, cool, insolent stares). Meanwhile the audience, black and white together, saves its enthusiasm for *Revelations*. Only then do they seem to feel identification and involvement. Only then does dance supersede wish fulfillment, uplift, or self-preoccupation. To see Judith Jamison in the sequence entitled

"Wading in the Water," tall, sinuous, magnificent, carrying her white parasol like a banner, is to feel the power of dance and, because of it, the scope of human expressiveness. In any case the gifts of Jamison, an astonishingly beautiful dancer and the most striking member of the company by far, have remained largely unused. In her two starring vehicles, *Cry* and *Nubian Lady*, she has no opportunity to dance, only to take part in a racial situation. She, like the rest of the company, needs a great choreographer to convert admirable intentions into great experiences.

DALE HARRIS

The Ailey National Tour starts January 16, with a week at Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C., and then moves to Kentucky State College, Frankfort, Kentucky (January 23), Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana (January 25–27), Western Illinois University, Macomb, Illinois (January 30–31), University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan (February 1–3), and Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana (February 10–12).

Remembering Limón

José Limón belonged to the heroic world of American modern dance. After the pioneers came the codifiers, the intellectualizers, the ascetics, and the idealists—those who overcame public indifference, even hostility, in order to establish a legitimate mode of dance expression. Rigorously, independent of each other, they asserted the nobility of humankind. Limón, who died on December 2, was the last of the priestly advocates of dance.

"I try to compose works that are involved with man's basic tragedy and the grandeur of his spirit," he said. Like Doris Humphrey, the artistic director of his company, he saw dance as a solemn, purifying ritual. He once declared, "I reach for demons, saints, martyrs, apostates, fools, and other impassioned visions."

In *The Moor's Pavane*, his most successful work, Othello is led to destruction by his inability to comprehend the nature of evil. In *Missa Brevis*, against the background of a ruined cathedral, Limón affirms the continuity of faith. Nowadays, of course, affirmation is suspect. We do not respond so readily to the call of moral duty. We prefer to keep our loins ungirt.

Limón's later works such as *The Winged* were ineffective. Even *The Moor's Pavane*, now in the repertory of American Ballet Theater, has lost its power to engage our attention relentlessly. Limón's ideas, like Humphrey's, survive at Juilliard, where he taught with success for many years. His school of modern dance is now institutionalized: its survivors and heirs hold sway on campuses all over the country.

However, creativity, and excitement are elsewhere. Young dancers today keep moving. But it is worth remembering that they do so because artists like Limón showed them that movement was possible.

D.H.

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ARTS FOR LIVING

Architecture for the Aged

When the housing authority of Pleasanton, California, went looking for architects to design new public dwellings for the elderly, Hirshen and Partners answered the call and was quickly faced with many problems. They had to deal with: the stringent economic restraints that accompany any federally funded project; the limitations imposed by existing power and water facilities; the objections of townspeople who feared new public housing would prove an eyesore in the largely suburban, middle-income neighborhood; and the existence of what Ron Gamill, a partner in the firm, calls "a funny attitude toward public housing in this country—that it shouldn't be too good, that it shouldn't be made better than private developments."

The needs and desires of the old people destined to live in the new homes could easily have been overlooked in the shuffle. But now that the project nears completion, it appears that Sanford Hirshen's firm has succeeded in responding to the cares and requirements of the elderly and has made discoveries that might set an example for other designers who aspire to esthetic excellence and a measure of social responsibility.

Through in-depth interviews of prospective tenants, Hirshen's team determined what was topmost in the minds of the future occupants. Here are some of the findings. Most old people want a sense of privacy and personal ownership; safety and easy maintenance; a porch where they can sit, watch people, and chat with passers-by; a garden, shaded part of the day for outdoor work; a functional kitchen; a living room big enough to entertain grandchildren; lots of storage room; a bathroom with fixtures for drying handwashed clothes; a window with an attractive view.

Here are some of the things old persons should not have to contend with: winding paths (a designer might be intrigued with a serpentine walkway, but an old person with a cane wants to get where he or she is going as fast and easily as possible); slippery floors; cabinets that jut out and which old people might bump into; cabinet doors that instead of sliding open swing out and, if left unclosed, could prove hazardous; standard counters and cabinets that are often too high for old people; dim lighting; low fences or walls over which old people might stumble.

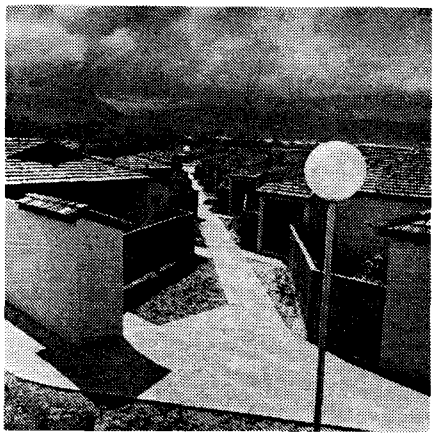
The study also revealed that old people have few opportunities for getting out and mingling with each other; a communal place for receiving mail might be a means of bringing neighbors together on a daily basis. The future occupants also desired a separate bedroom, or at least a sleeping alcove that could be screened off. The bedroom was important because most tenants had lived in houses with many rooms and could not get used to the idea of an efficiency apartment. Moreover, a bedroom would provide a place for such messy activities as painting or sewing without disturbing the order of the living room. Finally, a bedroom is the easiest room to decorate and make personal. It turned out to be far more desirable than a separate dining room, since most old people eat their meals in front of the television set, which is usually placed in the living room.

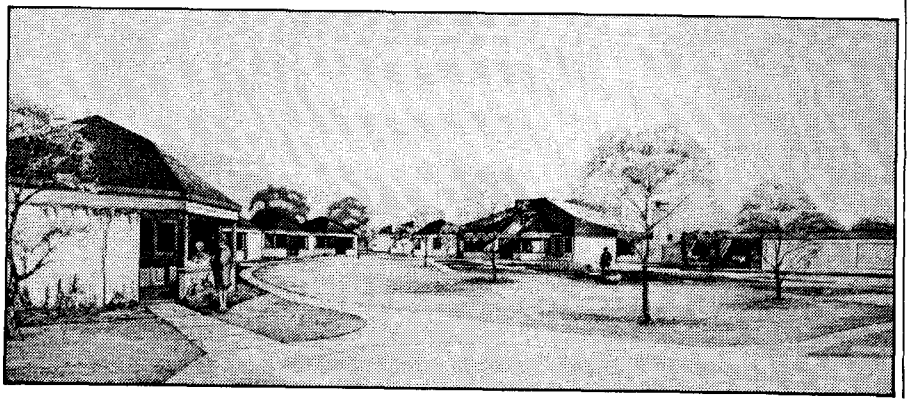
Some of these considerations might at first seem rather obvious, but in past housing developments for the elderly they often have been overlooked. In a technological society in which old people are often treated as obsolescent, like automobiles that fail to meet emission-control standards, it is rare indeed for the elderly to find someone willing to listen to their preferences. The process of determining the desires and requirements of the elderly is an example of "social planning."

One startling finding was that none of the people interviewed expressed much concern about color schemes, building materials, architectural styles —the very things that matter most to designers who are, after all, visual artists. Tailoring a building to its users' needs, therefore, does not rob the architect of his most highly and justly cherished prerogative—esthetic expression. Gamill observes that, even if designing for the aged through social planning limits you, "at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that the decisions you make are probably the correct ones."

Even so, most architects are reluctant to take on public housing projects. The federal government is a wealthy client, but a tight-fisted one as well. Contracts

Homes for the elderly in Hawaii (below, left and right) are staggered so as to provide a sense of privacy. An architect's rendering of housing under construction in California is shown beneath.





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ARTS FOR LIVING

go to the lowest bidder, and if someone errs in estimating expenses, the cost overruns may come out of the pocket of the architect.

But Hirshen was able to cut costs and at the same time create a beautiful environment through an ingenious idea wedded to plain good taste. The city had initially envisioned the new development on the fringe of the proposed site, the rest of which was to be made into a park. Barracks-style housing built during World War II and scheduled for demolition occupied the center of the area. Hirshen's designs were so attractive that he, with strong support from John Bowling, the executive director of the local housing authority, was able to convince the city to let his new project occupy the site of the old barracks. Now he could place the structures in the center of the proposed park *and* cut costs by using the roadways and water and power facilities that had served the outmoded buildings.

There is no getting around the fact that dealing with public housing is a hassle. Why would a prominent firm such as Hirshen's want to bother? Perhaps the architects were inspired by the success of one of their previous housing projects — on the island of Maui in Hawaii. Like the Pleasanton project, this one was begun only after prospective tenants had been interviewed. The Hawaiians were retired sugar-cane workers, mostly of Japanese extraction. This development, therefore, had to take into consideration ethnic factors as well as those germane to the aged.

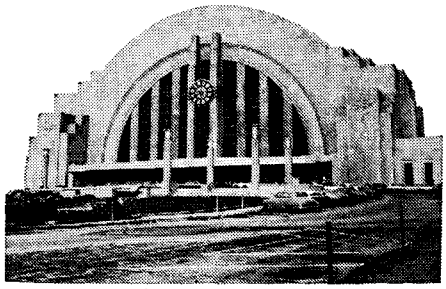
But not every feature in the Maui project was simply a response to an expressed preference. No one, for instance, had asked for a community center, and this building in fact was ignored at first. However, the residents soon began using it for crafts classes, for social gatherings, and, most noteworthily, for Oriental group exercises—an aspect of the Japanese heritage that had disappeared from the lives of the cane workers when they were housed in scattered shanties.

Gamill believes that the community building in Pleasanton eventually will become popular in the same way, despite the fact that the interviews determined that most old persons spend the major part of their days watching television and don't seem to want to do anything else. Gamill: "Of course they don't. They've been watching television for years. It takes time setting up new activities, but it's well worth the effort."

Social planning is not just for the aged. Nor is it, by any means, a brand-new phenomenon. But it is gaining momentum as more sophisticated means of gathering data are being developed. It's an approach that could be applied to every architectural problem—could and should. As Jivan Tabibian, a leading design consultant, said at a conference in Los Angeles recently, "To design without considering the needs of the people is pure schizophrenia."

RONALD NAJMAN

Cincinnati Terminal: Terminally Ill?



Three months ago the last passenger train pulled out of Cincinnati's Union Terminal, leaving the future of this great monument of Art Deco design and the railroad era to economic vagaries and the whim of its owners. A fine work of architecture has outlived its original function. What will triumph? The desire to preserve our fast-vanishing architectural heritage through the exploration of new uses for old buildings? Or economic self-seeking that will in the end obliterate the terminal? At this moment it is reported that one of the owners of the Cincinnati Terminal Company wants to convert the train concourse into a piggyback freight operation, which many observers say would virtually ensure the building's eventual demolition.

In June 1933, a few months after the terminal was unveiled, *Architectural Forum* devoted twenty-six lavishly illustrated pages to it, matching its design and functionalism against similar buildings in Chicago, Cleveland, Omaha, Buffalo, and "any other city in the United States"—a daring but true statement in a day when no expense or talent was spared to make railroad terminals the major show places of civic pride.

Here is a structure unsurpassed in style. From the sweep of its giant interior semidome to the super-scale mural depicting the history of transportation to all the minute detail work, the building justifies the acclaim it received. A women's waiting room is finished in zebra and madrone woods; a men's waiting room is paneled with inlaid walnut and holly veneer. Gumwood walls and a kasota stone fireplace distinguish the president's office. Hauteville marble enhances the ticket office of a newsreel theater; and koa wood veneer walls and stainless steel ceilings beautify the elevators.

Fortunately, there is still some hope that this terminal will not suffer the fate of so many others, most notably New York's Pennsylvania Station. Cincinnati's civic leaders and the press want to save the old building. Legislation introduced in Congress by Rep. Frank Thompson (D.–N.J.) and now pending would find new uses for old stations by renovating them into community art and cultural centers.

But time is running out for the Cincinnati Terminal, and unless concerned individuals and architects provide concrete and practical solutions, it may soon be too late. One possibility has been proposed by architect Norman Pfeiffer, a former Cincinnati resident who is now a partner in a New York–based firm. Pfeiffer called Cincinnati's superintendent of schools and suggested that he apply to Educational Facilities Laboratories for a grant to examine how the station could be used for educational purposes.

The fate of the Cincinnati Terminal hangs by a thread. If saved, a lesson will be provided to other cities of how to recycle old architecture for new purposes. If the terminal falls, however, its loss may serve to spur greater effort in other communities to preserve their architectural heritage.

But what a price to pay for a little more concern!

NICHOLAS POLITES

Designers March on Washington

The President has asked the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities to sponsor the first Federal Design Assembly in Washington. Scheduled for early spring, the conference will have as its theme "The Design Necessity." Federal agency personnel will attend; participants will include leading design and planning professionals.

The purpose of the conference is to make it perfectly clear to bureaucrats that good design is an urgent requirement for any undertaking in which people relate to the environment, that, far from being an inflationary luxury, it saves time and money, and that it improves communications. □

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SR TRAVEL

Why do people travel? A sunny beach is goal enough for some; others seek genuine involvement in a foreign culture. And then there are those who follow a muse, who travel for art's sake, who hope to share in the sense of place that nourishes artists. For such sojourners, one destination might well be the moors of Bronte country (below). This and other cultural pilgrimages are detailed in the following pages.

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ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE MOOR

The museum may be tame, but outdoors the Bronte spirits reign.

BY JUDITH CHERNAIK

The visitor approaches Haworth Parsonage with expectations that could not possibly be realized in the flesh, were Laurence Oliver himself to loom up out of the heavy Yorkshire mist. Read at the right time, *Wuthering Heights* is a book that changes one's life permanently; one is always secretly measuring ordinary relationships against Heathcliff's cry: "I cannot live without my life! I cannot live without my soul!" So, too, ordinary social accommodation. One is henceforth stamped as a partisan, of the poor and friendless against the bleak realities of the Brontës lives; against cold-bloodedness, of the free spirit against the genteel world.

Behind the drama of *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre*, one knew, lay the bleak realities of the Brontës lives; the three sisters struggling to "get on," as students, governesses, schoolteachers, loathing their virtual servitude, while then brother, Branwell, his "talents misued and faculties abused," failed at everything he touched and sank hopelessly into alcoholism and drugs. Then the publication in 1846 of the *Poems* by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, and the publication a year later of Currer Bell's *Jane Eyre*, Ellis Bell's *Wuthering Heights*, and Action Bell's *Agnes Grey*, the first of these a sensational popular success. The following September Branwell died, knowing nothing of his sisters' publishing venture; by December Emily was dead, at thirty; the following spring Anne died, at twenty-nine. Charlotte was left in the parsonage to grieve and write (she wrote her publisher, "labour is the only radical cure for rooted sorrow"). Five years later, when she was famous and had met her idol Thackeray and other leading literary figures, she married her father's curate, her "fate," as she described him, a sober man remembered for his attempts to blackmail Ellen Nussey into destroying Charlotte's letters to her. She died only nine months after her marriage from a cold caught when she walked over the moors, or from the complications of pregnancy, or, most likely, from the consumption that killed her sisters.

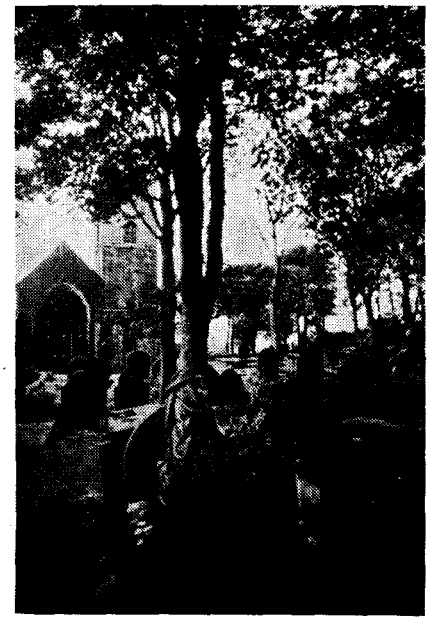
Between the facts and the myths, then, Haworth has something of the character of a shrine. More than 100,000 visitors come each year to walk on the moors where Heathcliff and Catherine sobbed out their passion, to see the room in which the three Brontë sisters wrote and paced and read their unfolding works aloud to one another.

Haworth is reached from Bradford or Leeds, the great Yorkshire cloth centers, by the way of Keighley, a grim manufacturing town with a bright new pedestrian shopping mall-cum-bus terminal. The approach to Haworth, two-and-a-half miles to the southwest, is much as Mrs. Gaskell described it more than a century ago in her biography of Charlotte Brontë, though many of the old stone cottages have given way to Levittown-like modern terraces with indoor plumbing. The bus climbs past the Keighley mills, past the endless rows of workers' cottages, up and still farther up into the fells, to the foot of Haworth's Main Street, which is cobblestoned and precipitously steep. One walks up to the first cross street, past nineteenth-century cottages and a Methodist church built of millstone grit, the cheap local stone; to the right are a new park and gardens, amenities provided for the busloads of picnicking tourists.

At the top of the park Main Street proper begins, preserved exactly as it was 150 years ago—more or less. For, in addition to a blacksmith at his forge, a potter at his wheel, two hand-loom weavers, a secondhand bookshop and several antiques and craft shops, here is the Land of Gondal (children's toys) and the Heathcliffe Café (home-made boiled sweets), and, on sale in half a dozen cafés along Charlotte Street and Emily Street, Brontë puddings, Brontë scones, honey made from Brontë heather, and in every shop window tea towels printed with Emily Brontë's best-known poem, "No Coward Soul Is Mine."

Beyond the shops is a small open square with the Black Bull, in which Branwell Brontë drank himself to death (it is being redecorated, but one can catch a glimpse of the habitués), and the druggist's shop, now a bookstore, where Branwell bought his opium, both marked by discreet plaques. Also on the square is Haworth Parish Church, successor to the church in which the Reverend Patrick Brontë preached, and behind the church is the Brontë Parsonage Museum.

When the Brontë Society, which maintains the museum, acquired the parsonage in 1928, it had been lived in and altered substantially since Mr. Brontë's death. In the absence of the original furnishings the society embarked on an "authentic" restoration: a dining room arranged as Mrs. Gaskell described it, with dining table and chairs of the period, a parlor (Mr. Brontë's study) with a Bible, spectacles, pipe, tobacco box, and matches laid out suggestively on the table, a longcase clock on the landing similar to the one Mr. Brontë was in the habit of winding at nine o'clock each evening, long pewter spoons that Tabitha Aykroyd, the Brontës' faithful servant, could have used for stirring oatmeal. These are supplemented by relics acquired over the years at auction sales: a red-flannel tea cosy worked by Charlotte Brontë, her spectacles and workbasket, the trunk she bought in Brussels, the sofa on which Emily Brontë lay while she was dying.



Above, the graveyard of St. Michael's Church; at right, Haworth's Main Street, site of the Heathcliffe Café, the Black Bull, and the Brontë Restaurant; below, Charlotte Brontë's spectacles and Emily Brontë's sampler.

By far the greatest number of relics belong to Charlotte Brontë; her silver medallion from Roe Head School, engraved "Emulation Rewarded," her paint box, shawls and dresses, bonnets and boots, one pair of black silk stockings, one pair of white cotton stockings embroidered "C.B." One can only imagine how the Brontës would have hated it, how appalled Charlotte would have

Judith Chernaik currently lives in London. Her book, The Lyrics of Shelley, *was published recently.*

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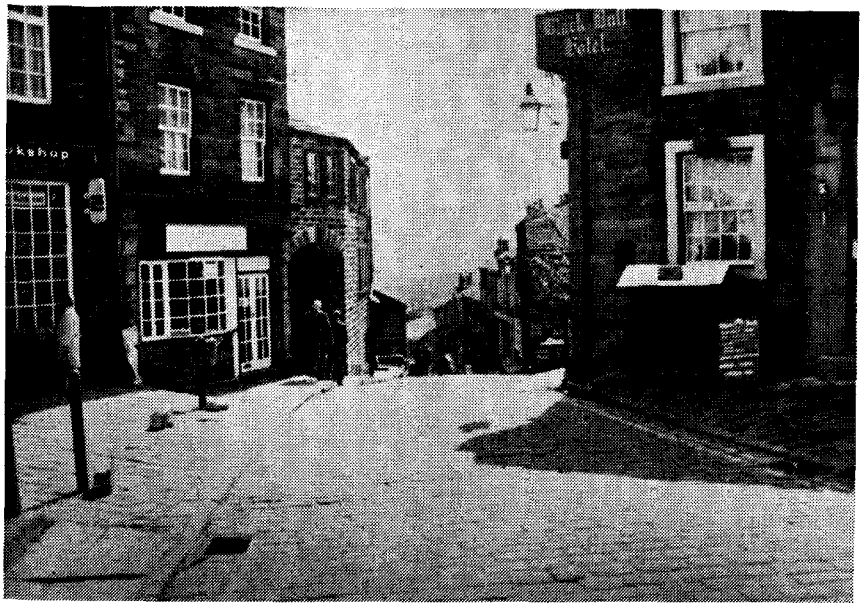
been by the display of her faded pink nightgown and nail brush, how Mr. Brontë would have blanched at the sight of his nightcap perched on the mantelpiece.

In the new wing the society, in its zeal to re-create the past, verges on the macabre effect of a waxworks; it is here that the pink nightgown is laid out, as if for a wedding night. In the last room is a window with a seated figure draped in Charlotte Brontë's gray silk "going-away" dress and a bonnet that she may or may not have worn with it; as one descends the stairs toward the exit, the seated woman, her face in shadow, seems to be leaning forward pensively, or conversing with an unseen guest—over tea and Brontë scones, no doubt.

Downstairs is an exhibition of manuscripts, a gift from the American collector, Henry H. Bonnell: one of the tiny hand-printed books in which Charlotte and Branwell as children set down the adventures of their alter egos, the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon; Charlotte Brontë's letters to Ellen Nussey and to her publishers; a canceled passage from her last novel, *Villette*. There is also a library, where students may consult photostats of the very fine manuscript collection and books by and about the Brontës, and these restore some sense of the the real occasion for the pilgrimage—these and Haworth Moor.

The moor can be reached in five minutes by a lane outside the parsonage, where cobblestones are being laid by West Riding youths who speak recognizably in the accent of old Joseph, or by a path leading from the churchyard past a farm and cottages, or by the main road out of Haworth—all roads, in short, lead to the moor, and once there nothing else exists but that high, wind-swept heath, bare of house or tree, vast swelling tracts of it, dark-brown even in August when the purple heather is coming into bloom. One can follow a road that winds along the edge, by the side of a valley with farmhouses clustered far below, or, equipped with boots against the bog and the sheep dung, one can climb through the thick bracken into the moor itself, leaning into a wind that reaches gale strength at the highest point. Great clouds mass across an immense sky; the rain, when it comes, drives in sheets, and sweaters and mackintoshes are little protection against the bone-chilling cold. The guidebook suggests a walk of two miles along the footpath to "Brontë Waterfall"—the last walk Charlotte took and the probable cause of her death—then another two miles to the ruined farmhouse that may or may not have been the model for Wuthering Heights. But one needn't seek so far; across the valley and along the edge of the moor are half a dozen derelict stone farmhouses, some gutted by fire, others intact but long since abandoned; any one of these is stark and desolate enought to serve.



No rural development agency, no landmarks society can touch the moor. The soil is too poor for crops, too marshy to build on; there is too much wind and rain to appeal to tourists (of the crowds at the Parsonage Museum one sees only three or four persons following the suggested moorland walk). Although there are sheep about, the moor provides the poorest grazing; the only vegetation is the coarse grass, bracken, heather, and bilberry. Even the signs the Brontë Society put up have rusted away, and the path they point to is no more than a muddy track. Charlotte Brontë wrote of her sister, Emily, that she loved the moor and could hardly bear to be torn from it. "Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils; without it, she perished." It is on these bare heights that one begins to understand the elemental vision of Emily's one great novel, set in this landscape where there is nothing soft or cultivated, no human distractions, nothing to feed the imagination but the movement of wind and cloud.

Both Emily and Charlotte Brontë believed passion to be the spring of human behavior. Charlotte Brontë in her own life tried to discipline her rebellious spirit, to submit to what she conceived to be her duty. But, as an artist, she felt her only duty was to represent reality as she understood it. Passion breaks through in the novels of Charlotte and Emily Brontë; they express a vision of life stripped of the genteel trivia the Brontë Society offers admirers, all those paraphernalia of women's lives that serve so well to hide, if not to suffocate, the spirit within. Even the self-denying Anne Brontë, "long-suffering, self-denying" Anne, in Charlotte's account, protested bitterly in her novels against the oppression of women, as spinsters and wives, and against the social creeds that encouraged their docile submission to injustice. The Brontës celebrated individuality; they exposed the debased values of a sterile social order and its support of the false and meretricious in manners, in human relations. It is hard to recognize them in the glass cases of the Parsonage Museum; that wild open moor is as close as one can get to the truths they wrote about. □

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A MUSICAL TOUR OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

BY ELAINE BRODY

We've recently returned from what the Germans call a *musikalische Reise*, a musical tour through parts of Germany and Austria. In a few weeks we saw more musical monuments than we believed existed and heard more music than the average concertgoer hears in several seasons. Planning in advance enabled us to cover a great deal of territory. The flexibility to change our plans along the way was also important to our journey.

For this trip we gave three weeks to a musical "overview" of several cities in the German-speaking countries: Cologne, Bonn, and Düsseldorf in the center; Frankfurt, Nuremberg, Bayreuth, and Munich toward the south of Germany; and Salzburg and Vienna in Austria.

We stayed in Cologne (Germans call it *Köln*), because it was centrally located between Bonn and Düsseldorf and we could get to each of the other cities within about thirty to forty minutes. The cathedral standing across from our hotel symbolized for us the majesty of Schumann's Germany.

The opera house at Cologne, one of the most modern in Germany, is a popular theater. Nobody sits in boxes; everybody is equal. As we noticed in many of the newer houses, no center aisles exist. Nobody leaves the hall before the end of a performance, and it is therefore unnecessary to plan for a center exit. All the modern opera houses have excellent buffets and some have restaurants (reservations must be made before the intermission). Vanilla ice cream with hot raspberry sauce is the favorite refreshment. Almost all opera is performed in the vernacular, and the Germans think it natural to hear *Carmen*, *Boris*, *The Barber*, and even our own *Porgy* in their native language.

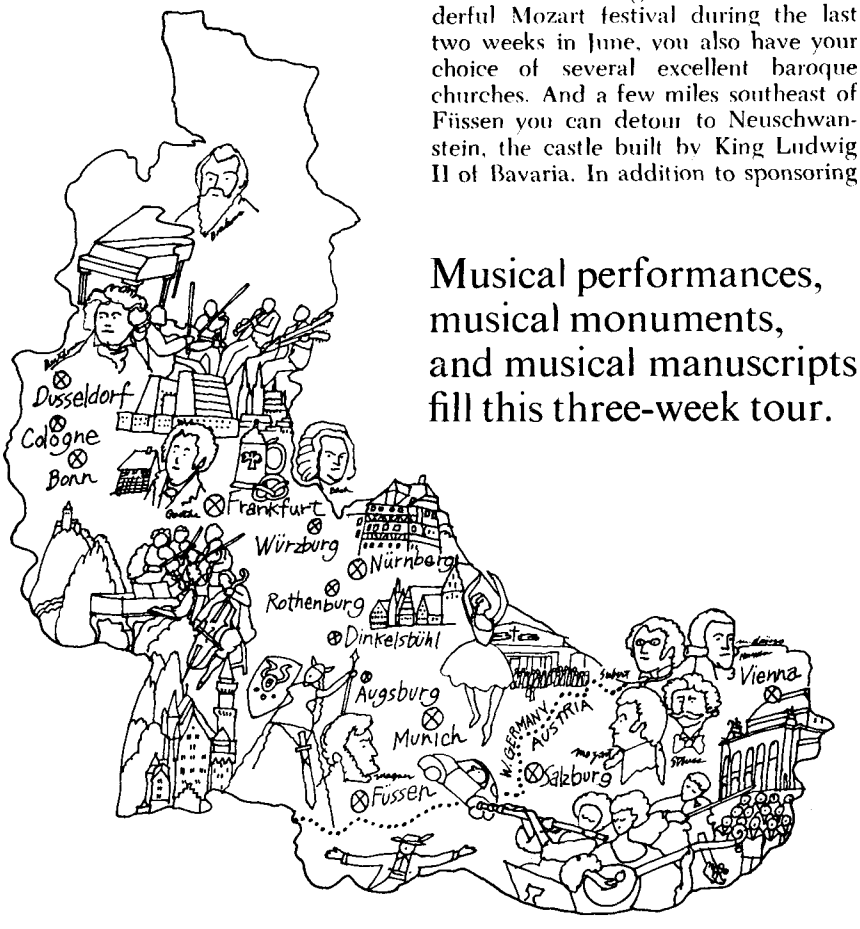
Our next stop was Düsseldorf, a marvelously chic city. Although it's known as the headquarters of the German fashion industry, it can also do more than hold its own in cultural activities. In addition to a beautiful opera house, Düsseldorf has Heine's house and the Heine Archives, an extraordinary Goethe museum, a wonderful theater, outstanding twentieth-century art (including the Paul Klee Collection), and two concert halls.

Bonn, capital of the West German republic, still retains some flavor as a sleepy university town. Among its treasures are Beethoven's Geburtshaus (house where he was born), the Beethover Archives, the Schumann memorial rooms at Endenich (a section of Bonn where the composer lived the last years of his life), and, finally, the little cemetery in which rest both Schumanns, Clara and Robert, the writer Jean-Paul Richter, and Mathilde Wesendonck, famous for her intimate relationship with Wagner.

In contrast, Frankfurt is a cosmopolitan city. It has no special flavor. Although there's money for the new *U-Bahn* (subway), lack of sufficient funds to rebuild the bombed-out opera house has forced Frankfurt to remain the only large German city in which opera, concert, and theatrical performances are all presented in the same halls.

Were Goethe to return today to the Frankfurt house where he was born, he would find familiar surroundings. Musical settings of Goethe's poems by his favorite composers, J. F. Reichardt and C. F. Zelter, are stored in the working archives here. Unfortunately, the librarian does not seem in touch with the curator, and detailed arrangements must be made in advance to ensure that the manuscripts are available for study.

Where but in Germany would you find a *romantische Strasse* (romantic road)? This designation has been given to the much-traveled route from Würzburg south to Füssen near the Austrian border. Along the way you can visit several small villages that have remained unchanged since the Middle Ages. Stop in places like Rothenburg ob der Tauber, a medieval town with a remarkably good twentieth-century restaurant in its Hotel Eisenhut; Dinkelsbühl and its historic fifteenth-century house; Augsburg, the city where Leopold Mozart, Wolfgang's father, was born. In Würzburg, which has a wonderful Mozart festival during the last two weeks in June, you also have your choice of several excellent baroque churches. And a few miles southeast of Füssen you can detour to Neuschwanstein, the castle built by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. In addition to sponsoring



Musical performances, musical monuments, and musical manuscripts fill this three-week tour.

Elaine Brody is chairman of the music department at NYU's University College, and co-author, with Claire Brook, of the Music Lover's Guide to Europe, *to be published by Dodd, Mead.*

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Wagner for many years, Ludwig adorned his palaces with paintings of scenes from the composer's operas.

Nuremberg is not really the picture-book town that we expected. It only gives that appearance—intentionally. The restaurant in the old Grand Hotel next to the railroad station is second to none—not even the famous Goldenes Posthorn, a medieval inn supposedly frequented by Hans Sachs and Albrecht Dürer. The opera house is enormous, old, and very beautiful. The new Meistersinger Halle is an example of what can be accomplished with a little forethought and planning. It is used for business meetings, as well as for concerts and recitals. Restaurant facilities here are among the finest we found. A park-enclosed setting makes it a favorite with businessmen, musicians, and townspeople alike. All over Germany, wherever new concert halls were built, their utilization for congresses and commercial activities was always considered. In this way industry has provided support for music.

Dürer's house and, of course, the exhibit remaining from the 500th anniversary of his birth were other highlights of Nuremberg. Since Nuremberg is only sixty kilometers (less than forty miles) away from Bayreuth, where Wagner built his own shrine, it would be an oversight for the traveler not to visit this old town. Such a visit is, of course, most interesting in August, when the annual Wagner festival is in session. However, there is much to see in Bayreuth at any time: including the Festival Theater, the nearby home where Wagner spent his last years, and the eighteenth-century royal opera house, a model of its kind.

Beyond Bayreuth, the traveler can take the Autobahn to Munich. The quantity as well as the quality of music during the summer in Munich makes other cities pale by comparison. Here one does not see the regal displays of high fashion that are familiar at the New York opera—at least not during the summer. The audience is not a rich audience, but an educated and enthusiastic one. Ticket prices are moderate, ranging from less than a dollar for standing room to about seven dollars for a fine seat in the orchestra. (These prices are much lower than those in Salzburg during the Summer Festival and in Vienna during the winter opera season.) Curiously, ticket prices are not advertised in the excellent monthly program booklet available at most bookstores and newspaper stands in Munich. Another unusual feature of this exciting city is the large number of Sunday performances offered to the public.

The twin town of Garmisch-Partenkirchen is but an hour away. On a magnificently landscaped estate there we visited the beautiful home of Richard Strauss, bought in 1908, as his daughter-in-law, Alice Strauss, explained, from the profits of *Salomé*. This remarkable woman maintains a portion of the house exactly as it was when Strauss was alive. Mrs. Strauss catalogues and classifies material written about Strauss, and she tries to keep up with the steady flow of correspondence that reaches her daily. We spent a delightful morning in Garmisch, continuing from there to Oberammergau, scene of the Passion Plays, which are given every decade.

From Munich, we took the train to Salzburg. The best train is the TEE—the Trans-European Express. There are only two of these express trains daily, but the regular express makes the trip in about ninety minutes. If you take the train, you can view the surrounding countryside, among the most beautiful in Europe. But travel light. You'll need lots of patience and cunning to find a porter in Salzburg!

The Salzach River divides Mozart's city in half. There are no traces today of war damage, and all buildings are superbly maintained. Salzburg is crowded even off-season; during the festival season it is impossibly full.

There are many magnificent castles in the countryside where concerts are given in large ballrooms or outside in the courtyards. The Gastschloss Mönchstein, where we stayed, is a bit out of town, on top of the Mönchsberg in Salzburg. The service was excellent and the view of the city unmatched.

You'll find the house where Mozart was born in the Altstadt, or Old City, of Salzburg. The interior has become a museum. It contains stage drawings from many of the operas that have been presented in the Festspielhaus. The Cafe Tomaselli around the corner on Altmarkt Platz offers a delightful coffee, superb pastry, and a choice of foreign and local newspapers. If you seek more substantial food, nothing beats the Goldene Hirsch, an 800-year-old hotel, also on Getreidegasse.

On the other side of the river you'll find the Mozarteum, an institute that was established in the 1880s to further research on Salzburg's most eminent citizen. Alongside the Mozarteum is the Hochschule für Musik, host to countless foreign students. Here you will also find the new headquarters of the Salzburg Marionettentheater; and a few steps farther along is the Landestheater, which offers musical events as well as dramas for your entertainment.

There are many gorgeous baroque churches in Salzburg. St. Peter's, in particular, has an extraordinarily fine musical manuscript collection that includes works by Leopold and Wolfgang Mozart as well as the two Haydn brothers, Joseph and Michael.

Every event of the Salzburg Festival is sold out well in advance, so arrange for tickets as early as possible. Even the pre-festival crowd with which we mingled is a sophisticated and generally enthusiastic group composed principally of U.S. citizens. It was hard to leave Salzburg. Before we departed, we drove to Bad Ischl, the location of the home of Franz Lehar, famous as the composer of *The Merry Widow*.

We were convinced that nothing could beat Salzburg, but Vienna certainly offered competition. Besides the residences of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert, monuments and landmarks associated with Bruckner, Brahms, and Strauss are in plentiful supply. Music is everywhere in Vienna —folksy popular *Schrammel* music in the *Heurigen* (where you can taste newly produced wine), and *Zigeuner*, or gypsy music in the cafés. There were no performances at the famous opera house during the summer, but tours of the building are given daily.

The Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, home of some of the world's most precious musical manuscripts, is not free with its visiting hours: the library is open only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. The unbelievable opulence of the Austrian National Library, both the main building and its subdivisions (the Goethe Museum, the instrument collection, the manuscript collection, and the music division), leads one to realize the enormous wealth and power of the Hapsburgs. The City Archives also contain valuable music material, and the court of the Rathaus, or Town Hall, is available for concerts. There are also various concerts at the Palffy, Lobkowitz, and Schönbrunn palaces, where, occasionally, a lesser-known opera is presented for the delight of summer audiences. Sacred music is presented at the Stephansdom, the Franziskanerkirche, the Karlskirche, and the Augustinerkirche. Vienna is also a city of music publishers and music dealers. One of the best is Doblinger's, across the street from the famous Dorotheum, the auction house that displays samples of its wares in store windows facing the street.

It is often difficult to decide what to see first in this city. The visitors bureau, however, can be extremely helpful to travelers with special interests. Particularly knowledgeable is the director, Dr. Johanna Kral, who, if you give her sufficient notice, will go out of her way to provide you with personal assistance during your visit. Suggested two-, three-, and four-day tours of Vienna are for those who cannot afford to spend too much time. Our advice is to eliminate some of the other places, but stay longer in Vienna. It's still a city of the nineteenth century. The Austrians prefer it that way. □

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1973 WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR

An annual *SR* feature that should aid your travel planning.

PREPARED BY FRANCES SHEMANSKI

JANUARY

6 **San Francisco, Calif.**—500 Revolutions Exhibit at California Academy of Sciences. Through Feb. 25. Commemorates 500th anniversary of the birth of astronomer Copernicus. Also year-long events in **Torun** and throughout **Poland.** **Vienna, Austria**—Opening of opera season. Through June 30. **Milan, Italy**—Opening of opera season. Through May 26. Resumes early in December.

10 **New York, N.Y.**—Biennial Contemporary American Painting and Sculpture at Whitney Museum of American Art.

20 **Fort-de-France, Martinique, F.W.I.**—International Flower Show. Through Jan. 31. **Salzburg, Austria**—Mozart Week. Through Jan. 28.

24 **Atlanta, Ga.**—Afro-American Music Workshop at Atlanta University. Until Jan. 27.

27 **San Francisco, Calif.**—Leontyne Price Gala at Opera House, with Seiji Ozawa conducting the S.F. Symphony.

30 **Woodstock, England**—Street Life of London, 1870 Photo Exhibit. Until Feb. 17.

FEBRUARY

1 **Cheyney, Pa.**—Black History and Art Festival, Cheyney State College. Art, drama, music, and poetry (Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Gwendolyn Brooks). Through March 1. **Watertown, S.D.**—Contemporary Sioux Painting exhibit. Through Feb. 28. Also **Spearfish, S.D.,** April 1–30. **Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada**—International Graphics exhibit: Dali, Friedlander, Baskin, Calder, and Balke Lake Prints. Through Feb. 27. **San Juan, Puerto Rico—Areyto** (native ballet presentation). Through Feb. 28. **San Juan and throughout Puerto Rico**—Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra's 15th season. 20 outdoor and indoor performances with well-known soloists. Free. Through May 31. **San Remo, Italy**—Italian Popular Music Festival. Through March 30. **Vina del Mar, Chile**—International Song Festival. Through Feb. 28.

2 **Anchorage, Alaska**—Anchorage Symphony with cellist Laurien Laufman. Also Feb. 3. Joint concert with Community Chorus, Feb. 25.

3 **San Francisco, Calif.**—Chinese New Year celebrations. Special events, including parade to welcome in Year of the Ox. Through Feb. 17. **Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada**—Music Festival. Through Feb. 8.

7 **Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada**—Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Through April 4.

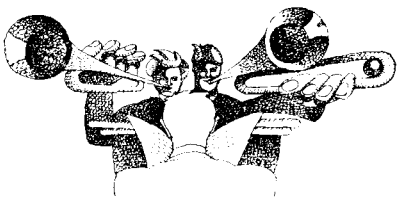
10 **Phoenix, Ariz.**—Sculpture I, North American Indian exhibition, Heard Museum. Through April 1.

12 **San Francisco, Calif.**—National Ballet of Canada with Rudolf Nureyev, Opera House. Also Feb. 13, 17–22, and 24.

18 **Viareggio, Italy**—Carnival celebrations. Through March 6.

21 **New York, N.Y.**—New York City Opera Sing '73, N.Y. State Theater. Through Feb. 28.

22 **Quebec City, Quebec, Canada**—Carnaval de Québec. Pageantry, ice sculpture, balls, parade, sports. Mardi Gras. Through March 4. **Nice, France**—Carnaval. 100th anniversary. Through March 6.



23 **Honolulu, Hawaii**—Honolulu Symphony Society. Opera. **Faust,** Also Feb. 25 and 27. **Forest Grove, Ore.**—All-Northwest Barber Shop Ballad Contest and Gay Nineties Festival. Also Feb. 24. **Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada**—Sourdough Rendezvous Winter Carnival. Through Feb. 25.

24 **Chicago, Ill.**—Arts and Crafts Movement in America exhibit, The Art Institute. Through Feb. 28.

26 **Bratislava, Czechoslovakia.**—World Figure Skating Championship. Through March 5. **Hong Kong**—Hong Kong Arts Festival. Classical and popular music, theater, and ballet. First year. Through March 24.

27 **Curacao, N.W.I.**—Carnival. Band concert and parade. Through March 6.

28 **Taos and San Juan Pueblos, N.M.**—Feather, hand, belt, and butterfly dances.

MARCH

1 **Kenai, Alaska**—8th annual Fine Arts Festival. Through March 12. **Sioux Falls, S.D.**—Sioux Empire arts festival. Through March 31. **San Juan, Puerto Rico**—7th San Juan Chamber Music Festival. Free. Through April 30. **Mazatlan, Mexico**—Carnival celebration. Starts with fiesta of flowers, art, and poetry. Through March 6. **Moe, Morwell, Traralgon,** and **Yallourin, Australia**—Latrobe Valley Festival. Drama, art, sports, and entertainment. Through March 31.

2 **Winter Park, Fla.**—Bach Festival. Also March 3.

3 **Tampa, Fla.**—Latin American Fiesta. Through March 10.

4 **Anchorage, Alaska**—Theater I presents Alaska's Jazz. **Fort-de-France and all Martinique, F.W.I.**—Only place in the world where carnaval continues through first day of Lent. Through March 7, Ash Wednesday.

9 **Dublin, Ireland**—Arts festival. Music, poetry, theater, discussions. Through March 19. **Canberra, Australia**—Festival of Arts and Sciences. Through March 18.

11 **Honolulu, Hawaii**—Juilliard Quartet Concert. Also March 13.

16 **Birmingham, Ala.**—Festival of Arts. Salute to France. Art, music, drama, opera, concerts, ballet, and International Fair. Through April 8.

17 **San Rafael, Calif.**—Annual Irish Coffee art auction. **Cologne, West Germany**—4th West German art fair. Through March 25.

23 **Philadelphia, Pa.**—Paul Gauguin monotypes exhibit, Philadelphia Museum of Art. Through May 13.

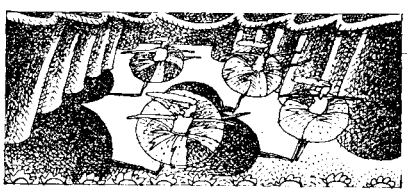
24 **Rousse, Bulgaria**—International March Music Days festival. Symphony orchestras, soloists, and conductors from various countries. Through April 7.

29 **Wellington, New Zealand**—Yehudi Menuhin performances. Also March 30. **Christchurch, New Zealand**—March 31.

APRIL

1 **Guadalajara, Mexico**—International folk festival. Modern and folkloric music, recitals, dances, art exhibits, and archeological fairs. Through June 30. **Berlin, Germany**—Jury-free Berlin art exhibition KUN. Through April 30. **Tokyo, Japan**—International Music, Drama, and Dance Festival. Through May 31. **Tokyo and Kyoto, Japan**—Cherry blossom dances. Through April 30.

4 **Ashland, Ky.**—Appalachian Artists '73 exhibit. Through April 8.



10 **New Orleans, La.**—Jazz festival and heritage fair. Through April 15.

11 **Montreux, Switzerland**—10th International Choral Festival. Through April 15.

13 **Tucson and Phoenix, Ariz.**—Yaqui Indian Ceremonials. Through April 21.

15 **Salzburg, Austria**—Easter Music Festival. Music of Beethoven, Mozart, Verdi, and Wagner under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. Through April 23. **Kortrijk, Belgium**—Festival of Flanders: 11th International Song Festival. Through April 30. **Brugge, Belgium**—International Music Festival, July 28–Aug. 11. Also at **Ghent, Brussels, Leuven.** Through Sept. 30. **Karasjok and Kautokeino, Norway**—Easter Lapp weddings. Through April 22.

20 **Mountain View, Ark.**—Ozark Foothills crafts festival. Through April 22.

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22 **Charlotte Amalie, V.I.**—Virgin Islands carnival. Calypso song competition, street dancing, steel bands. Through May 5.

25 **Montreux, Switzerland**—13th Golden Rose TV Awards. Through May 5. **Prague, Czechoslovakia**—Prague Spring '73. Song and piano international competition. Through May 13. **Jerusalem, Israel**—International Book Fair. Through April 30. **Australia**—Barossa Valley Vintage Festival. Through April 29.

27 **Pitlochry, England**—Pitlochry Festival theater season. Through Sept. 29.

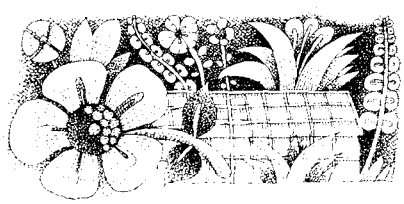
28 **Neerpelt, Belgium**—European Music Festival for Young People. Through April 30. **Hannover, Germany**—Art and antiques fair. Through May 6.

29 **Del Mar, Calif.**—Southern California Jumping Frog contest.

30 **Assisi, Italy**—The May Calends. Medieval musical contest welcomes spring. Also May 1.

MAY

1 **San Juan, Puerto Rico**—9th International Theater Festival. Eight plays in Spanish and one ballet. Through June 30. **Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico**—Casals Festival, held at University of Puerto Rico. Through June 30. **Vienna, Austria**—Copernicus Memorial Exhibition. Through Oct. 31. **Wiesbaden, West Germany**—International May Festival. Opera, ballet. Through May 30. **Bath, England**—Monarchy 1,000 celebrations. Through Sept. 30. **Florence, Italy**—*Maggio Musicale*. Through June 30. **Lisbon, Oporto, and Coimbra, Portugal**—Gulbenkian Festival. Music and song. Through June 30.



2 **Cork, Ireland**—International Choral and Folk Dance Festival. Through May 6.

3 **Recklinghausen, West Germany**—Ruhr Theater Festival. Through June 15.

5 **Northamptonshire, England**—Easter Festival of Italian Music. Through May 13. **Moscow, U.S.S.R.**—Moscow Stars. Drama, music, and ballet. Through May 13. **Zagreb, Yugoslavia**—Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, architecture, and applied arts. Through May 30. **Suva, Fiji**—2nd South Pacific Festival of Arts. Song and dance. Through May 19.

6 **Selcuk, Turkey**—Festival of Ephesus. Ancient drama and folklore. Through May 12.

7 **Jerusalem, Israel**—Independence Day celebration and parade. 25th anniversary. Three-day marching, May 28–30.

8 **Zagreb, Yugoslavia**—International Festival of Contemporary Music. Through May 20.

9 **Brighton, England**—Brighton Festival. Arts and music. Through May 20.

11 **Cannes, France**—27th International Film Festival. Through May 26.

12 **Prague, Czechoslovakia**—International Music Festival. Through June 4.

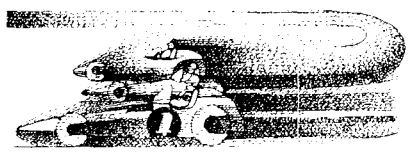
15 **Surinam**—Indian Week Festival. Cultural events mark first centenary of Indian migration to Surinam. Through mid-June.

18 **Dundalk, Ireland**—Maytime festival and amateur drama international. Competition for Carroll's Awards. Through May 27.

19 **Vienna, Austria**—Festival of Vienna. Concerts, opera, and theater. Through June 17. **Bergama, Turkey**—Festival of Pergamum. Folklore, ancient drama, and art. Through May 26.

20 **Copenhagen, Denmark**—Royal Ballet and Music Festival. Through June 6.

21 **Ljubljana, Yugoslavia**—Peasants Weddings of International Couples. Through May 26.



23 **Sofia, Bulgaria**—Music Weeks. Opera, folklore, symphony concerts, and ballet. Through June 28. **Bergen, Norway**—21st International Bergen Festival. Music, drama, and folklore. Concerts by world-famous orchestras and soloists. Daily piano recitals at Grieg's home. Through June 6.

25 **Bath, England**—Bath Festival. Music and arts. Through June 3.

26 **Thomasville, Ga.**—Deep South arts and crafts festival. Also May 27. **Montreal, Quebec, Canada**—International Music Competition. Through June 9.

27 **Jarrow, England**—Celebrations for the 1,300th anniversary of the Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, and birth of the Venerable Bede. Through June 29, 1974. **Schaffhausen, Switzerland**—International Bach Festival. Through June 3.

JUNE

1 **Stratford, Ontario, Canada**—Stratford Festival. Chamber music concerts and Shakespeare. Through mid-October. **Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada**—Shaw Festival. Shaw classics and other headliners. Through early September. Also Canadian Mime Theater. Through Sept. 30. **Chimay, Belgium**—Music Festival. Through July 31. **Dublin, Ireland**—75th anniversary celebration of the founding of the Irish Literary Theater by Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, and Edward Martyn. Twelve-week season of plays by them and by Sheridan, Shaw, Synge, and O'Casey at the Abbey and Peacock theaters. Through Aug. 31. **Milan, Italy**—Symphonic season. Through June 30. **Spoleto, Italy**—16th Festival of Two Worlds. Theater, music, art, and cinema. Through July 31. **Zagreb, Yugoslavia**—NAIVNI 73. International meetings of Naive artists. Also art exhibits. Through Sept. 15. **Antalya, Turkey**—Aspendos Festival. Performances in Roman theater, Turkish film festival, folklore, and music. Through June 8.

2 **Slunchev and Bryag, Bulgaria**—Golden Orpheus international pop song festival. Through June 6. **Plovdiv, Bulgaria**—International Chamber Music Festival. Through June 13.

3 **Nuremberg, West Germany**—International organ music week. Through June 7. **Rabaul, New Guinea**—Frangipani Week. Shows, displays, parades, art. Through June 10.

4 **Kuopio, Finland**—Dance and music festival. Classical ballet to ballroom dancing. Brass-band music. Through June 10.

5 **San Diego, Calif.**—National Shakespeare Festival, held in Balboa Park. Through Sept. 9. **Zurich, Switzerland**—International June Festival. Through July 3.

9 **Salzburg, Austria**—Bruckner concerts. Through June 11.

10 **Port Moresby, Papua**—Hiri Festival. Dancing, canoe races, singing. Through June 17. **Glyndebourne, England**—Glyndebourne opera festival. Through early August. **Paris, France**—Marais music and theater festival. Through mid-July.

11 **Lyons, France**—Festival of Lyons. Opera, drama, concerts. Through July 5.

13 **St. Louis, Mo.**—Ragtime Festival. Dixieland and ragtime bands with headliners performing aboard the *Goldenrod* Showboat at Earth City on the Missouri River. Through June 17.

14 **Montreal, Quebec, Canada**—Man and His World. Sixth season. Cultural events, exhibits. Through Sept. 3. **Canberra, Australia**—Australian Opera Season. Through July 7.

15 **Kaustinen, Finland**—Kaustinen sounds the whole summer. Folk music concerts every weekend. Through Aug. 19. **Vaasa, Finland**—Vaasa Festival. Films and theater with special children's film festival and Baltic playwrights' seminar. Through June 17. **Strasbourg, France**—35th International Music Festival. Italian festival theme. Through July 1. **York, England**—York Festival and Mystery Plays. Through July 8. **The Hague/Scheveningen, Amsterdam, Rotterdam,** and other cities, **The Netherlands.** Holland Festival. More than 100 performances of opera, music, dance, theater. New works by Netherlands National Ballet and Netherlands Dance Theater. Through July 7.

16 **Ashland, Ore.**—Oregon Shakespeare Festival. Through Sept. 9. **Wiesbaden, Germany**—Mozart Festival. Through June 31. Also at **Wurzburg.** Through June 30. **Aldeburgh, England**—Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts. Through July 3. **Cork Ireland**—Film International. Through June 23.

19 **Stratford, Conn.**—The American Shakespeare Festival. Through Sept. 2.

21 **Fairbanks, Alaska**—Annual Midnight Sun Baseball Game. Gold Panners play at midnight without artificial light. **Leningrad, U.S.S.R.**—White Nights Festival. Arts festival. Through June 29. **Istanbul, Turkey**—Festival. Music, ballet, theater. Western and Turkish works. Through July 15.

22 **Anchorage, Alaska**—Alaska Festival of Native Arts. Through June 24. **Hampton, Va.**—Hampton Jazz Festival. Hampton Institute. Guests: Ray Charles, B. B. King, Zoot Sims, Nina Simone, Kenny Burrell, Gerry Mulligan, and Dave Brubeek Trio. Also June 23.

23 **Cuzco, Peru**—Sun Festival of Incas.

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Inca dances and art and ritual. Through June 29. **Bamberg, Germany**—1,000th anniversary celebrations. Through July 1. **Granada, Spain**—22nd International Festival of Music and Dance. National Orchestra of Spain, Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin, an Artur Rubinstein recital, and London Festival Ballet. Through July 6.

25 **Ambler, Pa.**—Temple Music Festival. Classical, pops, and jazz with leading musicians and groups from many parts of the world. Through early August. **St. Albans, England**—International Organ Festival. Through June 30.

26 **New York, N.Y.**—Shakespeare Festival. Through Aug. 31. **Jyväskylä, Finland**—Jyväskylä Arts Festival. Through July 5.

28 **Lee, Mass.**—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. Through Aug. 25.

29 **New York, N.Y.**—Newport Jazz Festival. Through July 8. **Montreux, Switzerland**—7th International Jazz Festival. Blues: June 29–July 1. Jazz from Europe, July 3. Jazz from the U.S.A., July 4–8. American high school and jazz encounter with top American soloists, July 11–15.

30 **Mauritania**—Total eclipse of the sun.

JULY

1 **Prades, France**—Pablo Casals Music Festival. Through Aug. 31. **Athens, Greece**—Athens Festival. Opera, dance, ancient drama, orchestra. Through Sept. 30. **Brescia, Italy**—Classical drama and concerts. Through Aug. 31. **Genoa, Italy**—International Ballet Festival. Through July 31. **Rome, Italy**—Summer Opera Season, held at Baths of Caracalla. Through Aug. 31. **Verona, Italy**—51st opera season. Through Aug. 31. **Verona, Italy**—25th Shakespeare Festival, in a Roman theater. Through July 31. **Lausanne, Switzerland**—5th International Youth Orchestra Festival. Through Aug. 31. **Varna, Bulgaria**—International Summer Music Festival. Through July 25. **Ba'labakk, Lebanon**—International Festival. Drama, ballet, folklore, dances, and music with international stars. Through Aug. 31. **Aix-en-Provence, France**—*Festival International de Musique.* Through July 31. **Kandy, Sri Lanka (Ceylon)**—Esala Perahera. Procession of elephants, drummers, dancers, chieftains. 10-day events. Either in July or in August. Depends on the moon.

6 **Riviere-du-Loup, Quebec, Canada.**—Summer festival. Art and music. Through July 15. **Cheltenham, England**—Music festival. Through July 15.

7 **Savonlinna, Finland**—Opera festival. Opera, chamber music, and art exhibits. Mozart's *The Magic Flute* performances July 11, 12, 14 and 15.

10 **Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia**—Summer festival of opera, drama, and folklore. Through Aug. 25.

12 **Munich, Germany**—Opera Festival. Through Aug. 5.

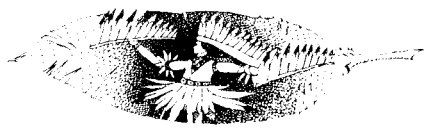
13 **Odense, Denmark**—Hans Christian Andersen Festival. Through Aug. 6. **Pori, Finland**—Jazz 73. Visiting groups and soloists from U.S.A. and Europe. Concerts, late night jam sessions, exhibits, and films. Through July 15.

14 **Kokkola and Kaustinen, Finland**—American Finns' Summer Festival. Through July 16.

15 **Bad Ischl, Austria**—Operetta Weeks. Through Sept. 9.

16 **Kaustinen, Finland**—Folk Music Festival. Through July 22. **Jerusalem, Tel Aviv,** and Amphitheater at **Caesarea** and **Ein Hod, Israel**—13th Israeli Festival of Music. Dance and drama with 25th anniversary events. Pianist Daniel Barenboim is music director. Featuring Royal Ballet, Isaac Stern, Zubin Mehta. Through Aug. 25.

19 **Edmonton, Alberta, Canada**—Klondike Days. Gold Rush days with song, dance, art and panning for gold. Through July 28.



20 **Riga, U.S.S.R.**—Song Festival. Until July 22.

21 **Bregenz, Austria**—Bregenz Festival. Opera, theater, concerts, and ballet. Through Aug. 22.

22 **Zagreb, Yugoslavia**—International Review of Original Folklore. Through July 29.

23 **Cerro del Fortin, Mexico**—*Fiesta del Cerro* (Indian feather dance). Also July 30.

25 **Bayreuth, West Germany**—Wagner Festival. Through Aug. 28.

26 **Salzburg, Austria**—Salzburg Festival. Through Aug. 30.

27 **Baie-Saint-Paul, Quebec, Canada**—Festival Folklorique. Exhibit of local artists' works, book fair, concerts and street dancing. Through Aug. 5. **Ansbach, West Germany**—Bach Festival Week. Through Aug 3.

30 **Molde, Norway**—13th International Jazz Festival. Performers from U.S.A. and Europe with Norwegian groups. Through Aug. 4.

AUGUST

1 **Prescott, Ariz.**—Annual Smoki Ceremonials and Snake Dance. Lasts for 10 days. **Burgas, Bulgaria**—International Folklore Festival. Through Aug. 10. **Salerno, Italy**—Classical drama in the Archeological Zone. Through Sept. 30. **Sopot, Poland**—International song festival. Through Aug. 31. **Johannesburg, South Africa**—International Triennial of Arts Exhibition. Through Aug. 31. **Santander, Spain**—International festival of music and dance. Symphonic and choral concerts, ballets, recitals. Through Aug. 30. **Locarno, Switzerland**—International Film Festival. Through mid-August.

3 **Monashka Bay, Kodiak, Alaska**—Historical Outdoor Drama, *Cry of the Wild Ram.* Also Aug. 4, 6, 8, 10, 11.

4 **Hindsgavl, Denmark**—Chamber Music Week. Through Aug. 11.

6 **St. Ann's, Nova Scotia, Canada**—Gaelic Mod, or Scottish Festival. Music and dance. Through Aug. 11.

10 **Jacksonville, Ore.**—Peter Britt Music and Arts Festival. Classical music by an orchestra of 50 in a wooded outdoor setting. Through Aug. 25. **New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Canada**—Festival of the Tartans, or Highland Festival. Also Aug. 11. **Turku, Finland**—Turku Music Festival. Opera, ballet, music. Through Aug. 15. **Truva, Turkey**—Festival of Troy. Ancient drama and folklore. Through Aug. 18.

15 **Lucerne, Switzerland**—International music festival. Through Sept. 8.

16 **Tampere, Finland**—Tampere Theatre Summer. Through Aug. 21.

19 **Edinburgh, Scotland**—Edinburgh International Festival. Through Sept. 8.

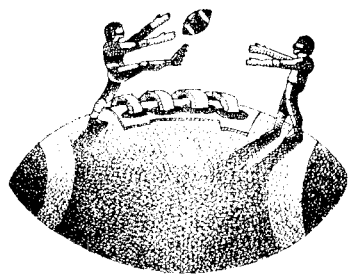
20 **Julian, Calif.**—Weed Show and Art Mart. Through Sept. 4. **Izmir, Turkey**—International Fair. Industrial exhibits, folk festival, theater, and art. Through Sept. 20.

23 **Helsinki, Finland**—Helsinki Festival. Concerts, drama, opera, ballet, film, jazz, and pop music. Through Sept. 9.

24 **Letterkenny, Ireland**—International Folk Dance Festival. Through Aug. 31.

27 **Shiraz, Iran**—Festival of Arts. Music, drama, ballet, poetry. Through Sept. 7.

31 **Montreux-Vevey, Switzerland**—28th International Music Festival. Through Sept. 30.



SEPTEMBER

1 **Mexico City, Mexico**—Mexican regional dances and music. International Jazz Festival, third week of September. Through Sept. 30. **Copenhagen, Denmark**—The Royal Theater season begins. Alternates with ballet, opera, and drama. Through Nov. 30. **Aarhus, Denmark**—Festival Week. Symphony concerts and art exhibits. Through Sept. 9. **Besancon, France**—International Music Festival and competition for young conductors. Through Sept. 30. **Venice, Italy**—International Drama Festival. Through Oct. 30. **Ehden, Lebanon**—Festival of the Cedars. Drama and music. Through Sept. 30. **Melbourne, Australia**—Art Show. Through Sept 9. **Rio de Janeiro, Brazil**—International Song Festival. Through Sept. 30.

6 **Sochi, U.S.S.R.**—Golden Autumn Festival. Music and art. Through Sept. 20.

8 **Geneva, Switzerland**—International Musical Instrument Exhibition. Through Sept. 16.

9 **Geneva and Lausanne, Switzerland**—World Music Week. Through Sept. 15.

15 **Philadelphia, Pa.**—Philadelphia Orchestra season. Academy of Music. Through Jan. 31. **Pendleton, Ore.**—Pendleton Round-Up and Happy Canyon Pageant. Top rodeo and an Indian drama. Through Sept. 18. **Waterford, Ireland**—International Festival of Light Opera. Through Sept. 30.

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17 **Varna, Bulgaria**—25th World Congress of Philosophy. Through Sept. 22.
19 **Perugia, Italy**—*Sagra Musicale* Umbra. Through Oct. 3.
21 **Monterey, Calif.**—Jazz Festival. 16th year. Through Sept. 23. **Tbilisi, U.S.S.R.**—Georgian Arts Festival. Through Sept. 26.
22 **Trujillo, Peru**—International Spring Festival. Concerts, drama, and folklore. Through Sept. 29. **Munich, Germany**—Oktoberfest. Beer and song. Through Oct. 7. **Warsaw, Poland**—International Festival of Contemporary Music. Classical with avant-garde music. Through Sept. 30.
23 **Barcelona, Spain**—International Music Festival. Through Oct. 30.

OCTOBER

1 **Montreal, Quebec, Canada**—Dramatic productions by the Théatre du Nouveau Monde and other companies, held at Place des Arts. Also Montreal Symphony concerts, opera, and ballet. Through Dec. 31. **San Juan, Puerto Rico**—5th Musical Journey of America and Spain. Free. Through Oct. 31. **Guadalajara, Mexico**—Cultural, sports, theatrical, and film festival. Also art and the ballet. Through Oct. 31. **Cheltenham, England**—Festival of Literature. Through Oct. 31. **Thessaloniki, Greece**—The *Demetria* Festival. Byzantine drama, opera, ballet, and music. Through Oct. 31. **Dublin, Ireland**—Theater Festival. Through Oct. 13. **Warsaw, Poland**—Jazz Festival. Through Oct. 31. **Kiev, U.S.S.R.**—Ukrainian Arts Festival. Through Oct. 10. **Zagreb, Yugoslavia**—6th International Festival of Puppet Theaters. Official language is Esperanto, but translations are available. Through Oct. 7.
5 **Canberra, Australia**—Musica Viva, 4th Canberra Spring Festival. Through Oct. 13.
6 **Graz, Austria**—Styrian Autumn Festival. Music, drama, ballet, folklore. Through Oct. 25.
16 **Sitka, Alaska**—Alaska Day Festival. Reenactment of transfer of Alaska to U.S.A. from Russia. Through Oct. 18.
17 **Vienna, Austria**—Anton Faistauer Memorial exhibition. Through Nov. 30.
25 **Wexford, Ireland**—Festival Opera. Also chamber music, recitals, films, exhibits. Through Nov. 4.

NOVEMBER

1 **Rome, Italy**—Opera Season. Through May of 1974.
5 **San Juan, Puerto Rico**—8th Festival of Puerto Rican Music. Symphonic and folkloric concerts, musicals, and dancing. Through mid-December.

DECEMBER

2 **Konya, Turkey**—Festival of *Mevlana* (Whirling Dervishes). Ritual performances to sound of flute. Through Dec. 17.
19 **Orlando, Fla.**—Tangerine Bowl Festival. Football and pageantry. Through Dec. 28.
25 **Moscow, U.S.S.R.**—Russian Winter Festival Theater, ballet, concerts. Through Jan. 5.

THE MOVIE MUSEUM

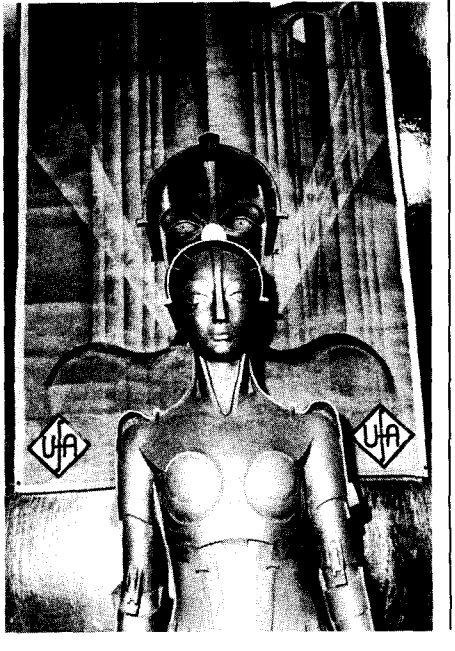
BY JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

Henri Langlois's latest creation, the Cinema Museum in Paris, finally opened last summer, a year and a half behind schedule. Only a few of the exhibits were labeled, and five months later the long-awaited catalogue of the exposition has not yet appeared. But even in its present state, the Cinémathèque Francaise is already the most influential film archive in the world.

Langlois's "Seventy-five Years of World Cinema" occupies sixty rooms in the curving promenade of the Palais de Chaillot, directly across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower; the present exhibit represents less than one-tenth of the Cinémathèque's collection of movie memorabilia. From the beginning, the Turkish-born film historian has tried to save everything: to impose selective criteria, he believes, is to anticipate the critical standards of the future. If the result is a cross between a crowded attic and a carnival funhouse, with all its calculated effects, this approach also permitted such young critics as Jean-Luc Godard, Jacques Rivette, and Francois Truffaut in the 1950s to take crash courses in every kind of cinema before making their own movies.

The vision of the Cinémathèque's founder encompasses both Marilyn Monroe and Eisenstein; stray souvenirs and essential artifacts are given equal prominence. As visitors pass through the German Expressionist sets of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,* they discover a blown-up picture of Nosferatu, the original German Dracula, lurking behind one of the slanted doorways. In a dark passageway celebrating the early talkies, an illuminated city set from *Broadway Melody* twinkles over sheet music of the same period and scripts of *Scarface* and *Street Scene,* while a passionate love scene from King Vidor's *Hallelujah* is projected on a small screen. In a blazing red alcove, the paranoiac intensity of *Ivan the Terrible* is evoked in Eisenstein's pre-production sketches, while Cocteau's Beast (from *Beauty and the Beast)* stands sentry just outside.

Robot at rest: This lady robot was featured in Fritz Lang's Metropolis, *filmed in 1928.*



The museum's labyrinthine progression is roughly chronological, beginning with magic lanterns, panoramas, and other optical toys of pre-cinema and culminating in a vast mélange that represents the last twenty-odd years of film. You come on Edison's first motion-picture camera; whole rooms devoted to such pioneers as Louis Lumière and Georges Méliès; a miniature replica of the Pathé Studio in 1905; Eric von Stroheim's Prussian uniform; a campy self-portrait by Asta Nielsen, the Danish silent star, fashioned out of scraps of the dresses she wore in her films; a cubist Charlie Chaplin constructed by Fernand Léger and used in his *Ballet Mécanique* in 1924; the robot Maria from *Metropolis;* sets and posters of René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté;* production designs for *Citizen Kane;* brightly colored cartoon sketches by Fellini of Giulietta Masina in *La Strada* and *Nights of Cabiria;* the score of *An American in Paris,* annotated by Gene Kelly when he blocked out the ballet sequence; two of Delphine Seyrig's Dior dresses from *Last Year at Marienbad;* and a beggar's coat worn in Kurosawa's latest film, *Dodeskaden.*

Many of the costumes, such as Jean-Louis Barrault's harlequin outfit from *Children of Paradise,* are laid out to suggest ghostly apparitions of the actors who wore them. Near the end of the show, you discover James Dean's red zipper-jacket cradling the script of *Rebel Without a Cause* and rubbing shoulders with Jean Yanne's fur-collared jacket from *Le Boucher,* which clutches a handwritten scenario of the Chabrol film in an empty sleeve. Close by are an evening gown from *Lola Montès* and, stretched out on a luxurious divan, a dress worn by Marilyn Monroe in *Let's Make Love.* Beyond that, down the steps, and into the Cinémathèque's basement auditorium—where five films are shown daily at nominal prices (80 cents per film, 60 cents for students)—you arrive at the giant movie screen, the source of all these dreams and phantoms. □

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ONE MAN'S SEARCH FOR BARGAIN ART

Phooey on the critics, says this traveling collector who buys what he likes.

I am a middle-class collector. My home is filled with art, most of it acquired during a decade of travel as a journalist. The average price of these paintings was under $100. The painting I value most cost me $13. It is a heart-rending statement, done with printer's ink, of Brazil's impoverished Northeast.

Visitors to my West Los Angeles home compare the artist, José María, to Goya. I am told that the works of my Brazilian discovery now command large prices. But it is not the admiration of my friends, nor the possibility of a profit that has motivated my purchases. It is the knowledge that if I wish to live amidst art that I like, I must acquire it by unconventional means.

My "method"—and yours, if you choose—is to seek out unestablished artists in underdeveloped countries. I commend this method to you as the occasion for some exciting, off-beat foreign travel—and as the only way I know to avoid the high prices of the established art markets of the world.

To make a collection of this kind requires a certain resolve. You must accept the likelihood that your painters' works may never be hung in museums, galleries, or mansions. You must rely on your taste. And you should buy your paintings to keep, not to profit.

I have never sold a painting, and I have no current plans to do so. I'm comforted by the notion that my paintings might afford me a hedge against inflation, but I'm not certain that they do. The art I buy may never have a market.

I never buy paintings preceded by an "a" or an "an." I don't own *a* Kandinsky, or *an* Ernst. I'd love to, but I can't.

The key to my collection is that I accepted that reality from the outset. Each of my paintings gives me something I could never get from the work of an established artist. I found these paintings. I bought them on instinct. I did not buy them because of critical assurances that my taste would be applauded. Yet after living with them for years, I have the feeling that I am surrounded by my own Kandinskys and Ernsts.

Can one discover a talented painter before he receives commercial recognition? The answer, emphatically, is yes. An episode that occurred several years ago will help me make my point.

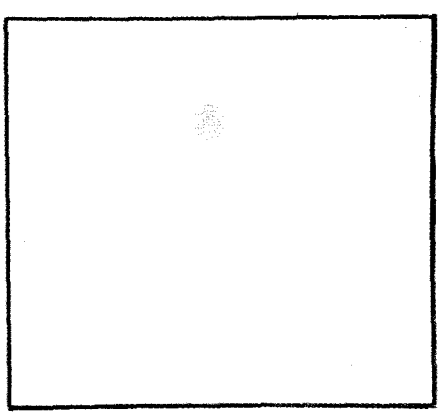
On my return from a two-year stay in Latin America, I took several canvases to a Manhattan framer whose clients included many prominent American artists. The framer had never seen the work of any of my artists, nor had he heard of them. He said little about several of my canvases, but one of them set him raving. It was an abstract expressionist work in umber, blues, and black that conveyed some hint of the storm raging within the artist, a Brazilian, Loio Persio.

"That," said the framer, "is a painting."

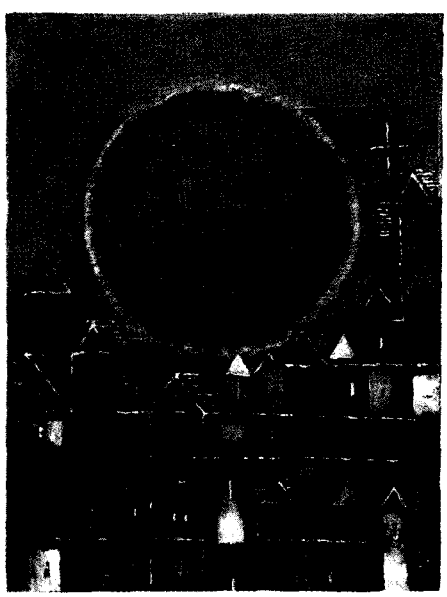
Despite everything I've said above, there are moments when I'm as curious as the next man about the commercial value of my paintings. "How much would a painting like that cost in the United States?" I asked.

The framer shrugged. I was asking a difficult question, he said. The value of a painting depended on the reputa-

This is Leonard Gross, an art lover who also loves bargains.



"A Vontade No. 12," oil on canvas, by Brazilian Kenichi Kaneko. Purchased in São Paulo in 1963 for $100.



Cityscape, oil on wood, by Czechoslovakian artist Richard Fremund. Purchased in Prague in 1968 for $100.

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BY LEONARD GROSS

tion of the artist and the demand for his work.

I understood that, I said. But what would it cost me to buy a painting of this quality in the United States?

The framer chewed his lip, hemmed, hawed, studied the painting, and said, "Five thousand dollars."

Now it was my turn to falter.

"Well, what *did* you pay?" the framer demanded at last.

"Two hundred dollars," I replied.

The point is *not* my presumed profit. It is what I would have had to pay to collect equivalent *quality* in art commercially.

Most of my paintings were purchased directly from the artists. Making contact requires some extra effort, but the prize may be more than a well-priced painting. It may be a means of gaining insights into a country that you would otherwise miss.

In most cases, the artists I met were just as eager to talk as they were to sell me art. Occasionally, the sale became incidental to our friendship, and paintings were offered to me at prices below their value. On two occasions—and despite my protests—they were gifts.

One of those gifts, it developed, was an investment by the artist. He needed help more than money. I offer this story to indicate the kinds of personal involvement that are possible when you seek out foreign artists.

Henri Mavrodin was a Rumanian—young, small, and nervous. He had never, he said, sold a painting; it was obvious that he was saving them for some future, better market. He supported himself by carving wood blocks for books produced by the state. At night and on weekends, he painted for himself. Would I like to see his work? Indeed I would, I said, and he led me into his studio.

I had never seen paintings like them. A singular mind was revealed in them. The commentary was devastating. Each canvas was a battleground of social and psychological torment. These were works of art, not statements, yet those that related to the artist's experience had the impact of a political vision as painted by Dali.

As both journalist and collector, I quivered. I asked if anyone had ever compared him to Dali. He replied that he had heard of Dali but had never seen his work. Some people had called him a surrealist, but he wasn't certain that he was.

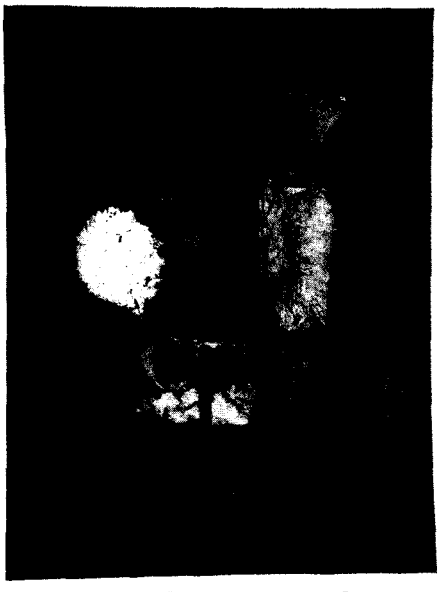
I saw Henri Mavrodin several times again. Each time I went to his studio, I lingered at a painting, nine by eleven inches, of several medieval dancers, one of them blurred to convey motion in a manner I'd seen used in photography but never before in painting. On my last visit, Mavrodin took it from the wall and handed it to me. I protested. He insisted. I said I would take the painting only if I could pay for it. He said the painting was not for sale.

I sensed then what he wanted: my support. It was a price I was eager to pay.

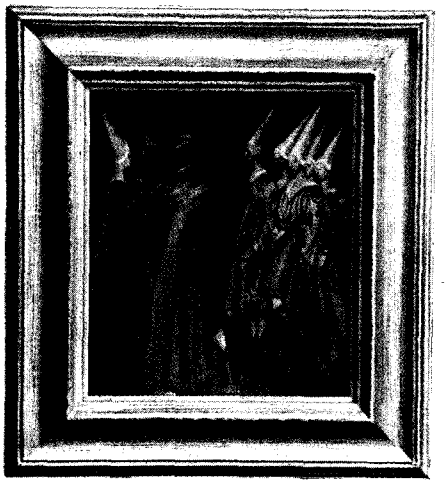
In Paris and London during the next months, I showed color slides of Mavrodin's work to the owners of leading galleries. They confirmed my judgment of his work, and offered to represent him if he could get his paintings out of Rumania.

A few months later, Mavrodin exhibited at a show in Brussels and won a prize. He cabled for money. I sent it. A week later, he appeared in Paris. He had used my money, he said, to visit Amsterdam.

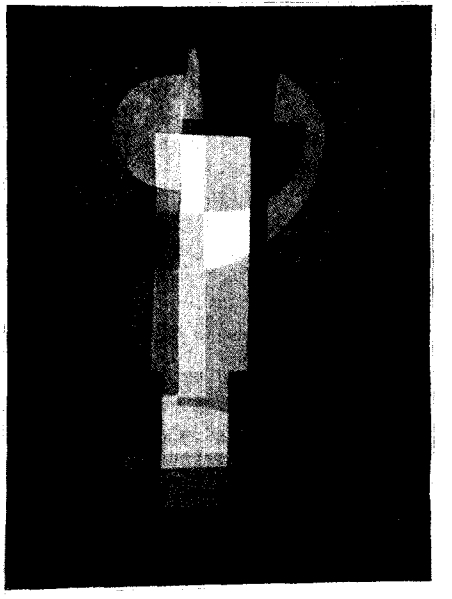
Instinctively, I angered. It was one



Untitled, oil on canvas, by Brazilian artist José Maria. Purchased in Rio de Janeiro in 1962 for $45.



"Corul Madrigal," oil on wood, by Rumanian Henri Mavrodin. A gift, presented in Bucharest in 1968.



Untitled, oil on canvas, by Peruvian Martinez Silva. Purchased in Lima in 1951 for $60.

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If you haven't hit it off, he'll refer you to his gallery. If you have, he'll take you home.

thing to assist a destitute artist; it was another to finance his vacation.

"I went to see the Rembrandts," Mavrodin said. "I had never before seen a Rembrandt."

I realized, in that moment, what an extraordinary gift I had been able to give my Rumanian painter-friend in exchange for his gift to me.

I can't guarantee you such involvement. You may not even wish it. But I can assure you that meeting good unknown foreign artists is not as difficult as you might imagine.

Obviously, it's no bargain to spend $2,000 on travel in order to pick up a $100 painting. Bargain art can only be a by-product of a trip you'd like to make anyway. *I* happen to be partial to travel in less well-developed countries. I've been to forty countries; my greatest memories, most authentic experiences, *and* best paintings are from such countries as Brazil, Chile, Peru, Colombia, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania.

Wherever you choose to go, some advance preparation is necessary for a successful trip. First, visit your local library to learn something about the art in the country you plan to visit. Second, you may wish to find out how far your art dollar will go. My favorite economic indicator is the cost of a good room in the best hotel in the country's capital. If that room is inexpensive, the paintings probably are, too.

Third, contact the country's cultural affairs officer in Washington (look under Embassies in the D.C. telephone directory, available in most libraries). He may be able to supply you with a list of leading artists, a description of their works, and names of galleries where quality paintings can be purchased at reasonable prices.

I would also propose that you write or call upon the cultural affairs officer of the American embassy in the capital of the country you're visiting. He'll be more helpful if you tell him that you're looking not just for bargains but for human contact as well.

I cannot imagine a developing nation in which the best artists would not be known to the U.S. cultural affairs officer. In all probability, artists are among his closest friends. He might even own their works. One of my favorite paintings was bought off the wall of the U.S. cultural attaché's office in Lima, Peru.

As I entered her office, I saw the painting hanging behind her head. "Wow," I said, "I've been looking all over Latin America for that."

"I'll sell it to you," she said at once, "and buy another I like better."

The price was $60.

If your first contacts with an artist go well, I propose that you invite him to dinner. In due course, he'll make it possible for you to see his work. Your relationship will determine the way in which this happens. If you haven't hit it off, he'll refer you to his gallery. If you have, he'll take you home.

Buying can be tricky. The dollar may not be as strong abroad as it once was, but to an unknown foreign artist, it may still be very attractive. If you give dollars directly to an artist, you are theoretically breaking the law. In certain countries, the practice may actually be tolerated. It is *never* tolerated in the socialist countries. There, to deal lightly with currency is to offend the national pride, and the punishment is jail.

In Eastern Europe, particularly, be certain to check into the laws governing the purchase and exportation of works of art. Contemporary works are not considered national treasures and are therefore exportable. But if the country maintains fiscal control over art, then purchases must be arranged through a government gallery. That's not so ominous as it sounds. The most reassuring discovery I made as a reporter in Eastern Europe was that a great deal of creative integrity has survived twenty-five years of socialism.

There are still other avenues to good art. Some cities hold art fairs at regular intervals. Others have special areas frequented by street artists.

Will you find good art? Obviously, that's up to you. We're all vulnerable to scrutiny; we all like to be confirmed in our taste. But for those willing to risk collecting art on their own, rather than relying on the security of critically-validated works, there's a special reward—a collection as emphatically yours as your signature. □

Leonard Gross is a former European Editor of Look. *His book,* 1985, *was published in 1972 by W. W. Norton.*

Tips for Traveling Bargain Art Collectors

Once you decide to start your own collection of art by unknown artists, the world becomes a gallery. Following are just a few of the many places you might look:

Kenya: In Nairobi, the City Market on Muindi Mbingu Street is an African-style bazaar that sells wooden carvings, paintings, hangings, tie-dyed materials, clothes, food, and other articles. Frequently, native artists sell their wares along nearby streets. Also try the Maendbleo Ya Wanawake (The Women's Progress), a shop that carries native arts and crafts by Kenyan women. Local craftsmen in most of the country's small villages are also eager to display their wares.

Colombia: La Calle (The Street) in Bogotá, the capital city of Colombia, is closed to traffic and filled with galleries, and cafés. Bogotá galleries that feature paintings and sculptures by Colombian artists include the Biblioteca Luis Angel Arango, a library that exhibits contemporary and inexpensive works, and those at two bookstores: the Libreria Central and the Galeria Bucholz. Also in Bogotá are the Galeria de Arte Moderno, Galeria El Calejón, and Galeria de Arte '70.

The city of Cali in Colombia hosts a national art festival every year from June 14 to June 24. Also in Cali, try the Museo de La Tertulia, a gallery that is really a cultural center bustling with art exhibits, poetry readings, and happenings. Street artists, painters, and sculptors can also be found at the Parque de Bolivar in the city of Medellín. Be sure to visit the Museo de Zea in Medellín, which holds regular exhibits by little-known Colombian artists.

Brazil: Check out the local artists and craftsmen at the art fair held every Sunday in Rio de Janeiro at the Praca General Osorio in the Ibanema district of town. The fair is sponsored by the Rio Museum of Art. Also visit the Petite Galerie and the Galeria Bonino for quality paintings and sculpture by young, little-known artists.

Rumania: In Bucharest, you can find paintings and sculptures at the galleries Orizont, Apollo, and Simeza. The city of Cluj in Transylvania has two excellent galleries that specialize in art works by little-known painters and sculptors: the Iasi Gallery and the Timisoara Gallery.

In and around the town of Suceava in northern Moldavia, you may be able to find local artists who sell their paintings. The town of Tirgiu-Jui, the native city of Constantin Brancusi, is known for Brancusi's monumental sculptures dedicated to local heroes killed during World War I. The village of Tismana is thirty-one kilometers from Tirgui-Jui. It is a center of handicraft and carpet manufacturing where interesting artifacts can be found.

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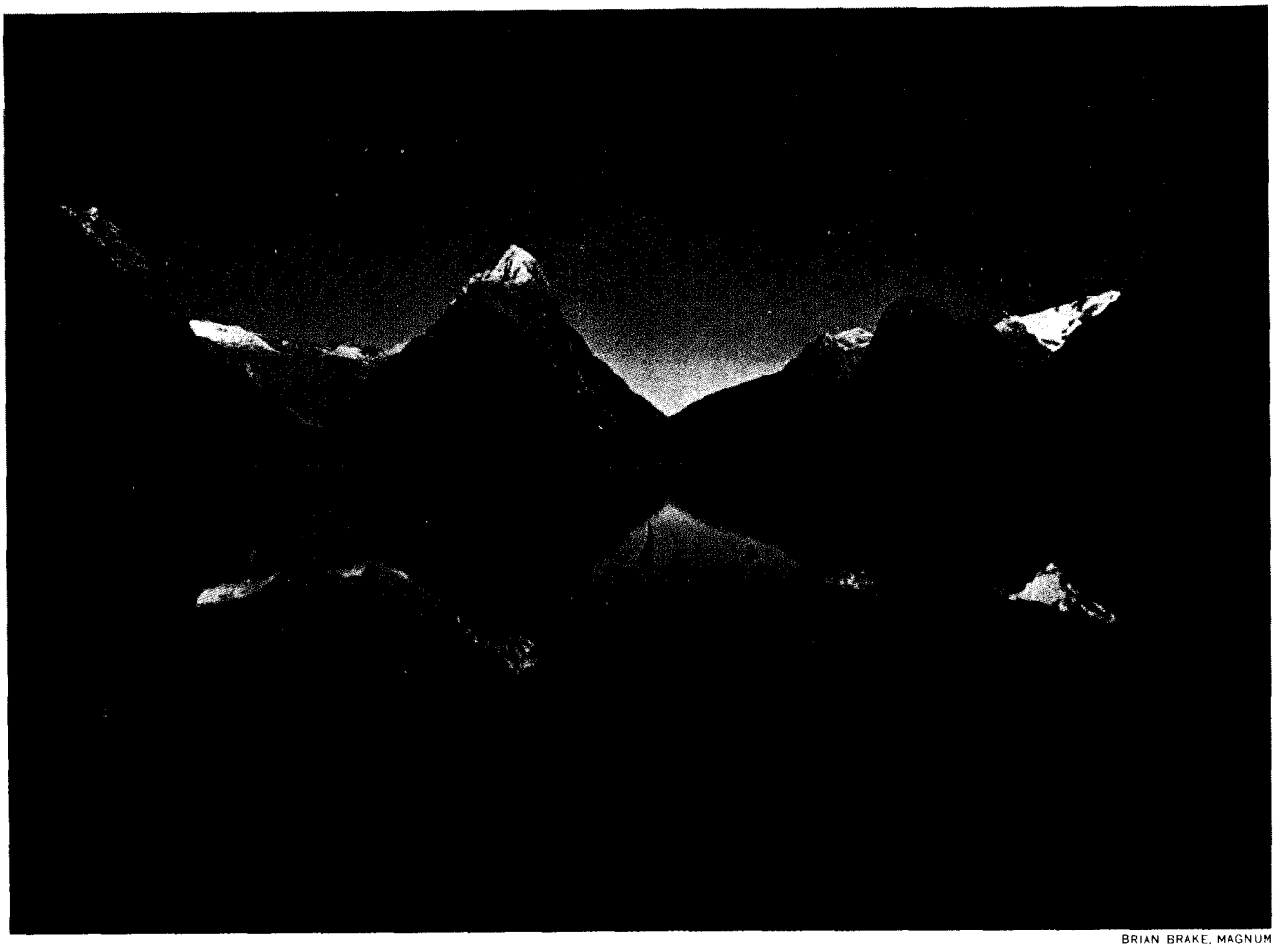

BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM

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Alps covering an area larger than all Switzerland; geysers hurling steamy plumes high into the air; smoking volcanoes; the largest glacier anywhere in the world outside the Pole. For sheer scenic splendor, New Zealand is unmatched by any country on earth. For warm hospitality, you can't meet the match of the friendly New Zealanders. For more information about New Zealand, see your travel agent or send the coupon to us, and we'll send you our new free Kiwi Travel Pack, containing colorful brochures which will tell you everything you will want to know about New Zealand . . . the Land of the Long White Cloud.

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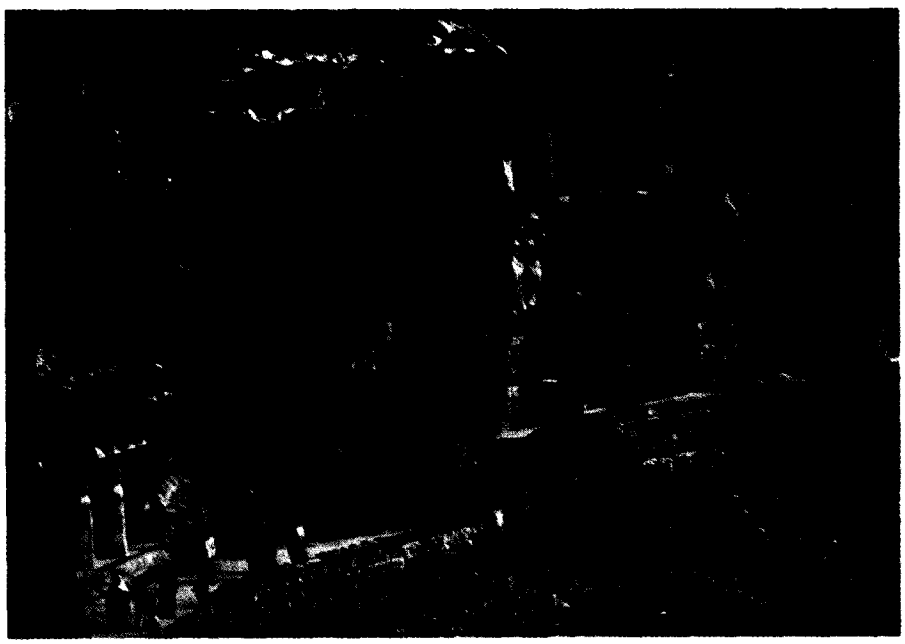
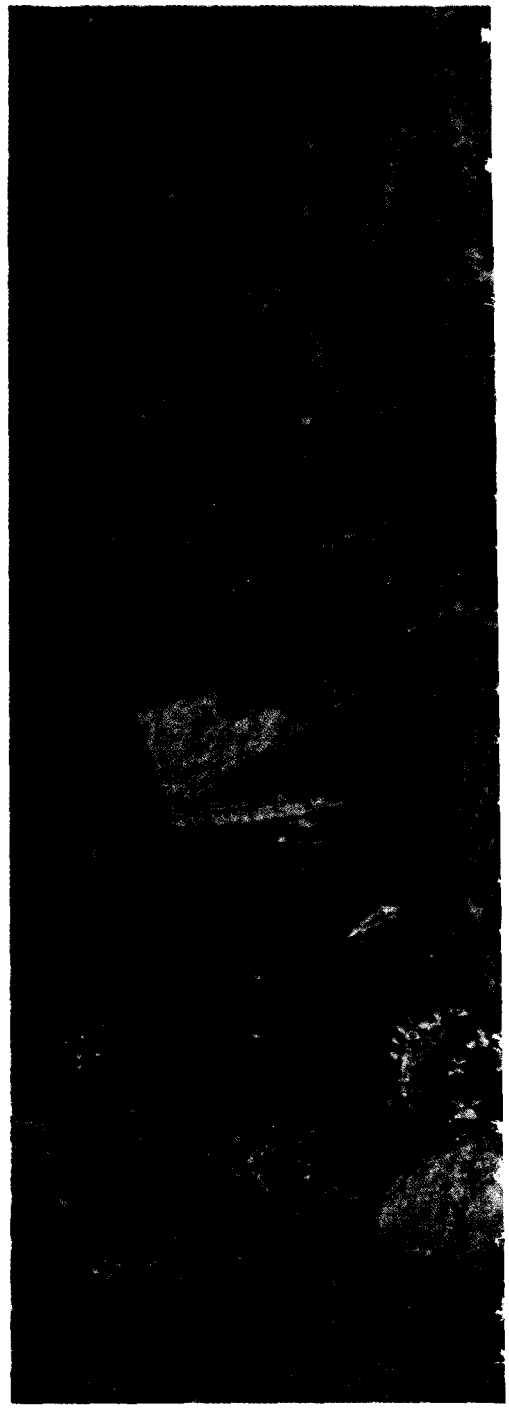
THE UNDERGROUND ART OF INDIA

These images were painted many, many years ago.

BY FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD





In a country full of mysterious and awe-inspiring places, this is one of the strangest and most astonishing of all: India's greatest gallery of medieval art, the Ajanta caves, carved from a cliffside by countless sculptors between 1,500 and 2,000 years ago. Most of the paintings on these walls are festive and light-hearted, yet the prevailing atmosphere is somber and subterranean. Ringed with stubby basalt columns, the temple interiors are rather like compression chambers. It makes you wonder if some Freudian impulse caused this tunneling into the recesses of Mother Earth.

Frederic V. Grunfeld is an editor of Horizon *and a frequent visitor to India.*

Had the temples been above ground, their painted walls would have disintegrated long ago. Inaccessibility has saved Ajanta, until now. Tucked away in an inhospitable corner of the Deccan plateau, Ajanta was the perfect place to hide an art treasure for a thousand years. (Bombay is 360 miles away, and Aurangabad, the nearest town important enough for an airport, is sixty-six miles to the southwest.)

You can drive along a new highway to within a stone's throw of the caves without suspecting their presence: the whole complex of temples is hidden out of sight in a horseshoe bend of the Waghora River, a point where the stream cascades over seven waterfalls into a chasm 250 feet deep. The entrances were blocked by landslides after the monastery was abandoned (which presumably occurred during the decline of Buddhism in the seventh century). The temples were sealed like a time capsule. They were not rediscovered until 1819, when a hunting party of British officers noticed some openings in the scree and decided to investigate.

At left is an exterior view of the Ajanta Caves. In the painting above, prince Vishvantara, who was banished from the kingdom for excessive generosity, is shown dispensing alms.

Much that is regrettable has happened since then, including misguided attempts by art experts to "preserve"

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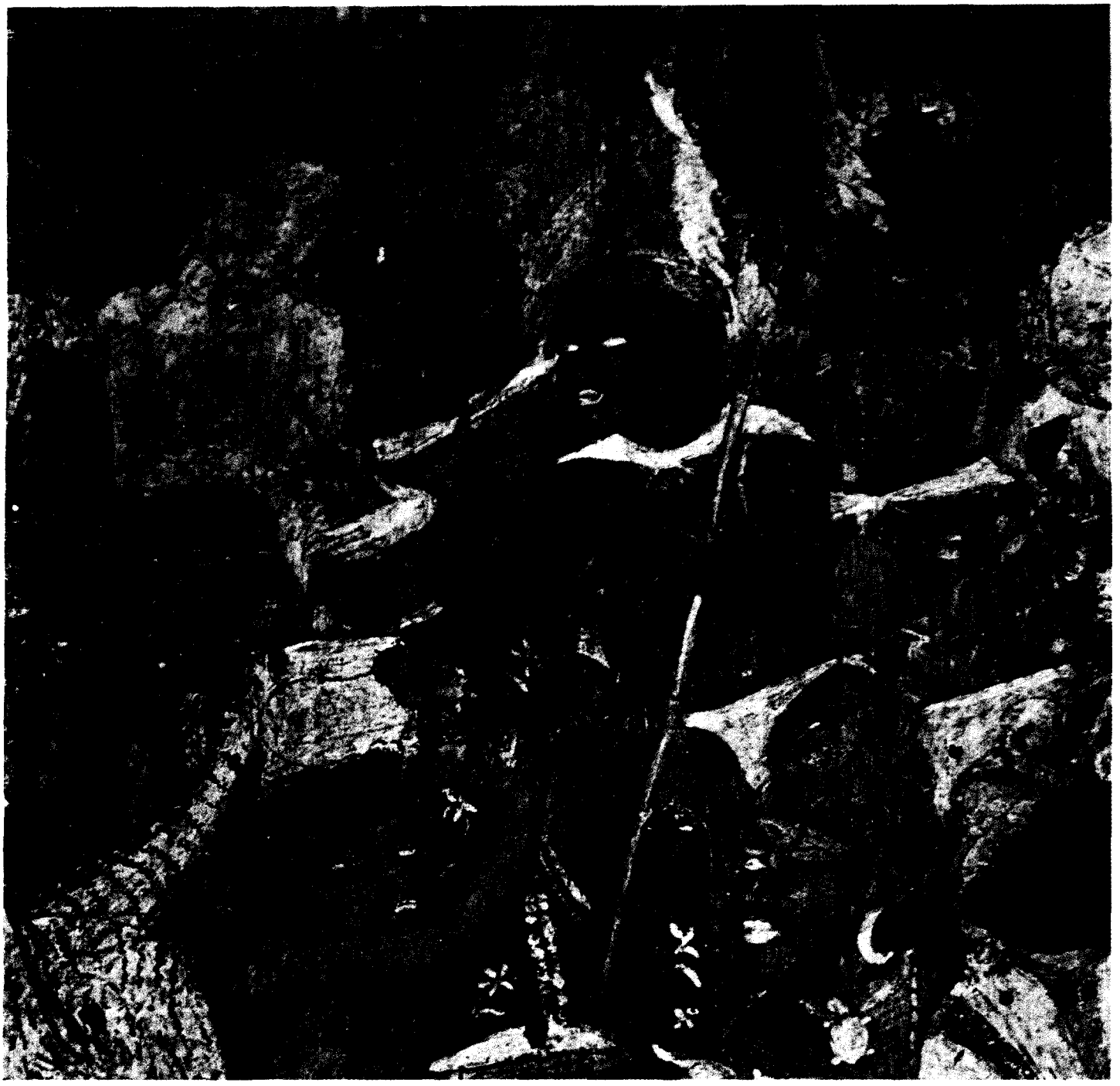

the frescoes with coats of varnish or shellac—an irreversible maltreatment that darkened the colors and gave them a faint gloss, *à la* old Dutch masters. And yet Ajanta remains a place of very powerful magic, "frequented by great *yogins*," as one of the sixth-century rock inscriptions has it, "resonant with the chirpings of birds and chatterings of monkeys."

There are thirty caves in all, some of them *chaityas*, sanctuaries for worship, and others designed as living quarters for monks—*viharas*. Apparently all of them were originally decorated with paintings and sculptures, but now only six still contain important frescoes. The stone sculptures, too, were once covered with plaster and polychromed, so that the whole monastery was ablaze with color. The eye was absorbed in a variety of sculpture, painting, and architecture, as if to confirm the Sanskrit aesthetic maxim: "the nature of beauty assumes new forms every moment."

Conspicuously absent from this medieval Buddhist community are the monsters and demons that guard most Hindu temples. Here the Buddha, worshipped as the redeemer, touches everything with the benign serenity of his eightfold way. Even the goddess Hariti, sometimes pictured eating Hindu babies, appears here as the guardian deity of children, a sort of divine governess.

Images of the Buddha are everywhere, as one might expect, yet these were a latter-day development in Ajanta's history. When the first caves were created around 200 B.C., Buddhism was essentially a people's liberation movement resisting the oppressions of the Hindu caste system; Buddhists, like the early Christians, took pains to avoid the charge of idolatry. The presence of the Buddha was indicated symbolically in their religious art by a tree or some other emblem. But by the fourth century A.D. the second round of building began at Ajanta. Indian Buddhism had become a far more permissive and prosperous creed, with a tendency to conspicuous consumption. Buddhist merchants grew rich on the lucrative trade with China and the Mediterranean countries, yet orthodox Hindus were

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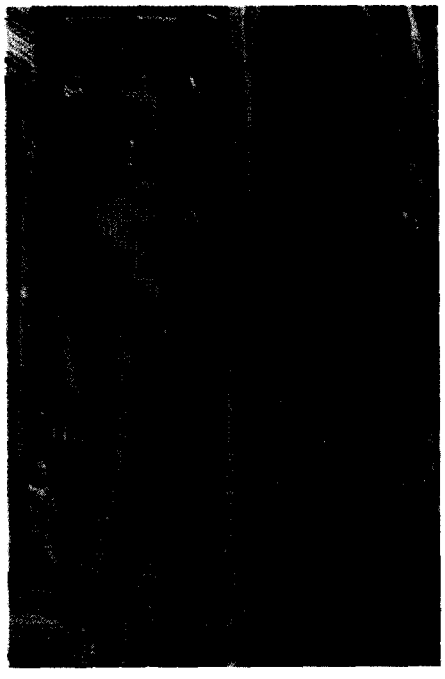

not allowed to travel by sea or to have contact with impure foreigners.

Painters and sculptors of the new Buddhism, *Mahayana* or Greater Vehicle Buddhism, had no qualms about portraying the Buddha in his many legendary incarnations as well as his life as a redeemer. Both themes cover the walls at Ajanta: the life of Gautama the Buddha, with its many curious parallels to the life of Christ, and the *jataka* stories of his previous incarnations as a *Bodhisattva* who worked for the good of mankind, choosing to forego nirvana until his work was completed. According to the fables, Buddha could appear in every sort of human or animal form—as a king, a commoner, a talking goose, or a wild elephant.

Without the eight-volume guide to the murals written by an Indian scholar, you may have some trouble unraveling the narrative of these frescoes, which—like the lives of the *Bodhisattva*—follow no particular order. In Cave 2, for example, there are fragments of the "annunciation" in which Maya, the Buddha's mother, dreams that an elephant with six tusks has entered her body. The story of this miraculous nativity is taken up again in Cave 16. In this case, however, the masterpiece concerns a figure in a secondary legend: the "Dying Princess," Sundari, who is shown at the moment of grief as she learns that her husband, Nanda, the Buddha's half-brother, has renounced earthly pleasures in order to become a monk.

The men in these frescoes are surrounded by women of waspish waists and melon-shaped breasts, dressed in either diaphanous garments or the proto-brassieres that prefigured the *choli* and *angiya* worn today under the traditional Indian costume. Not for them, at any rate, were the all-enveloping *saris* of modern Hindu usage. One wonders if the monks living in ancient Ajanta could really have foregone all earthly pleasures under these circumstances. I noticed, too, that the *jataka* painters take a suspiciously male-chauvinist delight in depicting the consternation of the wives whenever the hero-saint announces his determination to retire from active service as a husband.

In Cave 17, which contains the richest group of paintings, there are two memorable elephant episodes: the tale of the *Bodhisattva* elephant who pulls out his own tusks to oblige his wife of an earlier incarnation; and the scene in which a rogue elephant on the rampage is tamed by the overwhelming compassion of the Buddha. Another mural is devoted to the cautionary tale of how Prince Simhala liberated Ceylon from the rule of ogresses who had the power to change themselves into beautiful women. The *Mother and Child Before Buddha* at the rear of the cave is like a prophecy of an Italian Renaissance Madonna, but the most elegantly expressive fresco of them all is the *jataka* flanking the entrance, in which the compassionate prince Vishvantara consoles his wife for their banishment from his father's court.

Ajanta is a place of powerful magic.

As they illustrated these fables, the Ajanta painters also opened a window on their own lives and times. Here are courts and gardens, dancers and musicians, crowds in the marketplaces, ceremonial baths and bullfights, even foreign visitors—then as now distinguished by their fierce beards and outlandish headgear. Many of these details confirm the incredible tenacity of Indian traditions: scrolled brocades and spotted muslins similar to those worn by the people in these frescoes can still be purchased in Indian bazaars; so can the water-jugs and the copper vessels they carry.

Fishing boats of the sort shown in Cave 1, with totemic eyes painted on the hulls, are still at work along the South Indian coast. And in the harbor of Bombay, there are still scores of wooden ships like the one shown in Cave 2—a three-master with a full set of sails and an open hold for carrying cargo. Ships like these, owned by Buddhist merchants, carried Indian silks, spices, and jewels to the Romans via the Gulf of Suez and Alexandria. They traded for Roman gold pieces, and they were so successful that the India trade threatened to bankrupt the imperial treasury: Pliny complained that the trade was costing Rome 550 million sesterces a year. Much of this wealth was poured into construction of bigger and better cave temples in western India; Ajanta is merely one of thirteen major centers of this kind.

Donations for cave temple construction became a recognized Buddhist mode of acquiring merit for the next world; this accounts for the fact that, to date, archeologists have identified more than 1,000 cave temples. The donors of these temples liked to inscribe their names upon the result, as do our modern philanthropists: "This is the meritorious gift of the reverend Dharmasena," says one typical inscription. But one of the patrons of Ajanta—the man responsible for the construction of Cave 26—was more specific about his motives. "Why should not a monument be raised by those possessing wealth, desirous of mundane happiness as also of liberation?" he asks rather defensively, at the outset of a long Sanskrit inscription. He identifies himself as a man of substance, Buddhabhadra by name, who has become a monk: "born of a noble family, endowed with great learning, with his mind purified by righteous conduct . . . ." It is not only for his own sake that he has endowed this *vihara,* but in memory of his parents and for a "steadfast, grateful, wise, learned, and expert" friend, now dead, who was once the king's minister.

"A man continues to enjoy himself in paradise so long as his memory is green in the world. One should, therefore, set up a memorial on the mountain that will endure as the moon and the sun." Buddhabhadra's monument has certainly outlasted other memorials he might have considered. The caves can be expected to last a good many years longer, but the paintings and sculptures are definitely an endangered species. They grow just a shade darker during each rainy season; each year, a little more of the 1,500-year-old paint flakes off the walls. You should try to see the caves, if at all possible, before Ajanta becomes as uninvisitable as Lascaux or as invisible as *The Last Supper.* □

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Mysore-Nov. 10

Fairyland, the illuminated gardens of Brindavan.

Palaces everywhere.

A gentle land...I revel in the silks and sandalwood.

Bangalore, a garden city where flowers are in eternal bloom.

Madras-Nov. 14

To me, an anachronism. Ancient India strives with the 20th Century.

I find it so totally different from the north.

Almost another world.

Nearby, Mahabalipuram, the city of seven pagodas.

1200 years old.

Out of solid rock, masterful carvings...I wait for the birds to arrive at Tirukkalikkundram.

For countless years they've kept their rendezvous with the priests.

Kerala-Nov. 16

Long boats in peaceful backwaters.

Untouched by time.

Once a matriarchal society; the women smile, knowing Women's Lib happened here a long time ago.

Churches everywhere.

Christians here since the 1st Century.

The oldest Jewish synagogue too.

Hindu temples adorned with exquisite carvings.

Deep in a forest, the sanctuary at Lake Periyar.

I watch what looks like the occupants of Noah's Ark...Wild elephants outside my window, trumpeting.

See India. It's another world.

For information please contact The Government of India Tourist Office, New York, 19 E. 49th St.; Chicago, 201 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 685 Market St. Or ask your Travel agent.

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BOOKS

The Agent of Love and Ruin

BY TONY TANNER

THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES. By John Gardner. Illustrated. 673 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $8.95.

John Gardner has shifted his fictional locale. Having written about a medieval monster in his last novel, he has set about unraveling a murder mystery and family saga in his most recent one. But he has not changed the focus of interest of his fiction as much as might be supposed. In *Grendel* (1971) Gardner gave us the meditations of Beowulf's beast as he hurled his grieving energies against the maddening fabrications of man—civilization, art, religion—but few readers will have failed to hear very recognizable American accents in the beast's speech, for Grendel is really part Huckleberry Finn, part Henry Adams, with, perhaps, some of the author's own boisterous aggression mixed in. Grendel has some very American problems on his mind when he isn't devouring knights or ruining mead halls. Nagging at him is the question of whether he inhabits an "expanding universe" or an entropic one that will end in "a sea of black oil and dead things. No wind. No light. . . . A silent universe." An old priest tells him that while "things fade" and "alternatives exclude," the ultimate wisdom resides in perceiving that finally "*nothing* is lost"; but the dragon at the center of the earth gives Grendel a whiff of the futility at the core of things and leaves him with a lasting vision of meaningless waste.

The humans Grendel encounters seem to take refuge in patterns, systems, theories, and creeds, and like the good American outsider that he is, Grendel is profoundly suspicious of *all* patterns and systems. A life dedicated to pattern smashing, however, can only bring him to the unmeaning void. He is not, as you will gather, a beast notably at peace with himself. So he gnashes away at impossible and unacceptable alternative visions of life. And in nothing is he more characteristically American than this—that he is a compulsive verbalizer who is deeply suspicious of language. Here are some of his last thoughts: "The mind lays out the world in blocks, and the hushed blood waits for revenge. All order, I'm come to understand, is theoretical, unreal. . . . I have seen—I embody—the vision of the dragon: absolute, final waste." Which leads us right into *The Sunlight Dialogues.*

The scene has changed—mead halls and monsters have given way to contemporary America—but all the essential problems remain. In Batavia, New York, 1966, the mind that most conspicuously seeks to lay out the world in blocks belongs to Police Chief Clumly, while the vengeful blood erupts most significantly in Taggert Hodge, trickster, murderer, man of love, psychopath, challenger of all stable notions of order—the "Sunlight Man." On one level the tension between the two men is the wary maneuvering between a cop and a criminal, on another it is a dialogue between the "philosopher" and the "magician," and at a yet further remove we can apprehend a struggle between those two versions of the cosmos that vexed the mind of Grendel.

John Gardner

But this may make the novel sound more programed and schematic than in fact it is; so perhaps it would be more just to approach it initially in a conventional way. There is first of all an old family, the Hodges. The senior Hodge incorporated the ideals and beliefs of an older America. His familial and political life were of a piece, and in both spheres he revered, created, and sustained life. But the times changed—"decayed to ambiguity"—and the fragmentation of the patriarchal unity is discernible in his three sons. One is a man who conscientiously repairs and shores up but never builds; another is a dreamer "blind to the accelerating demolition all around him"; the third is—the Sunlight Man, unstable genius, a man whose excessive love spreads ruin. And the wives—one is emotionally dead, another fairly serene, the third hopelessly insane. There are children, too, in whom the problems have gone further. Around this interesting and complex family Gardner has created a whole community, and he has given himself the space to establish the unique inner life of each figure with a convincing density of detail. The result is an impressive range of characters, each one clearly differentiated and, for the most part, made entirely plausible (a conspicuous, though minor, failure is a hippie named, I regret to say, Freeman). I can't offhand think of a contemporary novelist who could, for example, render so compellingly the inner life of an aging blind woman and of an uneducated adolescent Indian. The plot is triggered when the errant Taggert Hodge, long thought lost, returns to his native town—unrecognized and all but unrecognizable. For the community he is an antic stranger, and when Police Chief Clumly arrests him for writing "LOVE" across the road in white paint, one has no anticipation of the powerful narrative about to unfold, which among other things reveals the different and often terrible ways in which LOVE moves through people's lives.

There is a wealth of authenticating, localizing, concretizing detail in the book, and it serves an important purpose. In a novel that shows people in their different ways drawing towards patterns and schemes and theories, these details are a constant reminder of singularity, "thisness," and the whole realm of the accidental. By opening up vistas of particulars all around us, Gardner discourages us from capitulating to any of the patterns of speculation with which, at times, the book tends fairly to hum. For Police Chief Clumly drifts or sails into a sea of "metaphysics" from the moment he arrests the Sunlight Man. True, he has a crime to solve, and soon he has more; but he has a larger problem. Why is it that the Sunlight Man obsesses him? What is it in him that makes Clumly feel he is "the sum total of all Clumly had been fighting all his life"? Clumly, of course, speaks for the law, for the existing structures, for the walls of the community. Such a position stresses the importance of conformity and order. But as the dragon told

Tony Tanner is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. His most recent book is City of Words: American Fiction 1950–1970.

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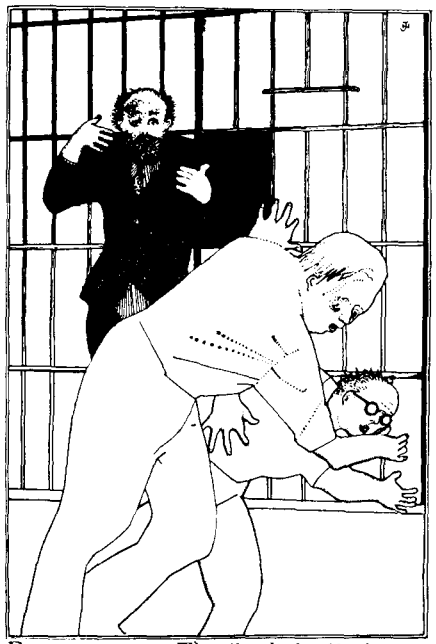
Grendel: "The essence of life is to be found in the frustrations of established order. The universe refuses the deadening influence of complete conformity." Here indeed is a problem. The order that man puts up in an attempt to combat the eroding tides of nature's processes ironically accelerates the entropy it seeks to frustrate. Right from the prologue of this novel—in which, indeed, the word "entropy" is used—we are given the sense of a community in twilight decline, lapsing toward sleep and stagnation. Things are in disrepair, buildings are collapsing, junk is accumulating, the light is fading, love grows cold, senility and death are in the air. It seems to one man that the whole world must be tired; another sees quality giving way to quantity. The universe of the silent, level lake seems nigh. Enter the Sunlight Man.

He is a "skylight smasher," an opener of doors (prison doors among others, with equivocal, indeed disastrous, results), a compulsive conjurer, playing with words as he plays with magical effects, dizzying people with lithe and rapid talk just as he can confound them physically with his tricks. As sad as he's mad, he is as pathetic in his way as is the monster Grendel (to whom, incidentally, he once compares himself)—like him excluded from a



Drawings from The Sunlight Dialogues

society whose manifest limitations maddden him, yet one that part of him craves to join. Among other things he is determined to reveal that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Police Chief Clumly's philosophy.

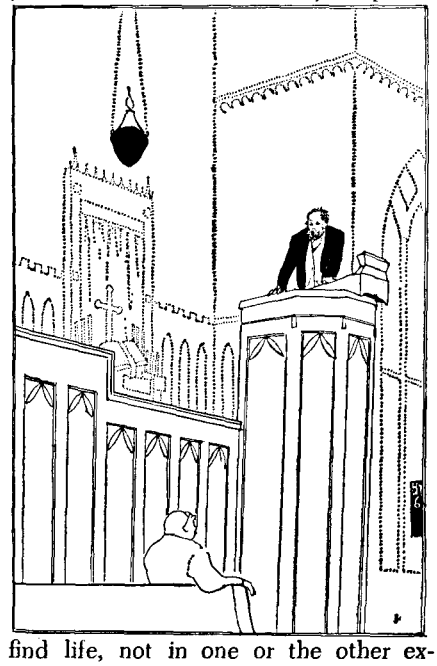
To this end he arranges four "dialogues," in which, along with magic side-effects to disturb Clumly's empirical/rational approach to life, the Sunlight Man tries to initiate the Police Chief into a new way of regarding reality, based for the most part on his version of the ancient Babylonian attitude toward existence. We are not intended to take these sermons at face value—as someone says to the Sunlight Man, "You duck out of everything with talk"—just as we are not meant to infer from Clumly's stubborn taciturnity that he is wrong. As the Sunlight Man says, beyond a certain point neither intuition nor intellect can deal with the world. Yet whatever he is—"fundamentally evil" or "a crackpot philosopher who'd slipped out of the society he lived in and detested it for surviving without him"—the Sunlight Man, as a voice, a presence, an agent, makes against rigidity, frustrates order, disturbs conformity. From this point of view he is a force working against entropic sleep.

But Gardner is no sentimentalist (or only at moments), and he displays the "waste" that "teems" around the Sunlight Man as a result of both his love and his theories. The Sunlight Man as a result of both his love and his theories. The Sunlight Man is aware of a benign cultural order in which he does not believe and an indifferent cosmic order in which he does. This makes action difficult for him, and he opts for deliberate absurdity. Madness this may be, but it is only an extreme form of an attitude that is very common in America today.

The danger is—and the book is about this too—that if a man is to abandon the limited and partial constructions of the cultural order in the name of more truth, more reality, then a new era of extremism—based on unreason or too much reason—may be ushered in. "From this point forward there'll be Hitlers for a thousand years," declares the aging patriarch, like Oedipus at Colonus.

Seen in this light, the plodding endeavors of Police Chief Clumly take on a new value. In solving his case, he will not take shortcuts. He insists on establishing all the connections—it's his way of aiming at "the *whole* truth." "Everything's always connected. . . . There can't be order otherwise. It's all some kind of design." Even if you can't see the design. Such is the brave, blind faith of Clumly, a faith that is tenacious and myopic enough to survive the mockery that Grendel's dragon leveled at all men's belief in "shapes."

The Sunlight Man has been touched by fire, sun. But it is a truth that human kind licking through the suburban pavements. D. H. Lawrence said that civilized man lived inside a painted umbrella, which the artist slashes open to let in reality. Just so, the Sunlight Man wants to break open the skylights and let in the unmediated, unfiltered sun. But it is a truth that humankind cannot bear too much sunlight, for the naked glare can be as dangerous as the total deprivation of solar rays. We are creatures of half-lights, just as we are creatures of half-truths of equal importance, and we can only hope to



find life, not in one or the other extreme, but in the dialogue between Clumly and the Sunlight Man.

By the end of the book Clumly has learned a lot, and, not surprisingly in a John Gardner novel, his mind turns to physics. He is giving a farewell speech: "It's a little like the Einstein universe, as I understand it, which is reaching outwards and outwards at terrific speed, and the danger is—if I've got this right—the danger is, it can get cold. Turn ice. Ladies and gentlemen, we mustn't let that happen, I feel." The apostle of the inflexible rigors of the law has grown into the spokesman for the holiness of the heart's affections. It is another comment on the achievement of this novel that we can accept a small-town American cop talking metaphysics and feel, not that realism has lost, but that fiction has gained.

Of course, Gardner's novel can be faulted. Just as he shares with John Updike (and many other American writers) an obsession with entropy, so he reveals something of Updike's straining for self-vaunting but redundant simile. They should both be banned from using the word "like" for a decade. It could also be argued that some of the very long tirades detach themselves from the speakers' characters and swarm around like unattached mists of angry words. But these cavils are minor compared with the high degree

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BOOKS

of success achieved by this ambitious novel. It is a major fictional exploration into America, no less—the America that is vanishing and the problematical America of today. And without abandoning its fictional premises, it draws us into a sobering meditation on the possible shapes of our immediate future. It tells no lies yet ends with a refusal to accept despair. It does all this at the same time as it involves us in an absorbing and intricately interwoven story. This is a great deal for any one novel to do, and it should be recognized immediately for what it is—a very impressive achievement. □

A Life in the Theater

BY ALEX SZOGYI

DON'T PUT YOUR DAUGHTER ON THE STAGE. By Margaret Webster. Illustrated. 391 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

Margaret Webster's incredibly busy life touched ours in America meaningfully and in many ways as she shuttled back and forth between her native England and the American coasts. (Appropriately, she was born here when her father, Ben Webster, was doing a play on Broadway.) In the various guises of actress, director, producer, one-woman theater impresario, purveyor of Shakespeare and the classics to a new world beyond New York, and most especially educator in the best sense of that much maligned word, she successfully enacted the most varied creative roles in the complex world of theatrical experience.

Just a few months before her untimely death, her latest volume of memoirs—her fourth—*Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage* appeared. The book has a most curious ring of truth; it radiates a prescient sense of herself as she recounts the ways she tilted at the windmills that stood in her theatrical path. "By nature a truth-teller," Miss Webster, in a strong, hearty style, sums up in this volume her "transatlantic schizophrenia." At first she re-enacts her earliest incarnation, as Dame May Whitty's loving daughter and Maurice Evans's gracious sidekick. She loved and doted on her famous actress mother, who slowly mellowed and aged like a vintage wine. Maurice Evans was her other touchstone to success. She directed him in *Richard II*, *Henry IV, Part I*, *Hamlet*, and *Twelfth Night*. So many of the famous Shakespearean productions that remain memorable were hers, including Paul Robeson's *Othello*.

The most amusing moments of her book are devoted to her sudden, exciting encounter and years with Rudolf Bing of the Metropolitan Opera. From the very first, when she was summoned by Sir Rudolf to direct, despite her better judgment, his initial production at the old, beloved opera house, she became mistress of the Verdi spectacles, *Don Carlo*, *Aïda*, and *Macbetto*. Aching to direct Mozart, she was nevertheless relegated to making sense of Verdi's flamboyant libretti. She analyzed them, made "horse sense" of them, sought to communicate her understanding to the artists of the opera house. She battled with the great voices, crusaded to make opera more accessible, winning the loyalty of the chorus who loved and understood her. The stars resisted her, and she sheds considerable light on the reasons why grand opera was so rarely grand. We witness her single-minded determination to bring order to a chaotic world of primeval instinct and gorgeous sound. One realizes anew that the Marx Brothers' vision in *A Night at the Opera* was perilously close to the truth.

The book also tells what it was like to be hounded during the McCarthy era with a constant fear and trepidation of losing one's job through the dangers of unproved insinuation. Her understated accounts of how it felt to be attacked without reason remind the reader most forcibly of what so many decent human beings suffered in the theater, as elsewhere, during those dismal years.

She toured the length and breadth of the United States in her one-woman show, a portrait of the Brontës. Ambassadress plenipotentiary of the theater arts, she gave countless lectures to untutored, potentially enthusiastic audiences, initiating them into a theatrical experience. With her great friend, Eva Le Gallienne, she fought the good battle to give America a classical theater worthy of the name and to bring this theater to the eyes, ears, and consciousness of a nation perhaps not yet fully ready for it. Along the way, she became the conscience of university theaters, insisting that theater training had to be relevant to the life of the theater itself.

Her book cuts deeper than its milieu. For theater, as is often forgotten, can be life's most eloquent offshoot—and Miss Webster, the fifth-generation representative of Websters on world stages, the final flowering of a long and distinguished theater tradition, vibrantly demonstrated that working in the theater was the ultimate fulfillment for those who gave it their very souls. In the epilogue to her book, she assesses the meaning of her life by sharing G. B. Shaw's credo: "This is the only true joy in life: the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

She echoes the old saying to the effect that you never grow up until your mirrors turn into windows. Like Auden, Calder, the Lunts, to cull artists from disparate worlds, she gave indications of having reached a higher awareness. Her mother had reached it before her, with more time to do it. Here and there in this most moving book we intuit that remarkable state of an artist who has come to meaningful terms with her existence. Her book transcends most theater memoirs by its involvement beyond ego. It points to a saner world and makes us glad she waged the battles that she did. □

Alex Szogyi, chairman of the romance languages department at Hunter College in New York, has translated and adapted many plays.

The Devil Wore Spats

BY WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

THE JOHN COLLIER READER. By John Collier. 571 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

It is twenty-one years—twenty years too many—since we have had a book from John Collier, and that, *Fancies and Goodnights*, a collection of fifty of his stories, was in considerable part drawn from two earlier collections. This is one writer, evidently, who is determined that his admirers won't suffer from a surfeit of his work. But twenty-one years are twenty-one years, and famished Collierites, not to speak of a new generation of readers who ought to be Collierites, will settle down happily with this new volume—and no matter that very little of its contents are, strictly speaking, "new." It brings together in a handsome format his novel of a sensitive and attractive chimpanzee who fell in love with her master and ultimately became *His Monkey Wife*, written at the end of the 1920s and redolent in its luxuriant style and whimsical ironies of that vanished epoch, and forty-seven of his stories, six of them in book form for the

William Abrahams is coauthor, with Peter Stansky, of the recently published The Unknown Orwell *and editor of the annual* Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards.

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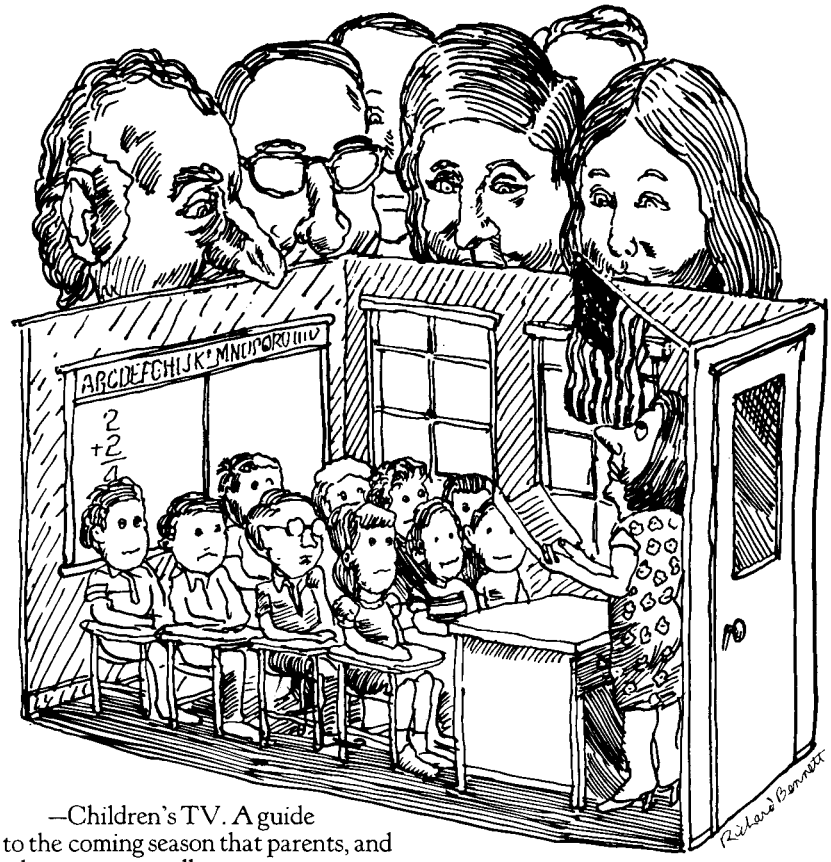

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BOOKS

first time, and all of them elegant, mischievous, slightly sinister, and a source of continuing pleasure.

Anthony Burgess, in an enthusiastic introduction to the present volume, remarks that "people who read Irving Wallace and Irving Stone and the other Irvings may not be expected to read Collier," which is almost certainly the case, though I am constrained to add that there is at least one Irving (Clifford) whose misadventures might serve as material for a Collier story—suitably re-styled, of course. Burgess then goes on to balance the sentence and give vent to a grievance that Collier has been unduly neglected in serious quarters, complaining that "scholars who write about Edith Wharton and E. M. Forster may also be expected to neglect him." Again, very likely. But surely, what John Collier doesn't need —no more than do Saki, or Hans Christian Anderson, with both of whom he has noticeable affinities—are scholars to criticize, explicate, and interpret his work, but readers to enjoy it. I feel reasonably confident, judging by my own experience, that readers of Wharton and Forster, especially the latter, can become readers of Collier without feeling they are letting the side down.

This is especially true of the tales, in which the real and the fantastic most plausibly cohabit. The Devil is frequently on the scene—as, for example, in one of the best of the stories, "The Devil George and Rosie," where he turns up in the Horseshoe Bar at the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road, "a smart and saturnine individual . . . who had the rather repulsive look of a detective dressed up in evening clothes for the purpose of spying in a nightclub." This is Mephistopheles with a difference, and George Postlethwaite, the hero of the tale, is very much a latter-day Faustus, "a young man who was invariably spurned by the girls not because he smelt at all bad, but because he happened to be as ugly as a monkey." What happens to George after he seals his compact with the Devil is his and the Devil's and also pretty Rosie's story; as in so much of Collier, it is the unexpected, yet inevitable, dénouement that counts.

"Story" is the operative word in any case, for Mr. Collier is always shamelessly and superbly the raconteur—to revive an old-fashioned word that seems appropriate to the occasion—who keeps us asking that most primitive of questions, "What happens next?" and who is never at a loss for a sophisticated and irresistible answer. □

Popcorn at Eight

BY JOSEPH KANON

RULE BRITANNIA. By Daphne du Maurier. 336 pages. Doubleday. $6.95.
GREEN DARKNESS. By Anya Seton. 591 pages. Houghton Mifflin. $8.95.

"I'm not moving any fiction," a bookseller told me last month. "They're just not writing *stories* anymore." Well, *is* storytelling in trouble? It's pointless in this case to look to our "serious" novels; apparently customers' fingers skim over those glossy wrapped downers like fireflies. If storytelling—that is, writing whose sole purpose is to be an entertaining companion by the fire—is really going downhill, we should look to the storytellers them-

COUTURE: An Illustrated History of the Great Paris Designers and Their Creations. Edited by Ruth Lynam. Illustrated. 256 pages. Doubleday. $25.

BY MARY McLAUGHLIN

French couture, that haughty business of designing, making, and selling clothes to fashionable women, has a rich past. Stories abound of the lengths to which a great couturier would go to perfect a seam or to guard the secrecy of his collection. Pride in the originality and quality of work has been the very spirit of couture. Here, however, is a history of couture whose custom jacket is covering up the ready-to-wear affair inside. A desultory trick.

The least one would expect of such a book is a selection of great photographs, elegantly printed and stylishly laid out. After all, it's a short walk to the newsstand, where first-rate photographs crowd the pages of fashion magazines. Instead we are presented with color plates that resemble early color TV (the sketches of Poiret and Schiaparelli models excepted) and black-and-white photographs so cheaply reproduced that they appear in two tones of gray.

The text these photographs accompany (laid out, incidentally, so that a page describing Ungaro designs

Mary McLaughlin is a former woman's-page newspaper reporter and fashion writer for Harper's Bazaar.

Haute couture at Chantilly, 1935

is illustrated by a picture of Cardin at his desk) is a regular gumbo soup. Thirteen ladies and one man are responsible for the eleven chapters, the repetition of which is predictable. All but two of these ladies work, or worked, for the fashion press. Madeleine Ginsburg, whose chapter on the Thirties is authoritative and specific, is in charge of costumes at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Ginette Spanier has been *directrice* at Balmain for the past twenty-five years.

It is the latter who gets the book off to a cranky start with a first chapter entitled "The Classical Tradition, Inside Couture." (To get further inside, I suppose she'd have to be a pin.) She begins, "In spite of all the obituaries pronounced in its honour, *haute couture* is by no means dead. Our numbers may have melted, but those of us who still carry on the tradition are very much alive."

But there are a few lighter moments: Penelope Portrait's chapter, "A Paris Model," is one. Fashion correspondent for the London *Daily Mail*, she once worked as a mannequin in the houses of Grès and Balmain. Describing a job interview with Cardin, Miss Portrait explains that her French was not up to his polite rejection. "Seeing my blank look, he kindly translated into English: 'Very nice, but too beeg 'eeps.'"

Reading about Chanel is always fun, even when the anecdotes surrounding this audacious figure have appeared elsewhere. Iris Ashley, former fashion editor for the *Daily Mail*, is in charge of the chapter called "Coco." She gives us this characteristic Chanelism: having made costume jewelry chic, Chanel said of gems, "It does not matter if they are real, so long as they look like junk!"

Other chapters tell us of the great Vionnet, the silent master Balenciaga, Dior, Fath, and so forth. The last two pieces contain an onslaught of information about the vigorous young designers and the boom of *prêt à porter*. There is worry that the heyday of French couture is over, and undoubtedly it is. What a nuisance, then, that this big book will probably preclude the appearance of another, proper history. Now we are stuck with a second-rate treatment of a first-class past. □

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selves, the ones with established track records of popular consumption. Both Daphne du Maurier (*Rebecca, Jamaica Inn, My Cousin Rachel,* and so on) and Anya Seton (*Dragonwyck, Devil Water,* and so on) are virtually title-holders in this field: their books get taken by book clubs (*all* of Seton's, for one awesome example), condensed by *Reader's Digest,* translated into foreign languages, and made into movies. It is probably safe to say that they are among the most successful authors of our time.

Their specialty, of course, is historical romance, although not the sort that finds its way to drugstore paperbacks with lurid covers of torn blouses, castles, and moons. They deal, instead, in the more rarified air of the hardcover carriage trade, observing the niceties of language and the delicacies of their heroines (the latter being especially difficult, given the sexual fantasies that lie at the core of such writing). Occasionally these classy frills get in the way of a rattling good story (in the same way that a similar writer, Dorothy Sayers, windowdresses detective stories), and sometimes the frills are all there is, but at its best this kind of writing is like popcorn in the second balcony—it goes with the show. Du Maurier and Seton have been turning their hands at this stuff for so long that they can sell books on their names alone, and, if these two new novels are any indication, this is lucky indeed because it's about all that's left. In the process of becoming institutions, they have forgotten how to tell stories.

Du Maurier's *Rule Britannia* is the more curious of the two—in fact, it's very much a "curiosity," a slight piece of writing so ephemeral that it defies categories. (The curiosity value lies in its having been conceived, much less written, at all.) Throwing all caution to the winds, du Maurier has not only deserted the hitherto profitable past but gone futuristic, and, as you might expect, things have come to a pretty pass. Queen Elizabeth II is still on the throne, but the entry into the Common Market has been a disaster, and, to prevent economic chaos, Britain and America have joined hands to form USUK. America's hand seems more inclined to grip than embrace, however, and the whole thing looks very much like an American take-over, what with marines running all over Cornwall with not so much as a by-your-leave. Certainly it doesn't fool Mad (short for Madam), the kind of hearty seventy-nine-year-old who, having once been a great actress, now spends the twilight of her years mothering six orphan boys in a rambling Cornish house—Mrs. Miniver as played by Roz Russell (there is also a Thelma Ritter helpmate, Dottie, and a granddaughter, Emma, who is too priggish to be played by anybody). Mad, of course, is not about to be taken over by anybody, and she initiates guerrilla tactics, such as organizing the locals to heap dung in front of the inn where the Americans are planning to have Thanksgiving dinner. Meanwhile, one of the boys has shot an American soldier with his bow and arrow, and it takes chapters to cover it up.

To her credit, du Maurier moves things along briskly, but there just isn't much to move along. Prince Philip goes to camp with some Indians, the children are taught "The Star-Spangled Banner," a Martha Hubbard (from New England) tries to sign up the family for CGT ("Cultural-Get-Together"), and the marines, shutting off the water and electricity in retaliation for their lost comrade, are given lines like, "Maybe it will do you all good to live hard for a time, ma'am, like we did one hundred years ago on the frontier."

Why would anyone write such drivel? Insofar as the Americans are finally driven out (Prince Charles lands in Wales and Andrew in Scotland, in one hilarious passage), and the Common Market never *did* work, the book's message seems to be a rallying cry to Englishmen to defend their independence in this rapidly homogenizing world. There is a good deal of talk, for instance, about collaborators and those willing to see British traditions go down the drain. But it is difficult to tell whether this fantasy is written with irony or genteel paranoia. Is this a warning about Europeanization (America being a more melodramatic metaphor), an outright "Yankee, Go Home" pitch, or a governess telling her own charges to get cracking? There is quiet anger in du Maurier's descriptions of USUK's plan to convert England into a historical vacationland (morris dancers on every village green and that sort of thing). But how serious can this vision possibly be? The only alternative to it-can-happen-here is given by the solid, dependable orphan, Joe: "You see, it does work, community living. Our neighbours support us, we support them. We don't need any money, we can live without it. If everyone did this, throughout the country, there wouldn't be any need for trade outside. We shouldn't get rich but we'd be happy, we'd be free." Tell *that* to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Another side-light to the Anglo-American question is offered near the

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Joseph Kanon is senior book review editor of SR.

SR. RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST. By David Halberstam (Random House, $10)—A thoroughgoing and provocative analysis of the uses and abuses of power by the extraordinarily able policy makers of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, who came to Washington to build a Camelot and left behind a country trapped in unwanted war and divided against itself.

THE FRED ASTAIRE & GINGER ROGERS BOOK. By Arlene Croce (Outerbridge & Lazard, $9.95)—An intelligent text and nostalgic photographs combine in an act of homage to the team whose grace and style have become film landmarks.

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank and openly affectionate biography of the former President by his daughter.

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WOMEN AND MADNESS. By Phyllis Chesler (Doubleday, $8.95)—A feminist psychologist explores, in a book with wide social implications, the double standard that exists in diagnosing mental illness.

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BOOKS

opening of Anya Seton's *Green Darkness*. "New and careless race," Richard Marsdon tells his American bride, Celia. "I envy you. You're almost untouched by the ancient Evil, which yet casts its shadow on us all." Little does he know. Celia seems full of grace and high spirits ("We fell in love," she tells a visitor, "between the vichysoisse and the steak Diane"), but on a day trip to nearby Ightham Mote she falls into a faint, behaves queerly at dinner, and finally goes into a coma altogether. The house party is upset, to say the least, but Dr. Akananda, filled with the mysteries of the subcontinent, understands she's exorcising an evil from the past and helps her through a 446-page section of Tudor-period romance to get at the truth. It seems that in a previous life she had entered into a tragic love affair with a Benedictine monk and was walled up alive in the same Ightham. Now, reincarnated, she's got to set things right.

This does not come to the reader entirely without warning. In the preface Seton tells us that "reincarnation still seems to me the only logical explanation for life's inequities," but even this extraordinary statement (politically comforting, no doubt) is no preparation for the silliness that follows. Seton has a few obstacles to contend with. For one thing, her writing is so cumbersome that it is occasionally impenetrable. For another, she is forced to wade in Tudor dialect ("I dinna ken the wor-rd"). Finally, she seems to see fiction as an elaborate genealogy chart —which may have its advantage, however, since keeping the characters straight is about the only mental exercise the reader gets. But these aside, she remains true to her genre: people have aquiline noses and "wide sensual" mouths, Celia is so beautiful that everyone notices her, and historical figures are made as familiar as the folks next door. Seton keeps up to date by tossing a little kinky sex into the stew: a water-witch "naked, except for thick, wavy white hair which partly covered her as it fell to her thighs" gives Celia some hemp leaves to eat and then lies down with her; Simkin, a stableboy, runs off with a traveling mummer (reincarnated, he turns up as a Cockney dressmaker at the house party). But Seton nevertheless achieves the feat of keeping her heroine virginal until the tragic end, and she does so against great odds: passes from lusty rowdies at the inn where Celia is sometimes a serving girl, a near rape by Sir Thomas Wyatt's son on the eve of his doomed rebellion, and even marriage to a Lincolnshire wool merchant (conveniently, he becomes impotent). When she and Brother Stephen finally make love, it was worth the wait: "the honeyed fire consumed them both." But Brother Stephen is also possessed by holier passions and wavers in metaphysical torment. When he tries to call the whole thing off, Celia puts her foot down. " 'Carnal love!' she interrupted fiercely, 'Is that all it means to you?' "

This is all standard stuff, of course, but what distinguishes Seton is her complete dedication to the historical aspect of the genre. She tells us in that same preface that "the first quiver of interest began for me during a visit to Ightham Mote in 1968" (almost all the characters are based on real people), and it is no mean achievement to parlay a quiver into nearly 600 pages. She is the kind of writer you feel working for you right on the page, overwhelming you with research and details. Her style is so awkward you can hear the cranking of the machinery and almost see her running around setting up the props: superstitious potions, drafty halls, medicinal cures, styles of clothing. Her Tudor section (1552–1559) spans three monarchs, and by its end we feel as worn down by plots and religious bickering as they must have been. But Seton's real interest lies in habits and interior decoration, and it is probably this, more than anything else, that is responsible for her outlandish success (at this writing, there are a staggering 290,000 "prepublication" copies of *Green Darkness* in print, and who can say where it will end?). Virtually every room in the novel is described in detail, right down to the rushes on the floor. We learn that people put sugar in their Champagne "in an endeavor to make the prickly taste palatable," that catching a chill really was tantamount to catching your death, that Tudor ladies often relieved themselves in the gutter. On occasion Seton is simply swept away by her own diorama: "Death shadowed the comfortless chamber as surely as the sunlight outside gilded the haymakers whose lusty, merry shouts could be heard coming across the bowling green and pleasaunce." Who else would have thought of that pleasaunce? It becomes, finally, another world—not the Tudor world, of course (that would require talent), but something like those tourist recreations du Maurier frets about, the restaurants

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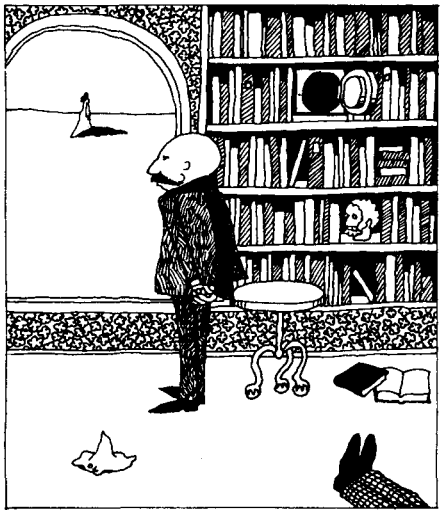
where waitresses are called "wenches," somebody is togged up as a minstrel to play madrigals, the fake mead comes in mugs, and for two or three hours you too can live in Merrie England, all credit cards accepted. And it is this, in the end, that makes the book so depressing—not expecting much more than escape, the reader is offered a plastic restoration, an entertainment so mechanized and mediocre that it's little better than turning channels. No wonder people worry about the future of storytelling. Reading this book is like watching a school pageant—you have to admit to a certain grim admiration for the way the kiddies are going through their paces, but you still wish to hell you were somewhere else. □

ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY

Lady Max Mallowan, wife of the distinguished archeologist, celebrated her eighty-second year in the usual fashion. She brought forth to the world her eighty-second book. As any mystery buff worth his smelling salts knows, Lady Mallowan is also Dame Agatha Christie (knighted in 1971) and in the school of detective fiction she is definitely undisputed Head Girl. Rex Stout has been saying for years that he refuses to die before her ". . . because of what I would miss," while John Dickson Carr, himself no mean slouch when it comes to creating puzzles, asserts that ". . . she has probably invented more ways of bamboozling the reader than any other living writer. Any young writer would find a whole course of instruction by studying her novels: watching the deft characterization while in full view she palms the ace."

Lady Mallowan did not by any means spring full blown into print. The first Christie, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, was several years in finding a publisher and then sat neglected for still another year before it appeared in 1920. It sold only 2,000 copies and took ten years to reach America's shores. Today Dame Agatha is almost as widely translated as the Bible and Shakespeare, with an estimated 200 million copies of her books extant in all forms and languages. *Styles*—allegedly growing out of a wager with her sister—was completed after she had written several gloomy and, by her own admission, unpublishable novels. The story of the bet may be apocryphal, but it is unassailable fact that Agatha Mary Clarissa Christie, armed with a first-rate knowledge of poisons due to war work in a Red Cross hospital and steeped in Sherlock Holmes and Poe, came into her own.



Building upon her predecessors, she ushered in an era during which the detective story came to be regarded as a puzzle, pure and complex, in which interest in the final fate of the participating characters was increasingly viewed as not only undesirable but unnecessary. She consistently laid her facts scrupulously on the line but precious few readers ever guessed the outcome. Her characters are not so utterly fantastic that they are completely unrecognizable. Who are your neighbors really? Who is that guy reading this over your shoulder? Grief is out of place. So is horror. So is fear. She creates first-class escape; the puzzle is the thing.

Hindsight diminishes *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*. It is not one of Christie's best. But it did introduce to the world that ineffable Belgian sleuth, Hercule Poirot. A diminutive five-feet-four-inches tall, Poirot is endowed with an egg-shaped head and catlike eyes that grow greener as the solution draws near. His upper lip is graced with a carefully waxed and meticulously twirled mustache. He is rather like a mustachioed Humpty Dumpty. Relying upon his sharp brain—his "little grey cells"—he insists on "order and method," and his personal style emphasizes the pursuit of the psychological flaw. By the time we meet him, he has retired from the Belgian police force. But although by now well over a hundred years old, he shows no predisposition to remain in retirement when an interesting case appears. His first Watson, as it were, was Captain Hastings. Stupid, naïve, ingenuous, and the perfect foil for Poirot, Hastings is an incurable romantic who readily falls in love with almost all of the attractive women who figure in Poirot's cases. Christie tired of Hastings around 1930 and banished him to marriage and Argentina.

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Taking only a minute or two to learn, the method has recently been printed in a limited booklet edition entitled, "The Remarkable Ratio Diet—A Super Speed Slimming and Rejuvenating System of Food Selection". It can be obtained by sending $2 to Dorset House, 1199 Broadway, Dept. 18, New York, N.Y. 10001. If you too are eager to beat your weight problem, clip this now and request a copy today. They pledge a refund if you fail to shed 9-12 pounds the first week, so don't waste another second suffering while ugly fat robs you of attractive youthful vitality. (Copyright 1972. Dorset House)

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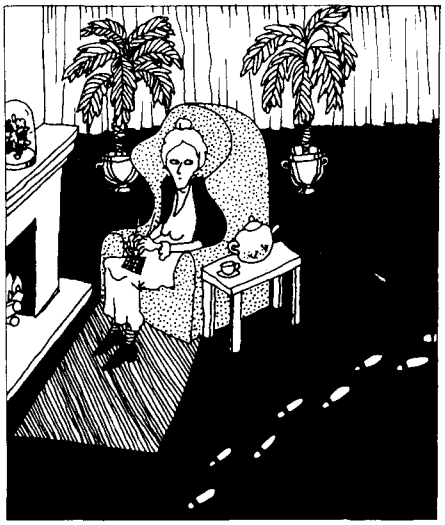
BOOKS

The turning point in Christie's career occurred in 1926 with the appearance of *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. Its highly original solution precipitated a furor, of a kind that any tradition-shattering "first" does. But as Dorothy Sayers, Christie's brilliant contemporary, put it, "It is the reader's business to suspect *everybody*." Not only did the book sell well, but *Alibi*, the 1928 stage adaptation, figured as one of Charles Laughton's first London triumphs. There is also a curious real-life mystery associated with *Roger Ackroyd*. Seven months after publication, with the book a phenomenal success, Mrs. Christie disappeared. After a nationwide search she was found suffering from amnesia in a famous spa and registered under the name of the woman who was later to marry her first husband. She weathered the crisis, however, and married Professor Max Mallowan in 1930. But she never recovered from the journalistic barbs that labeled the affair a publicity stunt, and has remained relatively shy of the fourth estate to this day.

In 1930, with *Murder at the Vicarage*, Christie introduced Miss Jane Marple, who has since placidly knitted her way through many a complicated case. Also well over one hundred years old (but who's counting?), Miss Marple is the apple of Mrs. Christie's "I." Victorian to the core, she loves to gossip, and her piercing blue eyes twinkle as she solves the most heinous crimes by analogy to life in her archetypal English village of St. Mary Mead. "So like little Jimmy T., you know, put a frog in his teacher's ormolu clock." And thereby hangs a grisly murderer. As so aptly expressed in *The Body in the Library* by one of her ardent admirers, retired Commissioner of Scotland Yard Sir Henry Clithering, "Downstairs in the lounge, by the third pillar from the left, there sits an old lady with a sweet, placid, spinsterish face, and a mind that has plumbed the depths of human iniquity and taken it as all in the day's work. Her name's Miss Marple. She comes from the village of St. Mary Mead . . . and where crime is concerned she's the goods."

Miss Marple has been portrayed in films by that formidable actress Margaret Rutherford. Although more successful than the uniformly disastrous Poirot films, I must bear witness for Marple fans the world over and declare that Margaret Rutherford, a super lady in her own right, was not (through no fault of her own) "our Miss Marple." She is more akin to Ariadne Oliver, the epitome of Christie's satirical approach to lady detective writers and her alter ego. The perfect Miss Marple is unquestionably the late Katie Johnson, the wonderful character actress who played the wraithlike little old lady in *The Ladykillers* (1950) to the hilt, and who neatly heralds the doom of Alec Guinness and his sinister gang with an innocence that defies description. Christie, by the way, considers *Witness for the Prosecution* (from her



short story of the same name) to be the most successful of all film adaptations of her work.

Most incredible of all statistics connected with the work of Dame Agatha is the fact that *The Mousetrap*, written by request as a radio play for the eightieth birthday of Queen Mary, was successfully transferred to the stage in 1952, and is still running strong, continuing with each performance to shatter records for longevity. The title, in case you were uncertain, is from *Hamlet*. "King Claudius: What do you call the play? Hamlet: The Mousetrap. . . . Tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that?"

So much for history. Herewith my sampler of vintage Christie titles (in addition to those cited above).

It is a maddening fact of the mystery buff's life that the works of English authors too frequently reach this shore unrecognizably retitled. More than one of us has found himself buying *The Boomerang Clue*, say, only to discover it's already been read as *Why Didn't They Ask Evans?* For this listing I will use the American title; wherever there has been a title change, the English title will be cited in parentheses. Incidental intelligence: none of those queried in a brief survey of publishing types could explain the rationale for such title changes.

The Tuesday Club Murders (*The Thirteen Problems*), 1932. This is Miss Marple's second introduction to the

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public. This time it is via a group of short stories, several of them gems. In her foreword Mrs. Christie said, "I think that she is at her best in the solving of *short* problems; they suit her more intimate style."

Murder in the Calais Coach (*Murder on the Orient Express*), 1934. This is a tour de force that makes conspiracy a raison d'être for Poirot to let the murderer go. Don't miss the nifty manservant who sets his master's teeth in water before retiring.

It is worth noting for obvious reasons that in 1934 Christie came out with a collection which included a short story titled "The Rajah's Emerald." In it, one James Bond, a young Englishman with more luck than skill, solves the mystery. The story is mediocre but, for your information, is included in a recent collection entitled *The Golden Ball and Other Stories*, just released in paperback.

The A.B.C. Murders, 1935. This is a classic that might have been inspired by a remark of Father Brown, G. K. Chesterton's priest-cum-detective who once said, "Where to hide a tree but in a forest?" Poe's "The Purloined Letter" also comes to mind. Poirot is in his element, and the case neatly complements *Murder in the Calais Coach*.

And Then There Were None or *Ten Little Indians* (*Ten Little Niggers*), 1939. Many have called this Christie's most ingenious plot. You should forget the movie when you approach the book.

The Body in the Library, 1942. Dame Agatha takes a cliché and with great virtuosity makes it work. One of Miss Marple's best!

Death Comes as the End, 1944. Murder in 2000 B.C. at Thebes. Thoroughly researched, effective, and original. The reconstruction of the period is inimitable.

Murder After Hours (*The Hollow*), 1946. Quintessential Christie and Poirot. Her sure touch for swift motive-building and motive-breaking are never more in evidence.

A Murder Is Announced, 1950. Her fiftieth and super-smooth! Miss Marple is hostess, along with an assortment of her famous red herrings, all beautifully marinated. One of my favorites! Watch out for those real fake pearls.

The Pale Horse, 1962. Excellent latter-day Christie with Ariadne Oliver on her own (sans Poirot) but with plenty of scholarly help and a plethora of fresh surprises.

Endless Night, 1967. The creator of Roger Ackroyd does it again! "Mille tonerres," as Poirot would say—revealing more would be criminal.

Which brings me to her eighty-second book, *Elephants Can Remember* (Dodd, Mead, $6.95). (What is nagging at the back of your mind is the character in *A Murder Is Announced* who wrote *Elephants Do Forget.*) Hercule Poirot and Ariadne Oliver reconstruct an old crime for the sake of two young lovers. Suffice it to say there is no one to touch Lady Mallowan in her own sphere, and millions of readers are going to buy her new story and love it.

Not wishing to go the way of all imitated, Dame Agatha has written two novels—one killing off Poirot, the other, Miss Marple. Both reside in the Dodd, Mead vault for the present—and, one hopes, a goodly portion of the future. □

TRADE WINDS

BY ALAN GREEN

Of Sea and Sail

"No very satisfactory directions for entering Plum Island Sound [Mass.] can be given, because the bar is constantly changing and the buoys are moved in an effort to keep pace."

The above is one of the very few indefinite statements made in what has become *the* bible for eastern yachtsmen: *A Cruising Guide to the New England Coast*. Since it was first privately circulated in 1936 and published by David Kemp in 1937, this work—originally written by Robert F. Duncan and later rewritten by Mr. Duncan and his cruising companion, Fessenden S. Blanchard, for publication by Dodd, Mead in 1946—*A Cruising Guide* has gone through ten editions, the latest of which Dodd, Mead brought out two months ago, just in time for winter dreams of summer plans. The more recent editions have been revised and rewritten by Roger F. Duncan (Robert's son) and John P. Ware (Mr. Blanchard's son-in-law).

Over the years the *Guide*'s coverage of the New England coast has been stretched until, in this new edition, it examines every harbor, landfall, tidal oddity, and likely anchorage and mooring from the Hudson River, through Long Island Sound, round Point Judith (don't forget your Dramamine), the Vineyard, Nantucket, and the Cape, across Massachusetts Bay, in and out of Portsmouth, through the islands and along the shore of Maine, and around New Brunswick and up the St. John River. Along the 600-page way, it gives detailed, and updated information on ports, channels, markings, tides, dockside accommodations and replenishment stations, and where to wander inland in search of food and lodging. Without neglecting technical information, it's all told with an easy, pipe-in-mouth charm.

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notated sections of navigational charts, and forty-eight full-page (mostly aerial) photographs designed to give the kind of overall view of a tricky port or archipelago that the helmsman can expect to find obscured by headlands, other boats, weather, or that passenger who won't have the decency to lie down, go below, or jump overside.

A Cruising Guide to the New England Coast has now sold—in its Dodd, Mead editions—something over 40,000 copies. The new edition has been given the largest printing in the book's history: 6,000 copies. This wouldn't be huge for a book at half the $15 price and concerned with navigating the erogenous zones, but it's a lot for a market limited to people with the necessary wherewithal and leisure time to own vessels (usually sailing) and to undertake something far more ambitious than a day's fishing or voyages dedicated to let's-see-how-fast-we-can-cross-the-Sound and how-many-water-skiers-can-we-swamp-on-the-way. It's written for all who need—or merely are delighted—to know that "the prudent navigator will ordinarily run down the line of lighted buoys from West Chop to Cross Rip . . . prepared for a rapid change in weather conditions in approaching the island . . . gas, water, Diesel oil, and ice are available here. The area around the heads of the wharves has been restored. Old buildings have been reconstructed and new ones built, all in the Nantucket architectural tradition of weathered shingle and white trim. Even the A&P conforms."

Author's Rights—How Long Should They Last?

The creativity of youth is nothing new. The longevity of man is increasingly phenomenal. Put those two factors together and you can understand the urgent demand for revision of our copyright laws.

Thomas Chatterton, for instance, wrote his satire *Apostate Will* in 1764 when he was twelve. Published that year, the satire had been in print not quite six years when Chatterton committed suicide at the age of seventeen. Almost any length of copyright protection would have served him adequately. But suppose Chatterton had lived in the United States in this century and had enjoyed a normal modern life span. His *Apostate Will* would have been under original copyright for twenty-eight years, at which time he would have been forty and entitled to renew his copyright for another—and final—twenty-eight years. Then, with Chatterton still a hale and perhaps dependent-upon-royalties sixty-eight, the copyright would have run out; *Apostate Will* would have passed into public domain and—without producing another penny for Chatterton—could have been reprinted in anthologies, textbooks, or whatever for what might have been the next decades of Chatterton's life.

Edna Ferber outlived the copyrights on her earliest works; had George Bernard Shaw been an American, his first plays, written in 1885, would have gone out of copyright nine years before his death in 1950. But Shaw was an Irishman, and his works enjoyed the protection of British copyright, which runs for the author's lifetime plus fifty years. And that's why a 1999 production of *My Fair Lady* will owe something to the G.B.S. estate.

For quite some years American authors, and especially the organizations which represent them (the Authors League, for one), have been working for a new and British-type copyright in this country. Such a law has been—and still is—before Congress. So far no final action has been taken. Meanwhile, however, Congress has continued all renewed copyrights now in force until December 31, 1974, even though some are due—under the present law—to expire before then. By that date it is expected that presently copyrighted works will pass under a new and more generously proportioned umbrella.

There are other protections for the author now in various stages of proposal and action. (Remember that for every writer you hear about selling his novel to a paperback house for a six-figure sum, and his movie rights for a percentage of the gross, there are many thousands of authors whose royalties add up to a well-under-starvation-level income.) Garrets may have gone out of fashion, but that hasn't ended starvation.

There are various plans, for instance, for registering the number of copies of a magazine piece or book chapter that are run off on a school or library duplicating machine and for reimbursing the author for such extra and multiple use of his brainchild. On this issue authors often find themselves in conflict with educators. "Of course we don't want to increase the already enormous costs of education, but . . ." say the former. "Naturally you have a right to enjoy the fruits of your labor, but . . ." say

Answer to Wit Twister, page 17: pelts, slept, spelt.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1536
All human wisdom is summed up in two words—wait and hope.
Dumas the Elder

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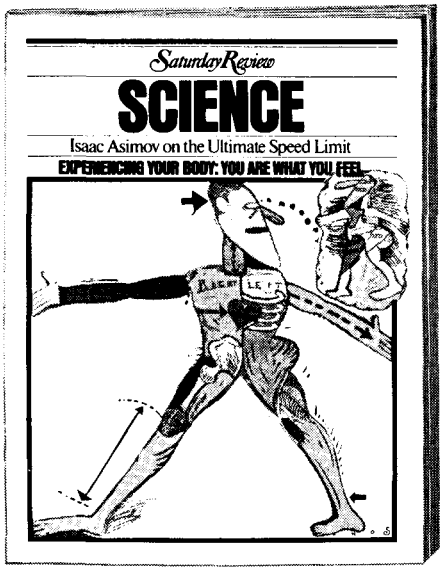
Isn't it about time there was a science magazine for people who are neither geniuses nor dummies?



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The University of California Press
Berkeley Los Angeles New York

BOOKS

the latter.

Then there are the authors whose single copy in a library circulates to dozens of readers. In West Germany the Bundestag decided last June to amend the copyright laws so as to provide for income to authors from public library lending. This raised protests from librarians that their budgets are already stretched to the limit, that their ability to add to their collections will be hideously reduced. And *this* led to new proposals in the Bundestag for a special subsidy for libraries to enable them to make such payments. This is possibly the wave of the future; if it leads to cries of "Good grief! They've socialized writing!" these will be at least welcome relief from the old complaint, "Good Lord! They're writing socialism!"

SHORTER REVIEWS

THE CATSKILLS: From Wilderness to Woodstock. By Alf Evers. Illustrated. 821 pages. Doubleday. $12.50.

Rip Van Winkle slept there, a whole generation of entertainers was formed in its Borscht Belt, and from one of its towns, Woodstock, the counterculture took its most widely known metaphor for community (though the 1969 festival actually took place fifty miles away at Bethel). The Catskills, in short, have had a long and rich heritage of cultural influence, and Alf Evers, in this fine, thorough history, eight years in the writing, manages to touch on just about every aspect of it. His interest in the area's traditional role as a haven for artists naturally causes him to focus on the Woodstock colony—from Whitehead's founding of "Byrdcliffe" in 1902, through the heyday of the Depression, to Bob Dylan and after—but he also pays considerable attention to Washington Irving, the Hudson River School of early American painting, the growth of the resort industry (Grossinger's, The Concord), and whatever folklore he could pick up along the way (a good deal, as it happens). The result is probably the definitive history of the region, written with the affection and respect Evers claims the area fosters in its inhabitants.

SOVIET UNION. By Emil Schulthess. Commentary by Harrison E. Salisbury. Illustrated. 233 pages. Harper & Row. $25.

Winston Churchill once quipped that "Russia is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," which suggests the essence of this magnificent photographic sweep by Emil Schulthess, the great Swiss photographer, across this land of mystifying contrasts and such awesome space that the sun never sets. Both Asiatic and European, and comprised of 120 separate nationalities, it's a country governed by a system so technologically advanced that it sends machines to the moon yet can't master the logistics of transporting oranges from the Black Sea to the capital. In seven trips during a period of four years, covering 30,000 miles, Schulthess felt all the frustrations of any tourist in coping with official restrictions and the innate Russian distrust of foreigners, and, indeed, his running narrative, as well as a commentary by the famous journalist Harrison E. Salisbury, provides a realistic appraisal of the repressiveness of the Soviet Union. An oversized book with 148 photographs, many in color.

PLACE: See America First. Edited by Baine Kerr. Illustrated. 216 pages. Natural Wonders/Random House. Paperback, $4.

Maybe a book, possibly a magazine, in any event a thematic quarterly without advertising, *Place* is put together by a group of former editors of *The Whole Earth Catalog*. Something of a cosmic travelogue or "underground *National Geographic*," it's about a search for roots and sustenance and connections, about where people live (including inside the head), how they live, why they live there, and what they feel about it. There's a peculiarly rural American down-home quality to it and the mood is that of the uprooted but gentle and slightly romantic offspring of corporate America who are looking for a home base. *Place* seems truest to itself in its articles on cowboys, a Texas livestock show and rodeo, and how to build shelters with natural materials, or when it is guiding its readers to "good eats" along the nation's highways.

Handsomely produced and illustrated (drawings and photo-essays), carefully edited and well written throughout, *Place* is dedicated to "See America First"—with the hope of, possibly, one day settling down in it. Contributors include Adrienne Rich, Stewart Brand, Richard Brautigan, and Sen. George McGovern of Mitchell, South Dakota.

TEN YEARS OF EXILE. By Madame de Stael. Illustrated. 296 pages. Saturday Review Press. $10.

It's a lovely irony in history that Madame de Staël outlasted Napoleon's reign to return to Paris from exile, if only for a few years before she died there in 1817 at the age of fifty-one. As a liberal aristocrat who supported the French Revolution and welcomed Napoleon's arrival in Paris, Anne Louise Germaine (Necker), the Baroness of

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Staël-Holstein, was to become increasingly disenchanted with and bitter about Napoleon's politics, and it was inevitable that these two strong-willed persons would eventually clash. The more critical and outspoken she was, the more brutally he retaliated: first by banishing her from Paris (the intellectual stimulation of Parisian salon life was as essential to her as breathing, we find from these memoirs, and to be cut off was a cruel blow); then by suppressing her three-volume study on Germany, *De l' Allemagne* (two of her previous books had irritated Napoleon, *A Treatise on Ancient and Modern Literature* and a novel, *Delphine*, which defended divorce); and, finally, by exiling her from France to her family's château in Coppet, Switzerland, where she and her children were kept virtually under house arrest. But Madame de Staël was an independent and resourceful woman who in all things followed her own nature and was not about to be cowed —though from time to time she bemoaned how difficult life is for a woman—and she risked an escape to Sweden as a possible route to England. Throughout the ordeal she kept her head, her lovers, and her good spirits, as well as this journal, and her observations as she traveled from the Tyrol to Vienna and across Russia, where she went sight-seeing and was entertained by the Czar, are vivid, intelligent, and totally engaging. Although the book is titled *Ten Years in Exile*, as Madame de Staël intended, the actual period covered is from 1800 to 1804, and again from 1810 to 1812. The journal, which was never finished and breaks off abruptly in mid-sentence after Madame de Staël arrived in Stockholm, remained among her papers until her eldest son, Auguste de Staël, published it in 1821. The book was re-edited and republished in 1904, and this new translation by Dorothy Beik, which includes a full chronology and a capsule history by Peter Gay of Madame's life to fill in the gaps, is based on that later edition. □

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(Continued from page 95)

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"THINK" SIGN COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE? Try our "Cope!" $1.50. Deluxe, $5.00. Bumperstrips, 2/$1.00. Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

SLEEP IN SILENCE. Mack's pillow soft Earplugs. The softer-than-wax plugs recommended by ear doctors. At druggists or send $1.10 ppd. to McKeon Products, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

FREE EDUCATION FILMS. Many available. Details, Education Consultants, 9110 Gayle, Louisville, Kentucky 40272.

NEW, COUNTED EMBROIDERY makes circles nothing can touch. Organic technique descends from needlepoint, crewel, Swedish weaving. Leaves them behind. 1 x 0 to 5 x 3 stitches *integrally related with designs found, not forced. Inevitable* needlework breakthrough. Manual, $4.50, money-back guarantee. Mary Cablish, 1908 Orchard Avenue, Belle, West Virginia 25015.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CREATIVE, FRENCH-SPEAKING, writer-photographer couple seeks European jobs. Box J-434.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ACADEMIC REGISTER, 1973 EDITIONS, accepting registration from teachers seeking employment, advancement, relocation in college, junior college, private/public school, nationwide, overseas. Also, collateral employment services. Details: The Education Exchange, Box 392SR, Newtown, Connecticut 06470.

"JOBS IN ALASKA" now available—THE authoritative handbook. $3.15. JIA, Box 1565, Anchorage, 99510.

AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES—Paid Transportation! 50,000 Jobs! Latest reports on employment, business, farming, education . . . plus map, forms. $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MS, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits, latest computerized reports. $2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-K, Los Angeles, California 90009.

TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100-page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. Special price $2.00. *Foreign Countries,* Box 514-K37, Ames, Iowa 50010.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now Available! Free Transportation! Complete information . . . plus Directory of 200 *companies hiring thousands world-wide . . . all* occupations. Send $2.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MT, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!—New Zealand, too! 50,000 Jobs! *Paid Transportation!* 1973 *Handbook and Forms,* $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

JOBS EUROPE AND ENGLAND guaranteed and salaried. *Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring. Young people 18-29.* Hotels, restaurants, hospitals, etc. For details and application, send $1.00 with a stamped, self-addressed business size envelope to Princeton Research, Dept. R., Box 44188, Panorama City, California 91402.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT? 1973 edition of our guide to finding resort jobs will be available January 15th. Features complete information and directory for Martha's Vineyard! $1.00. Martha '72, Box 1214, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

LEAD STUDENTS IN EUROPE. Couples or single men and women, 23-35, who have lived or traveled extensively in Europe. Lead small, well-selected secondary school group this summer in top quality, non-touristy program. Instructors or advanced graduate students preferred. Must speak French, Russian, Spanish, German or Italian fluently. Send full resume Box J-443.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester Drive, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

ADMINISTRATOR—High-level executive to assist in planning and management of international child-care organization, willing to relocate in overseas field office, administer child-care centers, ADFC-type work, school assistance, or*phanages, and other child-care programs. Must be flexible,* creative, detail oriented, able to work with national personnel overseas, negotiate with government officials. Bachelor's or Master's in Business Administration, MSW, or other child-oriented field. Demonstrated skills in management. Salary based on experience and training, usual fringes and increases. For information, please write Dr. Ed Janss, Christian Children's Fund, Inc., Third and Cary, Box 26511, Richmond, Virginia 23283.

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, NOVA SCOTIA, seeks a *Chairman, Department of Education. Candidates should be* scholars with continuing record of activity, knowledgeable concerning education in Canada and abreast of developments internationally. Appointment effective July 1st, 1973. Salary competitive and not less than $19,000 for Professor or $15,000 for Associate Professor. Enquiries to *Dean of Arts and Science, Dalhousie University, Halifax,* Nova Scotia, Canada.

GOVERNESS AND MOTHER—for family with three intelligent, attractive children. Beautiful, rural Pennsylvania. Box J-433.

PROFESSOR, PUBLISHED WRITER: national tour with humanities team on ethics of success in America. (Is Horatio Alger alive and well?) Articulate, flexible in public forum. Create, present programs for general adult audiences. Resume to Box 642, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

LONDON—Secretaries/typists. Applicants pay own fare. 50g. Miss Liberty, 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

TEACHERS, ADMINISTRATORS—Leading school, college placement sources. $3.00. E.I.S., Box 105, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

AUSTRALIAN TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—pre-school to college! New Guide discusses educational system, transportation subsidies, salaries, benefits, application procedures. $1.00. International, Box 29193-MT, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS—Charming, restored 8-room home. 4 fireplaces. Modern kitchen with appliances. Wideboard floors. Red barn. 4 acres on river. $40,000. Available immediately. 415-387-4148 or Box I-729.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

For Rent—Furnished

CUERNAVACA—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, pool, vista. $330. SR Box J-401.

BONAIRE, DUTCH CARIBBEAN—Oceanfront villa, private pier, beach privileges, maid. Weekly: $225 double; additional persons, $35. 212-752-4750.

ETERNAL SPRING—*Beautiful house for rent, heated* pool. Apartado 938, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

SOUTHERN SPAIN, British publisher's villa, overlooking Mediterranean. 2 baths, pool, gardens, staff of 3. Near prize-winning village. 1973 reservations accepted, weekly or monthly. Details, photos from B. Rich, 2255 Newbury Drive, Cleveland, Ohio 44112.

TAHITI beach house, $475 month. Cottage, $275 month. Box 5026, Berkeley, California.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

NEW AIR-CONDITIONED BEACH DUPLEX. 3 bedrooms, washer, dryer, dishwasher, color cable TV, garage. Seasonal: $390 week, off-season: $250 week. Prof. Guest, 10 85th Street, Sea Isle City, N.J.

HOUSE TO SHARE

NORTHPORT, L.I.—Mature businesswoman seeks retired lady share cottage. Pets welcome. SR Box J-444.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10003.

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home, Box D-467.

FOR RENT-FREE VACATIONS join our home vacation exchangers. Write Adventures-in-Living, Box 278-T, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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5th AVENUE AND 61st STREET, NYC. At $295,000 (price just reduced) it's a bargain. On the 40th floor of the Pierre Hotel, with sweeping views of the Park and the City.

MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED. *Exquisite details throughout;* marble floors and baths. Custom stereo system and variable custom lighting throughout.

LARGE LIVING ROOM, dining room or library, corner master bedroom, 2 fully equipped kitchens, powder room, bath. A sauna. Maintenance $1,350 monthly. Brokers protected. SEEING IT IS UNFORGETTABLE.

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ST. CROIX — Condominium studio apartment. Pool, Caribbean view. $22,000 or rental. SR Box I-633.

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CHARMING BROWNSTONE DUPLEX OFFICES, East 64th Street, near Lexington, NYC. Gracious executive suite, fully carpeted, with finished basement floor, kitchen facilities. Offices off lovely garden. Suitable for small business, ad agency, publisher, broker, law firm. $1,600 month. Call 212-486-9660.

EXECUSPACE® will rent furnished and staffed offices at 645 Madison Avenue, NYC. 212-753-7050.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, SR, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

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(Continued from page 97)

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

WESTHAMPTON BEACH, LONG ISLAND—Prime location. Exquisite oceanfront property—220' on ocean. Thickly landscaped for complete privacy. High dune with beautiful view. $150,000. Jean Carbone, Real Estate Broker, 516-653-4197.

VILLA IN SPAIN. Overlooking the beach. In a garden. In the $20's. Live on the sunny Costa del Sol in Bahia Dorada—a cluster of beach houses in a lovely landscaped garden that slopes to the sea. Choose from a variety of villa styles, all with the best of modern equipment and built with traditional Spanish craftsmanship. Information about low-cost inspection tours, PANORAMA INTERNATIONAL, 810 18th Street, N.W., Dept. LL8, Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-783-3600.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM—Homes, land, investment properties near skiing, lakes, mountains. Free Brochure. Peter D. Watson Agency, Greensboro, Vermont 05841. 802-533-2909/2651 until 10 p.m.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1169, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

MEN—WOMEN! Fill out income tax forms at home in own business. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Home Training School, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

THE CARIBBEAN INSIDER'S NEWSLETTER gives you actual listings of businesses for sale in the Caribbean. Every month it will bring you ideas on how to establish and run a business in this unique area. First issue: The Virgin Islands. Annual subscription $29. 1333 Briarcreek #4, Charlotte, N.C. 28205.

CAMPS

LEARNING A LANGUAGE AT CAMP is fun. Living the language abroad is exciting. If you're 14, 15 or 16, you can study French or Spanish at camp, then travel to Canada, France, Switzerland, Mexico, or Spain, live with a native family, travel with new friends and use the language daily. Interested? Write: Summer Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides superb western experience. 27th summer. Boys, girls 11-17. Also March Ski Camp at Vail. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

THE HAGUE SUMMER MUSIC CENTER offers music, sightseeing, sports, international atmosphere. Total beginners and advanced players. Coed 9-16. Haagsestraat-38, 's-Gravenhage, Holland.

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Also Camp Tahoe for overweight boys. Phone 212-947-7749.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER. Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard. Opera Workshop. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

SOUTHWESTERN EXPEDITIONS. Exploring and observing in wilderness areas of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, by young naturalists and photographers: Resident archaeologist. PRAIRIE TREK for Boys (13-16); TURQUOISE TRAIL for Girls (13-16); LITTLE OUTFIT for Boys (10-12). 44th Year. Thomas M. Billings, Jr., Box 40451, Indianapolis, Indiana 46240.

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TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

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LUQUILLO BEACH—Luxurious apartment, beachfront. Sleeps 5. Fully equipped. Terrace. Swimming pool. Panoramic view. 212-799-0209.

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PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 384, Luquillo, P.R.

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA/BRADENTON: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

THE BEAUTY OF WINTER in the Berkshires and comfort by the hearth. THE FLYING CLOUD INN 1771. Good food and drink. Cross-country ski trails, sleds, snowshoes and snug Colonial house. 20 guests, reservations required. New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. Tel. 413-229-2113. Michael and Sindy McCarthy, Innkeepers.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

GREAT VERMONT SKIING AND MUCH MORE. Luxurious resort. Condominium rentals. Overlooks OKEMO, near KILLINGTON, BROMLEY, MAGIC. Fox Run, Box 0-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 05149. 802-228-8101.

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YOUR OWN SPECIAL ISLAND. DRAKES ANCHORAGE, British Virgin Islands. Small, but not too small. Accommodates only 24, year 'round, in a friendly, informal cottage colony. Skindiving, swimming from gemlike beaches, boating, fishing. A tropical paradise. Fine food, cozy bar. DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE, 1230 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. Tel. 617-868-0380.

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ENGLISH RIDING (including instruction)—Jumping, CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING, Indoor Tennis nearby. 120-acre country estate. Meadowbrook Riding Farm, RD 3, East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18301. Phone 717-629-0296.

YOUR CHOICE—Luxurious vacation, Marco Island, Florida. Handsomely furnished with Herman Miller. Apartment—10th floor, 2 bedrooms, overlooking Gulf. House—on water, 3 bedrooms, enclosed patio, fishing dock. A. Read, 140 McKinley, Zeeland, Michigan 49464. Tel. 616-772-2161.

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HILLTOP HIDEWAY off Puerto Rico overlooking Caribbean. Luxurious. Private. Weekly rentals. 215-LA 5-0296, 215-LO 8-1555.

AEGEAN 12-room island villa. Superb view. Monthly, seasonal. Box J-451.

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EXCITING STAGE EXPERIENCE—Involvement with professional company on-stage, back-stage and workshops. 8 weeks. Fee $700. Age 16 up. College credits available. Forestburgh Summer Theatre, RD 1, Monticello, N.Y. 12701.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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A REMINDER—Lesley Frost, Escuela de la Tahona, Segovia, Spain.

ROME, ITALY. Fourth consecutive summer. Stimulating faculty, diversified curriculum including Etruscan archaeology. $765. June 18th-July 22nd. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

LONDON THEATRE AND DANCE. July 1973. Two courses featuring shows, master classes, celebrity lectures. Four hours credit. Write: ETSP, Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 75222.

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LIVE! STUDY! TRAVEL ABROAD! Pre-College/College Summer Holidays—Language, literature, art, music at accredited universities in Europe. Low Student Rates. Ask for brochure S. Continental Study Projects, Inc., 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-PL 2-8887.

STUDIES ABROAD

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COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding. Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2021

DEFINITIONS

A. Trite and commercially slick in character (slang; 2 wds.)

B. Nickname for Andrew Johnson (2 wds.)

C. Poem by Wordsworth (3 wds.)

D. Result or accrue, as to a person

E. American poet, noted for his *Spoon River Anthology* (3 wds.)

F. Unsymmetrical

G. Immediate

H. Ill-tempered mongrel dog

I. Worthy of imitation

J. Condition of being injudicious

K. Loathsome

L. Ill-fated tranquilizer

WORDS

135 111 26 57 62 9 147 213 179 93 118

27 8 10 195 161 200 110 124 120 89

11 105 90 22 129 211 28 163 117

15 196 106 136 146 25 133

162 166 21 58 29 65 132 152 148 91 182

16 126 107 220

66 23 130 121 108 181 149 215

203 20 127 59 30 109 156

4 205 173 134 60

24 199 189 227 67 141 5 17 176

64 6 131 178 167 226 12 18

112 94 145 221 208

13 61 119 201 7 190 68 207 19 193 154

DEFINITIONS

M. Discussed briefly (4 wds.)

N. Noted organist (2 wds. with an initial)

O. Exclamation of surprise (3 wds.)

P. American goatsucker

Q. Persistence in solicitation

R. Greek island in the N. Aegean

S. Using, expressing, or pertaining to protest

T. The keep of a castle

U. Emotionally unsettled (slang; 2 wds.)

V. Generally advantageous (3 wds.)

W. First year's revenue of a benefice

X. *The night has a* ——— *eyes* (Bourdillon)

Y. Female hormone

Z. Mount ———, volcanic peak in N. California

WORDS

172 122 160 164 63 14 92 206 153 138 128

225

198 177 1 69 184 75 79 39 31 95 99

2 185 96 139 33 72 115 101 174 224

192 47 113 97 100 151 80 214 41

52 44 102 73 3 42 187 81 87 194 217

114 76 84 143 218 188

32 87 40 54 142 204 186 171 210 150 45

46 74 155 140 34 116 223

85 183 55 216 137 77 103

35 43 144 212 48 123 56 168 53

222 158 180 159 49 70 78

175 125 36 219 50 191 165 82

98 37 170 71 157 209 104 197

86 83 51 169 38 202

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 N	2 O	3 Q		4 H	5 I	6 J	7 L	8 B	9 A		10 B	11 C	12 J	13 L	14 M	15 D
	16 E	17 I	18 J	19 L	20 G	21 E		22 C	23 F		24 I	25 D	26 A	27 B	28 C	29 E	30 G	31 N
32 S		33 O	34 T		35 V	36 X		37 Y	38 Z	39 N	40 S	41 P		42 Q	43 V		44 Q	45 S
	46 T	47 P	48 V	49 W		50 X	51 Z	52 Q	53 V		54 S	55 U	56 V	57 A		58 E	59 G	
60 H	61 L	62 A		63 M	64 J	65 E	66 F	67 I	68 L	69 N	70 W	71 Y		72 O	73 Q	74 T	75 N	
76 R	77 U	78 W	79 N	80 P	81 Q	82 X		83 Z	84 R	85 U		86 Z	87 Q	88 S		89 B	90 C	91 E
92 M	93 A		94 K	95 N	96 O		97 P	98 Y		99 N	100 P	101 O	102 Q	103 U	104 Y	105 C		106 D
107 E	108 F	109 G	110 B	111 A	112 K	113 P		114 R	115 O	116 T		117 C	118 A	119 L	120 B	121 F		122 M
123 V	124 B		125 X	126 E		127 G	128 M	129 C	130 F	131 J	132 E	133 D		134 H	135 A	136 D	137 U	138 M
139 O	140 T		141 I	142 S	143 R	144 V		145 K	146 D	147 A	148 E	149 F	150 S		151 P	152 E		153 M
154 L	155 T	156 G		157 Y	158 W		159 W		160 M	161 B	162 E	163 C		164 M	165 X	166 E		167 J
168 V	169 Z	170 Y		171 S	172 M	173 H	174 O	175 X	176 I		177 N	178 J	179 A	180 W	181 F	182 E		183 U
184 N		185 O	186 S	187 Q	188 R	189 I	190 L		191 X	192 P	193 L		194 Q	195 B	196 D	197 Y		198 N
199 I	200 B	201 L	202 Z	203 G	204 S	205 H	206 M		207 L	208 K		209 Y	210 S	211 C		212 V	213 A	214 P
	215 F	216 U		217 Q	218 R	219 X		220 E	221 K	222 W	223 T	224 O		225 M	226 J	227 I		

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 95 of this issue.

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Come for the festival season

In Japan you come upon festivals everywhere. Each colored by its own delightful legend. Candle-lit lanterns float on a quiet stream. Elegant pageants commemorate a page of local history. Whole villages turn out on parade. Traditionally dressed children thank animals for their fur with gifts of food.

Or perhaps you'll discover a tiny street fair around the corner from your new western-style hotel. Big or small, you're bound to sight a celebration almost any day in Japan. With costumes and customs from another era. In delightful contrast to the bustling present.

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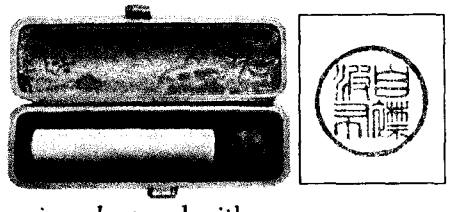
Stay in a 17th-century *ryokan* (inn) and enjoy ham and eggs for breakfast. Feast your eyes on shops loaded with cameras, pearls, silks. Indulge in a



unique *han* seal with your own name delicately engraved in Japanese characters. Or just down the street, join the owner of the tiny antique shop in tea and sweet *senbei* crackers before he shows you his treasures.

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